



GOLDEN GATE

A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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NO. 22.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

The body is the mind's portrait.

Liberate yourself from evil actions by good ones.

None can rob you of your good intentions.—*Epictetus*.

The most difficult thing in life is to know yourself.—*Thales*.

Life, that ever needs forgiveness, has, for its first duty to forgive.

Feeble souls content themselves with wishes; great ones have wills.

Our actions must clothe us with an immortality loathsome or glorious.—*Cotton*.

In the silence of one's own being, is lighted the candle of will and aspiration.

As the earth from the sun, so immortality drinks happiness from virtue, which is the smile upon the face of God.—*Bulwer*.

Dost thou love life? Then waste not time, for time is the stuff that life is made of.—*Franklin*.

Reputation is what men and women think of us; character is what God and the angels know of us.

Wait in the morning for inspiration, at noon for guidance, and in the evening for a full understanding of the road thou hast traveled.

A child, more than all other gifts that earth can offer to declining man, brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts.—*Wordsworth*.

Every man has a paradise around him till he sins, and the angel of an accusing conscience drives him from his Eden.—*Longfellow*.

There is no perfect freedom till the chains of clay fall from the soul, and all space, all time, become its heritage and domain.—*Bulwer*.

The human soul is hospitable, and will entertain conflicting sentiments and contradictory opinions, with much impartiality.—*George Eliot*.

We grow in elevation and nobleness of nature just in proportion as we merge our individual life and happiness in the happiness and life of others.—*Dr. Baird*.

Every man living shall assuredly meet with an hour of temptation, a certain critical hour which shall more especially try what mettle his heart is made of.—*South*.

He is the greatest man who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, and whose reliance on truth and virtue is the most unflinching.—*W. E. Channing*.

All of us stand in three relations, the first, toward the present immediate causes; the second, toward the divine cause, which effects all things; the third, toward our neighbors with whom we live.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

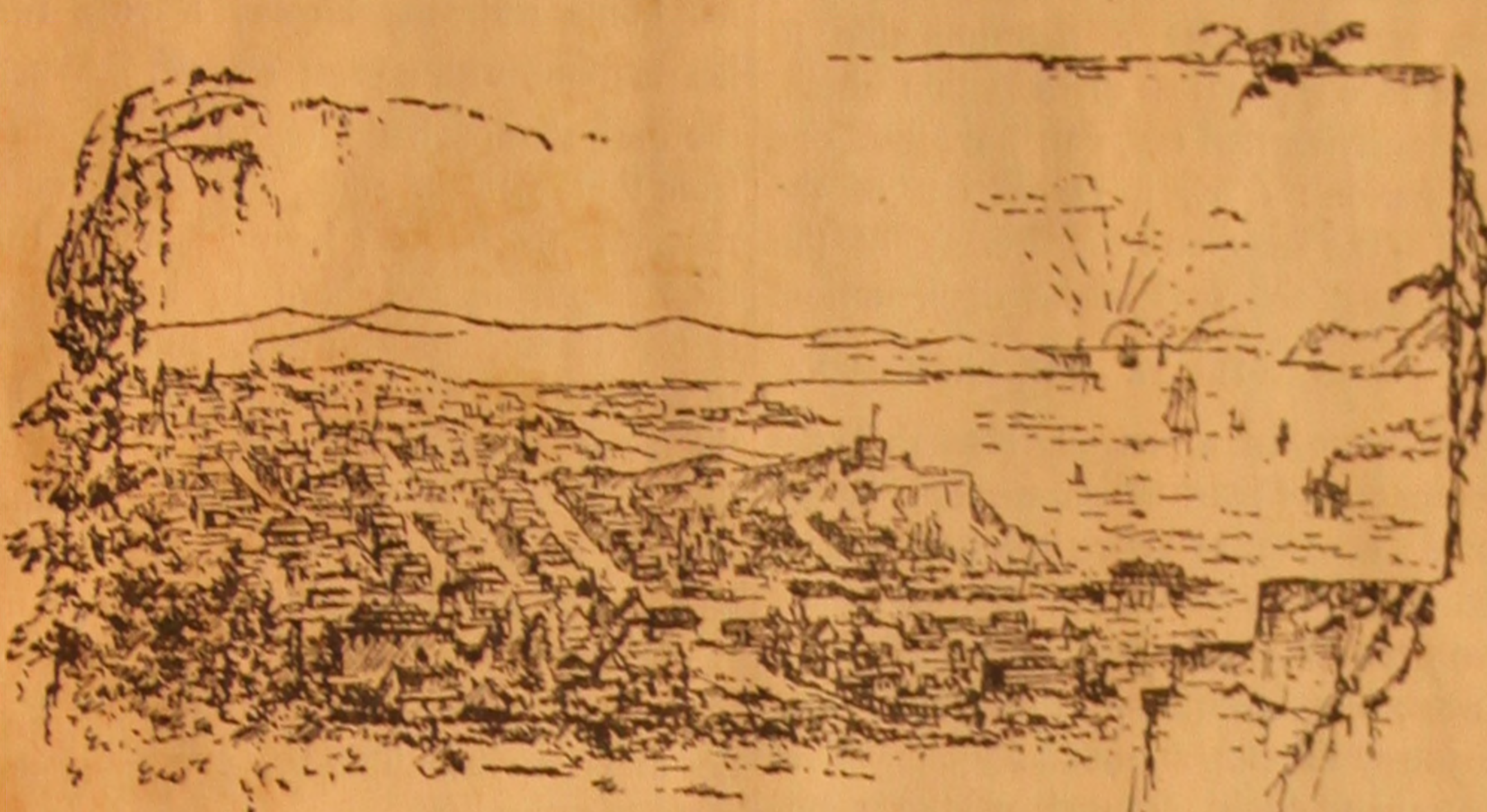
The soul is as a polished sphere, when it neither extends itself to anything external, nor yields inwardly to it; but it shines with that light which discovers both the truth in other things, and that within itself.—*Marcus Antoninus*.

The great river-courses which have shaped the lives of men have hardly changed; and those other streams, the life-currents that ebb and flow in human hearts, pulsate to the same great needs the same great loves and terrors.—*George Eliot*.

We owe much of what we are and what we have to those who came before us, and in our hands rest the destinies of those who will come after us. It is under the sense of this universal responsibility and in that world-embracing spirit that the highest intellectual work ought to be done.—*Max Muller*.

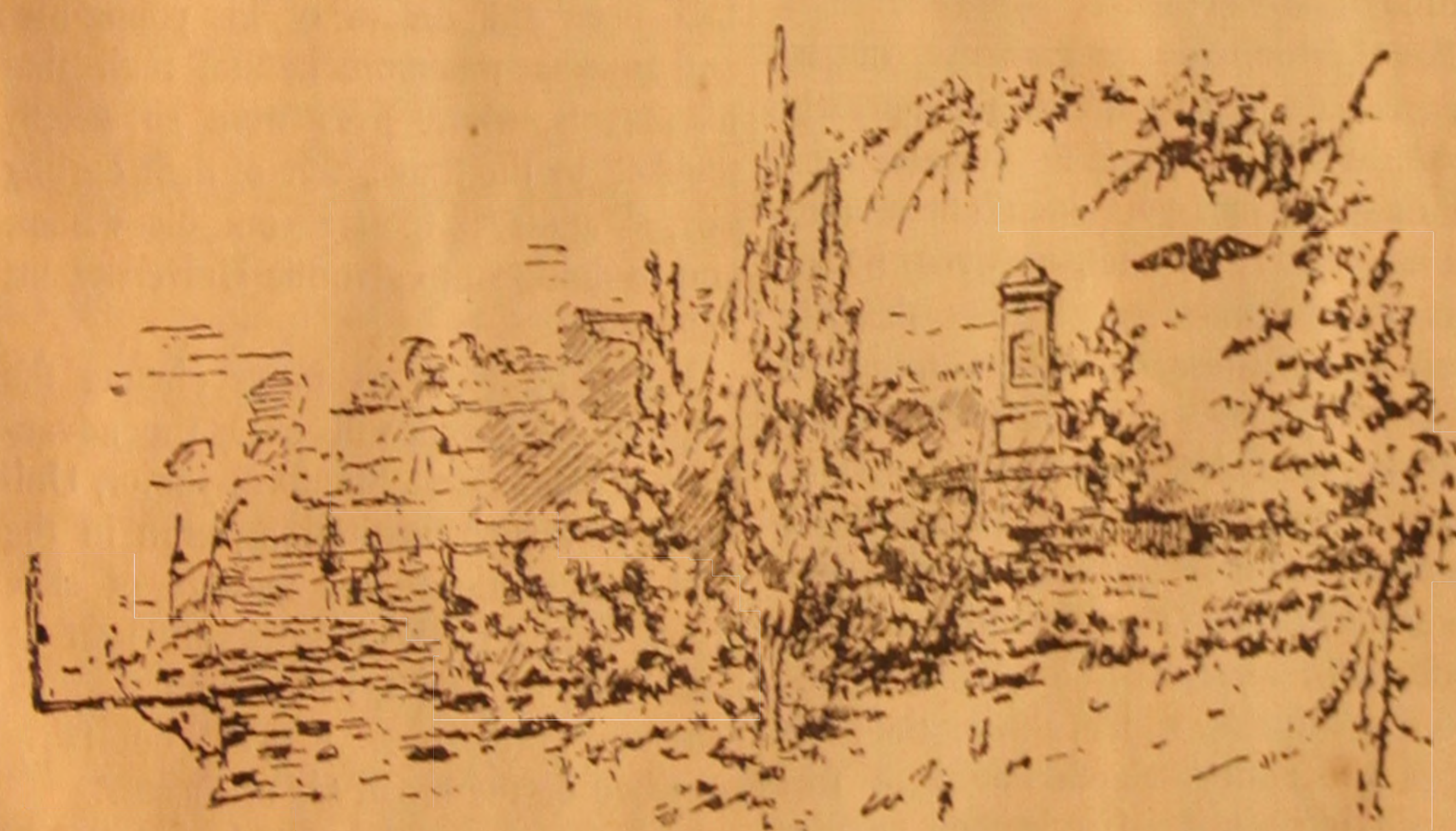
Blessed influence of one true loving human soul on another! Not calculable by algebra, not deducible by logic, but mysterious, effectual, mighty as the hidden process by which the tiny seed is quickened, and bursts forth into tall stem and broad leaf, and glowing tasseled flower.—*George Eliot*.

THE GOLDEN GATE*



OWN by the side of the Golden Gate

The city stands;
Grimly, and solemn, and silent, wait
The walls of land,
Guarding its doors, as a treasure fond;
And none may pass to the sea beyond,
But they who trust to the King of Fate,
And pass through the Golden Gate.
The ships go out through its narrow door,
White-sailed, and laden with precious store—
White-sailed and laden with precious freight,
The ships come back through the Golden Gate.
The sun comes up o'er the Eastern crest,
The sun goes down in the golden West,
And the East is West, and the West is East,
And the sun from his toil of day released,
Shines back through the Golden Gate.



Down by the side of the Golden Gate—

The door of life,—
Are resting our cities, sea-embowered,
White-walled, and templed, and marble-towered—
The end of strife.

The ships have sailed from the silent walls,
And over their sailing the darkness falls.
O, the sea is so dark, and so deep, and wide!
Will the ships come back from the further side?
"Nay; but there is no further side,"

A voice is whispering across the tide,—
"Time, itself, is a circle vast,
Building the future out of the past;
For the new is old, and the old is new,
And the true is false, and the false is true,
And the West is East, and the East is West,
And the sun that rose o'er the Eastern crest,
Gone down in the West of his circling track,
Forever and ever is shining back
Through the Golden Gate of life."



O soul! thy city is standing down
By its Golden Gate;
Over it hangs the menacing frown
Of the King of Fate.
The sea of knowledge so near its door,
Is rolling away to the further shore—
The orient side,—

And the ocean is dark, and deep, and wide!
But thy harbor, O, Soul! is filled with sails,
Freighted with messages, wonder tales,
From the lands that swing in the sapphire sky,
Where the gardens of God in ether lie.
If only the blinded eyes could see,
If only the deaf-mute heart could hear,
The ocean of knowledge is open to thee,
And its Golden Gate is near!
For the dead are the living—the living the dead
And out of the darkness the light is shed;
And the East is West, and the West is East,
And the sun from his toil of day released,
Shines back through the Golden Gate.

Madge Morris.

*This beautiful poem was written for, and appeared originally in, the first issue of the GOLDEN GATE. We reproduce it for the benefit of the thousands of our present readers who may never have seen it. Those who have read it once will doubtless enjoy reading it again in its present illustrated form.—ED. G. G.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Fine Art in Life.

BY W. W. MCKAIG.

The ancient Greeks defined beauty to be the flower of virtue. Plato says: "As the light is the shadow of God, so the truly beautiful is the glittering robe of all that is pure, lovely, virtuous and beneficent." "There is," says John Stuart Mill, "a true meaning in the saying of Goethe, that the beautiful is greater than the good, though liable to be misunderstood and perverted. The beautiful is greater than the good, for it includes the good and adds something to it; it is the good made perfect." These definitions of beauty suggest the leading thought of this paper, fine art in character, or life made beautiful.

Fine art is usually defined to be the embodiment of the best thoughts and sentiments of the mind, or qualities of objects, so that they will captivate the sense and delight the beholder. A really beautiful poem or picture, for instance, is a noble thought or quality charmingly expressed. But no ochres or pigments, laid on with the most delicate touches of genius, can make such beautiful pictures as truthfulness, love, gentleness, purity, joy and hope, when finely combined and sweetly modulated. And what is this life but a canvas for displaying these moral qualities upon?

One characteristic of a beautiful life is, that it should be truthful, that our excellencies and virtues should be real, the actual blossom and fruitage of thought, purpose and desire. It should be like nature. The beauty of nature is not paint and varnish put on from without, like frosting sprinkled on a wedding cake, or a bit of lace and embroidery fastened on a garment. It is something more vital than that. It is the flavor and blush of the apple coming from the interior forces of the tree. Human character is beautiful only so far as its lovely and noble qualities are the fresh and odorous bloom and foliage of the soul. Goodness is not paint on the cheek; it is the aroma of pure feeling, the blush of chaste desire. Our virtues can not be hung on us like toys, candies and other nice things on a Christmas tree. They must be effulgent clusters, the growth of the stock, in order to possess any lasting charm. In short, a beautiful life is not affectation. It is not the art of dressing before the conventional mirror of good manners and civilities; a frizzling and primping of the soul to suit the whims and fashion of the hour. Very much that we see every day that passes for merit is the whitening of a sepulcher, the wreathing of a coffin.

Much that we call truth and integrity in politics and business, we would find, on close inspection, to be merely the faded finery and tawdry of that second-hand clothing store or pawn-broker shop we call self-interest, policy or expediency. Have you not seen people stick their charities, courtesies, and pretty, winning ways and manners into their characters, as the girls do rose-buds or pink blossoms in their hair? They look into the prayer-book and bow to the Cross because it is the fashion. Fluted pillars, are they, which look very solid and substantial, but break down the first time any heavy weight of responsibility is placed upon them. Their politeness, kindly regards, protestations of love, fidelity and friendship, are nothing more than decoration, gilding, imitation of mahogany. It takes very little wear to expose the vulgar wood. It may be a piece of very fine embellishment, but no art can make it beautiful, for the simple reason that it is not real, but something borrowed and put on for the occasion. The golden rule of architecture applies here: "Ornament construction; do not construct ornamentation." So did the great Master build. The keystone of the arch of the Temple was truth.

Another essential element of the beautiful in life is disinterestedness,—that is, freedom from all low, selfish aims or cunning. The selfish or utilitarian feeling never mingles in our conception of the beautiful. Who thinks of eating the bouquet or making money out of the rainbow? The beauty of emerald mountains, dashing cataracts, sweeps of meadows and grain-fields and vineyards, the shimmer of the aurora, the sunset, or the

lazy beat of the waves upon the beach, all stir a very different emotion from the chink of twenty-dollar pieces, pleasant as that may be. We love the beautiful for her own sweet charms, and not for the dowry she brings. She has nothing to say to those who would woo and wed her for gain. The great poems, musical compositions, the splendid productions of art, that time will not let perish, were all born of rapt devotion, unselfish enthusiasm. They are the fair children of love. And in like manner, human life is beautiful only so far as we can work out all spots and stains of love, of low ambition and sordid desire. There is no duty, no right action, no generous deed that would command our admiration for a moment, once we thought it was bought or done for flattery. The charity that clinks loudly in the contribution box has a mean, shabby look. There is no sweet fragrance once in the words spoken to tickle our pride or gain our influence. The love that woos for money, or weds for position, or convenience, has always cut a very sorry figure in the world. The religion that is begotten of fever, that is merely a sort of insurance policy against fire in another world, has always been a ghostly, withered, laggard-looking thing, afraid of spooks and the devil; lacking the rosy bloom and dewy freshness that comes of loving unselfish trust.

Then again, all coarse art is vulgar, says Ruskin. The great pictures we admire were not made by a dash of the brush, rude, petulant strokes, but on the contrary, the touches of the pencil were laid on so light, soft and delicate, that we can hardly see where one tint fades into another. How nicely nature finishes her work. No microscope can find a broken thread or flaw in the leaf she weaves, or the slightest unevenness in the enamel of a flower. Let us take the hint which art and nature give. Moral qualities are beautiful, only so far as they are softly tinted, possess fineness of finish, delicacy of flavor.

The old Temple at Jerusalem had a gate called the Beautiful. Religion has such a gate and no man is roundly converted till he has passed through it. No one should rest content till all his doctrines, beliefs and devotions have passed through it and come out sweet as the odor of vines and the blossom of meadows. It is not enough to do right, we should learn to do right beautifully. Tell the truth, but tell it charmingly. Forgive but forgive sweetly. Be benevolent, but exquisitely benevolent. Honest but amiably honest. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace."

There is a natural hunger in the heart for the beautiful. We see it in the savage, delighted with a string of beads or a fish-bone dangling from the nose. We see it in the dots of flowers around the homes of poverty. We see it in the shapely tools of the laboring man; in the roses on the horses' bridles, and a thousand little utensils everywhere. Every one that builds a home seeks to embody the finest style of architecture he is able to afford. He furnishes it with the best carpets and pictures within his means. Nothing tawdry or unseemly is allowed to blemish its walls. But is it not strange that the love of the beautiful should stop there, and that we do not strive to gather all the moral qualities of our nature into sweeter unity, more delicate harmony, more rich, full and melodious expression? Nowhere do we find such harsh, wretched daubs, miserable, one-sided pictures as in the great portrait gallery of human life!

Sometimes in walking through a gallery of fine art we come across a picture that arrests the attention, and fascinates the soul. We pass on, take a glance at all the designs in the hall and then go back to that one picture and feast on it for hours. So, once in awhile, we have come across a man or woman whose life was just such a picture. Where was such beauty, purity, freshness, radiance and gentleness in every look, word, and movement, that we went away feeling better, with more cheerful and hopeful views of humanity. One such beautiful soul in a community will do more for religion, for good morals and the social virtues, than a volume of eloquent sermons and half a dozen tall steepled churches thrown in.

An ingenious web of probabilities is the surest screen a wise man can place between himself and the truth.

[Specially contributed to the Golden Gate.]

Hints to Enquirers into Spiritualism.

BY J. J. MORSE.

In commencing the study of Spiritualism the inquirer has two courses before him. It is, therefore, as well to point out that, whether it be determined to enter into the investigation of the phenomena first, or to engage in a preliminary course of reading upon the subject, an earnest desire, and a steady pursuit, are, in either case, essential to a clear, and full understanding of the merits of the matter.

Experience clearly points to the conclusion that a careful perusal of some one department of Spiritual literature is a valuable aid towards forming an opinion as to the extent, and importance of the question, which, it is proper to observe, is not to be approached with the idea that it is merely a matter of amusement for the enquirer. Neither should the enquirer suppose that Spiritualists are devoid of those qualities of reason, and honesty, which are ever important agents in aiding men to form sound opinions upon all matters of fact, and conscience. It is improbable, too, that a movement which has now existed upwards of thirty-five years, could have maintained, or extended itself, without bringing into existence a body of literature devoted to an exposition of its facts, philosophy and teachings. As a matter of fact such a literature is not only in existence, but is alike extensive and varied in character, increasing in quantity, and is to be met with in the languages of all civilized countries throughout the world. An array of Critical, Historical, Phenomenal, and Doctrinal works published in England, upon the Continent, in America, in the Colonies, and in India, could be cited in support of the above statement. It will be found, upon examination, that the works devoted to Spiritualism are written by earnest and able men, who in many cases detail their own personal experiences.

BOOKS TO READ.

In suggesting to the inquirer what books should be read it is only intended to direct attention to some of the more important works, which are accepted as text-books in the departments they illustrate.

A cause which claims to solve the question of a future life in the affirmative, which in support of that claim adduces facts and arguments, and openly invites a consideration of its claims, either by attention to its literature, or experimental observation of its facts, will surely commend itself to every candid mind. To aid all such, whom these few words may reach, is the purpose of the advisory mention of the following works, under the several departments referred to.

To those desirous of ascertaining the opinion of a man of science,—William Crookes, F. R. S.,—no better work could be taken in hand than the above gentleman's "Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism," as it records a series of scientific experiments clearly indicating the existence of an extra-natural force.

To all those who are familiar with American literature the name of Epes Sargent needs no introduction, beyond the statement that the expressed opinions of so able an author are worth the utmost attention. Mr. Sargent has given us three valuable works upon the subject, the first, in point of age, being, "Planchette; or The Despair of Science," which gives a very full account of Modern Spiritualism, its phenomena, and the various theories advanced. This book deals with the following matters: What Science says of it; the Salem Witchcraft; Psychometry; Mesmerism; Common Objections; Theories. Teachings, Cognate Facts, etc., the whole containing a mass of testimony well-nigh irresistible in its weight. Next in order is "Proof Palpable of Immortality," which deals with the phenomena of Materialization, and the relations of such facts to Theology, Morals, and Religion. The third, and, singularly enough, the last, book Mr. Sargent wrote before his departure to the Higher Life, is "The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism," in which the ground is taken that, since natural science is concerned with a knowledge of real phenomena, appealing to our sense-perceptions, and which are not only historically imparted, but are directly presented in the irresistible form of daily demonstration to any faithful investigator, therefore Spiritualism is a natural science, and all opposition to it on the ignorant pretence that it is outside of nature, is unscientific, and unphilosophical. Mr. Sargent also deals trenchantly with all the stock objections to Spiritualism on the part of its clerical, literary, and scientific denouncers.

As a record of what is in fact direct Spirit Writing, a work entitled "Psychography," is a very clear presentation of the above phase of Spiritual phenomena. It will well repay attentive perusal. Another book, by the same author, "Spirit Identity," deals with some of the difficulties which beset enquirers. It is, also, a compendium of facts which indicate a powerful argument in favor of the reality of the return of departed human Spirits, especially as it is illustrated with many arguments drawn from the personal experiences of the

author, the well-known M. A. (Oxon.) Rev. W. Stainton Moses.

Perhaps the following work will best suit such minds as are rigidly scientific in their methods, as the facts it discloses are dealt with in a purely scientific spirit. The title of the work is "Transcendental Physics," the author being Johan Carl Friedrich Zollner, Professor of Physical Astronomy, at the University of Leipsic, and it is, in all respects, a most remarkable work.

Another work which presents facts, with clearness and precision, is a little work called "Spirit People," which is described as a "scientifically accurate description of manifestations recently produced by Spirits." Valuable information, concerning the science, and ethics of Spiritualism, is also included.

The foregoing works are to all intents text-books of facts, and, are, therefore, just the ones the enquirer, to whom facts are the first consideration, should direct his attention to.

Should the Enquirer be more attracted by the philosophical character of the enquiry he will find many works at his disposal treating upon that aspect of Spiritualism. One of the earliest, and, also, one of the best, being "From Matter to Spirit," by Mrs. De Morgan,—which has a preface by Professor De Morgan. It has some profoundly interesting suggestions.

As dealing with the more deep, and philosophical of the principles of the Spiritual philosophy the following works of Andrew Jackson Davis, the celebrated "Poughkeepsie Seer," are each worth attentive perusal. First may be mentioned "The Principles of Nature; her Divine Revelations," which is the earliest, and most comprehensive of Mr. Davis's works, and is practically an entire compendium of the Spiritual philosophy; his next work, "The Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse," contains chapters dealing with such important considerations as; Guardianship of Spirits; the Doctrine of Evil Spirits; the Formation of circles, and a full account of the wonderful Spiritual Manifestations at the house of the Rev. Dr. Phelps, of Stratford, Connecticut, U. S. As showing the esteem in which this work is held it may be mentioned that it has been translated, and republished in the French, and German languages. In the "Stellar Key," Mr. Davis presents a series of original clairvoyant investigations regarding the locality, and nature of the Spirit-world, his purpose being to afford scientific, and philosophical evidences of the existence of an inhabitable sphere, or zone, among the planets of space. The descriptions of physical scenery, and the constitution of the Spirit Land, its location, and the various customs prevailing there, are all wonderfully interesting; in parting with Mr. Davis the reader may be directed to two other charmingly written works,—"Death and the After Life," and "Spirit Mysteries Explained," as being admirable productions.

Another book, written in a manner specially adapted to meet all who entertain religious prejudices against the subject is "A New Basis of Belief," by John S. Farmer.

While a little volume of "trance" addresses through the writer of these notes entitled "Immortality—Its People, Punishment and Pursuits," is well worth attentive reading.

Frequently the enquirer puts the question, "What does Spiritualism teach?" The reply, broadly speaking, is that among its cardinal teachings may be included the Brotherhood of Man, and the Fatherhood of God; the conscious, personal immortality of the race; communion with the departed; compensation for suffering, and retribution for wrong doing; and, ultimately, eternal progress for all.

A perusal of any of the works now to be mentioned, will, however, materially assist the enquirer in obtaining a conception of the doctrines of Spiritualists, and meet his case better than any lengthy dissertation on such matters here would.

As covering a wide range of thought, and being in style clear and terse, the "Arcana of Spiritualism," by Hudson Tuttle, can be confidently recommended. It is an able statement of the doctrinal aspects of the subject. While the same author's work "The Ethics of Spiritualism," is an excellent exposition of a system of moral philosophy, founded upon man's continuity beyond the grave.

Imbued with a deeply religious sentiment, a book entitled the "Higher Aspects of Spiritualism," M. A. (Oxon.) which is a statement of the moral and religious teachings of Spiritualism, and a comparison of the present epoch with its Spiritual Interventions with the Age immediately preceding the birth of Christ will prove attractive reading to many.

For a singularly scholarly work, the enquirer should turn to "The Debatable Land between this World and the Next," by Robert Dale Owen. The object the author has in view is to afford conclusive proof, aside from historic evidence, of Immortality. He shows that we of to-day have the same evidence that the Apostles had. More than half the volume consists of narratives in proof of this—narratives that will seem marvelous—in fact incredible at first sight to many, yet which are sustained by evidence as strong as that which daily determines in our courts of law, the life and death of men. The book enforces the plea that the strongest of all historical evidences for modern Spiritual-

ism are to be found in the Gospels, and that the strongest of all proofs going to substantiate the Gospel narratives are found in the phenomena of Spiritualism.

A work entitled "Seers of the Ages," by Dr. J. M. Peebles, also contains valuable matter concerning this department of Spiritualism, while, at the same time, it is enriched with an abundance of rare historical quotations, which show the antiquity of Spirit-communion.

In a work entitled "The Question Settled," (Hull) there is found a careful comparison of the Bible with the modern phenomena; the adaptation of Spiritualism to the wants of humanity: its moral tendency; the Bible doctrine of ancient ministry; the spiritual nature of man, all of which matters are considered in the light of nature, history, reason and common sense.

The foregoing selections do not, by any means, exhaust the list of books contained in the literature of Modern Spiritualism. Such as are here mentioned are introduced for the purpose of affording the enquirer some idea of the classes of thought pertaining to the questions in hand. A perusal of such works will, also, enable the enquirer to judge of the scope and importance of Modern Spiritualism, and, it is hoped, create a determination to commence a practical investigation which, if seriously carried out, can have but one termination: *i. e.*, a conviction of the truth of the facts, and the beauty of the teachings of this present-day dispensation.

HOW TO INVESTIGATE THE PHENOMENA.

It is quite an erroneous idea that the phenomena of Spiritualism can only be obtained in the presence of professional mediums. The most wonderful results have been obtained, in thousands of instances, by private families unaided by any previously developed media.

A private circle, formed of the members of the family, is best. Of course, there is no absolute objection to the presence of any experienced investigator; indeed, the advantage of such a person might prove a decided advantage. After the evidences of the operation of an outside force have satisfied the circle that "there must be something in it," attention should then be directed to an examination of the intelligence directing that force, with a view to determine its source and nature. The following rules for forming Spiritual circles are introduced for the assistance of all who desire to enter into the investigation in their own homes. They have been compiled by a well known Spiritualist of standing and experience.

The Spirit-circle is a gathering of persons who desire to establish relations with the world of spirits, and receive communications therefrom. As such communication is a matter of fact,—proved by oft repeated experiment—it follows that the observance of those conditions which experience suggests will be the surest way of obtaining the desired results.

Among the conditions required to be observed the following should receive careful consideration: The place should be a comfortably warmed, and cheerfully lighted apartment, which, during the progress of the sitting, should be kept free from all intrusions. Circles for enquiry should always be held in the light.

Those only should be requested to join in the experiment who are willing to devote time and patience to a methodical pursuit of the enquiry. Circles entirely composed of either sex are not so suitable as those in which the sexes are in proportion. In experimental circles from five to seven sitters are sufficient.

The sitters should be so arranged that a lady alternate with a gentleman at the table used. An ordinary circular table is as convenient as any—though there is no need to restrict the sitters to any particular form of table. When the communication is established, changes in the seating of the sitters may be desired by any communicating intelligence. Such change should invariably be made.

Do not look for "marvellous phenomena" at first. The simplest phenomenon that demonstrates the existence of an agency external to the sitters is of more importance to the enquirer than the more extraordinary phenomena, which are at first accepted with reserve. The initial phenomena would most likely take the form of tilts, or movements of the table. Such "tilts or movements" can be made to serve as a method of communicating with the unseen operators by using the following code of signals: *i. e.*, one "tilt or movement" being understood as "No," two as "Doubtful," three as "Yes," in response to the questions which should be addressed to the agent at work, as soon as movements are obtained. Should "raps" be heard the above code of signals can still be observed. Should any sitter exhibit a desire to write—as indicated by movements of the hand and arm—supply the person so influenced with a sheet of paper and a pencil, and await results. Should any sitter become entranced, do not get alarmed nor hastily break up the sitting, as such cases are seldom dangerous.

Let the circle be continued for not less than one hour, even if no results are obtained. Let it be remembered that all circles are experimental; hence no one should be discouraged if phenomena are not obtained at the first few sittings. Stay with the same circle for six sittings, at least, and if no results are then obtained,

(providing the above conditions are observed), you may conclude that the requisite psychic elements are not presented by the sitters. In that case the members of the circle should try the plan of introducing fresh visitors of a suitable character. A single change is frequently sufficient.

The Leland Stanford, Jr., University.

BY J. J. OWEN.

This is the name given to the University to be established at Palo Alto, in this State, and to which the great railroad builder and manager, ex-Governor and present United States Senator, Leland Stanford, and his noble wife, have consecrated their vast landed estates, together with other property, amounting in value to many millions of dollars.

But why "Leland Stanford, Junior?" the reader may inquire. We answer, To do honor to the memory of a bright, beautiful and gifted son, an only child, who, when in his sixteenth year, sickened in the far Orient, and passed on to his home with the angels, leaving two hearts dumb with a great sorrow. When the dark shadow had lifted in a measure from these stricken souls, and they could recognize the Father's loving hand in the blow so terrible and hard to bear, they resolved henceforth to live for humanity—to devote their lives and their fortune to the erection and endowment of an institution of learning that should include a museum of art and archæology, and should be so broad and comprehensive in its curriculum as to leave nothing to be desired to fit young men and women for the duties and responsibilities of every department of active life.

Young Leland was a boy of remarkable promise. He conversed fluently in several languages, and was well advanced in the classics and mathematics. He was a connoisseur of art, and took great delight in visiting the great galleries of the Old World. He also possessed a rare mechanical genius, and gave much attention to studying the workings of machinery. But, perhaps, no employment afforded him keener pleasure than in collecting material for his museum of antiquities, which had already taken shape in his young mind, and which he purposed eventually to present to the city of San Francisco. In fact, the idea of a University, upon a grand plan, had been the dream of his young life; and so what was more natural than that his parents, whose lives were so deeply touched by the translation of their darling boy, should seek to carry out his wishes, and in doing so to give the University his name.

It may be many years yet before the youth of California will enjoy the advantages of the Leland Stanford, Junior, University, for such institutions, even in the light of experience, are matters of slow growth; but its beginnings are near at hand, and, no doubt, in the lifetime of its generous projectors, it will be fairly launched on the broad sea of success.

The site chosen for the University is upon the Palo Alto estate, one of the three great ranches included in the deed of trust for its endowment. This ranch contains 7,000 acres of choice land, located within the counties of Santa Clara and San Mateo, about thirty miles south of San Francisco. It is the present country residence of Governor and Mrs. Stanford. Near the family mansion, amidst most beautiful surroundings, and embosomed in flowers and trailing vines, stands the mausoleum, where rests all that was mortal of their precious boy. The grounds are the triumph of the landscape artist's skill. All that a love for the beautiful could suggest, and unstinted means could execute, here find expression.

About a mile from the family residence are located the Governor's stock yards, race tracks, and stables of thoroughbred horses with their army of attendants and trainers. Here may be seen some of the finest trotters in the world—strains of the purest blood improved upon by a climate most favorable to equine perfection.

The other ranches included in the deed of trust are known as Stanford's Gridley Farm, located in Butte County, and containing 28,000 acres, and Stanford's Vina Farm, located partly in the county of Butte and partly in Tehama County, and containing 40,000 acres.

Upon the Vina Farm may be seen the largest vineyard in the world. It contains 4,000 acres of vines and is now in its second year of bearing. Upon this vineyard Governor Stanford has expended the best labor and means possible to bring it to perfection. Some idea of the magnitude of this work may be had when we state that the labor of seven hundred men and six hundred and forty horses was required to secure and handle the vintage of the past season.

Here is a grand total of 75,000 acres of land, some of the most productive in the State or world, with all their splendid improvements, consecrated forever to educational work. And this is not all. Governor Stanford has made ample provision by will of personal property to make doubly sure the fruition of his plans. Who, then, can measure the extent and influence for good, in the coming time, of this stupendous educational scheme!

The Board of Trustees, into whose hands this vast property has been placed, is composed of twenty good men, well known to the professional and business life of California. They have formally accepted the trust, and now bid their time to commence active work.

In his address delivered before the Board of Trustees at their first meeting, Governor Stanford, among other excellent suggestions, said:

"It should be the aim of the institution to entertain and inculcate broad and general ideas of progress and of the capacity of mankind for advancement in civilization. It is clear that to insure the steady advancement of civilization great care must be exercised in the matter of the general development of the great body of the people. They need education in the fundamental principles of government, and we know of no text so plain and so suggestive as that clause in our Declaration of Independence, which declares that 'among the inalienable rights of man are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.'"

"A government founded on such principles commands for the support and protection of individual rights the force of the whole people. With these principles fully recognized, agrarianism and communism can have only an ephemeral existence."

"The merely physical wants of civilized man are not much greater than those of the savage, but his intellectual wants are bounded only by his capacity to conceive. His wants, therefore, will always depend upon his advancement in civilization, and the demand for labor will be measured accordingly. The rapidity of the communication of modern thought and the facilities for transportation make the civilized world one great neighborhood, in whose markets all producers meet in competition. The relative compensation to the producer must depend upon his powers of production."

"When we consider the endless variety of the wants and the desires of civilized society, we must fully appreciate the value of labor-aiding in chinery and the necessity for having this of the best character. Too much attention, therefore, cannot be given to technical and mechanical instruction, to the end that from our institution may go out educators in every field of production."

"Out of these suggestions grows the consideration of the great advantages, especially to the laboring man, of co-operation, by which each individual has the benefit of the intellectual and physical forces of his associates. It is by this intelligent application of these principles that there will be found the greatest lever to elevate the mass of humanity, and laws should be formed to protect and develop co-operative associations. Laws with this object in view will furnish to the poor man complete protection against the monopoly of the rich, and such laws properly administered and availed of, will insure to the workers of the country the full fruits of their industry and enterprise. They will accomplish all that is sought to be secured by the labor leagues, trades-unions and other federations of workmen, and will be free from the objection of even impliedly attempting to take the unauthorized or wrongful control of the property, capital or time of others."

"Hence it is that we have provided for thorough instruction in the principles of co-operation. We would have it early instilled into the student's mind that no greater blow can be struck at labor than that which makes its products insecure."

"While the articles of endowment prohibit sectarianism, they direct that there shall be taught that there is an all-wise, benevolent God, and that the soul is immortal. It seems to us that the welfare of man on earth depends on the belief in immortality, and that the advantages of every good act and the disadvantages of every evil one follow man from this life into the next, there attaching to him as certainly as individuality is maintained."

"As to the manner in which this shall be taught and whence the confirmations shall be derived, we are not prepared to advance any thought other than that they may be sought from every available source that tends to throw light upon the subject."

"While it is our desire that there shall be no sectarian teaching in this institution, it is very far from our thoughts to exclude divine service. We have provided that a suitable building be erected wherein the professors of the various religious denominations shall, from time to time, be invited to deliver discourses not sectarian in character."

"We deem it of the first importance that the education of both sexes shall be equally full and complete, varied only as nature dictates. The rights of one sex, political and otherwise, are the same as those of the other sex, and this equality of rights ought to be fully recognized."

"In the deed of trust we have designated the purposes of this University. The object is not alone to give the student a technical education, fitting him for a successful business life, but it is also to instill into his mind an appreciation of the blessings of this government, a reverence for its institutions, and a love for God and humanity, to the end that he may go forth and by precept and example spread the great truths by the light of which his fellow-man will be elevated and taught how to attain happiness in this world and in the life eternal."

These are grand thoughts, worthy of all consideration. And so through the life of this young boy the world is to be blessed in a remarkable manner; and California, the young queen of the Pacific, is to be crowned with unfading laurels. Surely,

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

A Historian's Difficulties.

When Von Ranke, the great historian, who recently died at an advanced age, began to collect facts for his history, a small bridge gave way, and some passengers fell into the swift current below. He was absent, and on his return the next day, he inquired into the particulars of the accident.

"I saw the bridge fall," said one. "A heavy wain had just past over it, and weakened it. Two women were on it when it fell, and a soldier on a white horse."

"I saw it fall," declared another, "but the wain had passed over it two hours previous. The foot passengers were children, and the rider was a civilian on a black horse."

"Now," said Von Ranke, "if it is impossible to learn the truth about an accident which happened at broad noon-day, only twenty-four hours ago, how can I declare any fact to be certain which is shrouded in the darkness of ten centuries."
—Selected.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

W. J. Colville's Work in California.

BY W. N. SLOCUM.

California has, from time to time, been favored by the presence of some of the most gifted inspirational speakers of the world, including the profound and logical Seldon J. Finney, the eloquent and argumentative Emma Hardinge, the attractive and versatile Cora L. V. Richmond, the fluent and graceful Elizabeth L. Watson, and others, but it is no disparagement to these to say that the work performed by W. J. Colville is unprecedented in the history of Spiritualism on this coast. He has left an impression that years will not efface, and has sown seeds which will yield a rich harvest, not only of adherents to the cause, but of elevated thought, high morality, sound philosophy, brotherly love, and Christ-like charity. Credit for this good work belongs, perhaps, to the spirit guides of Mr. Colville, rather than to himself personally, but in treating of his public ministrations it is not necessary to make a distinction between the man and the superior intelligences who inspire his teachings. It is said that Mr. Colville's guides selected him for his life work before his birth, and have influenced his entire course, but more especially since the commencement of his public work as a spiritual teacher. He acts as they may advise, and speaks as they direct, but when he stands before his enraptured listeners all *they* can see is the man who addresses them and it is not essential to their welfare to know the source of his inspiration. The GOLDEN GATE recognized his transcendent worth as a public teacher on his first appearance here, and most fitly said of him:

"The secret of Mr. Colville's power as a public speaker is his great heart of love and charity for all humanity. He knows how mankind is environed with conditions—how the bias of birth, education, and the lack of education, warp poor human nature, making it, often, but little more responsible for its devious ways than the weather-vane is responsible for the wind that blows. He realizes the many perils that beset the race, and how weak are many to resist the seductive allurements to a vicious life; and his sympathetic nature goes out to all erring ones in loving tenderness."

It was fortunate for the cause of Spiritualism in California, and especially for the success of the camp-meeting of 1886, that a man of such attractive and harmonizing influences was induced to visit this Coast. To him the large attendance and unabated interest of the camp-meeting is in great measure due. The receipts were \$3,550, and the profits sufficiently large to pay all debts and leave a handsome surplus, and the association is now on a firm foundation, with every prospect of future usefulness. In giving a report of affairs to the Board of Directors, Hon. Amos Adams, general manager and chairman of the Executive Committee, and to whose excellent management the success of the camp-meeting is largely due, pays a high tribute to Mr. Colville, concluding with the prediction that the truths he uttered will do much to advance the popularity of Spiritualism on this Coast. The prophecy has already been verified by the increased attendance at spiritual meetings, and other evidences of renewed growth, showing that an impetus has been given to Spiritualism in all its phases which promises a widely extended knowledge of its principles, as well as increased interest in its phenomena.

At the close of proceedings on the campground, in answer to the question, "How does this camp-meeting compare with others you have attended?" the guides of Mr. Colville said: "To us it does compare more than favorably with others we have attended. We have never yet attended a meeting where the primal idea was so closely followed, where so much harmony prevailed throughout; we have never had such large and interesting audiences; we never saw a camp-meeting quite so well conducted as this." This grand success was but the introduction of Mr. Colville to his more extended work in San Francisco, Oakland and Sacramento, as an inspirational speaker, and also as a teacher of the philosophy of mental healing. His camp-meeting class in mental science consisted of nearly one hundred members, all of whom were so well pleased, and gave such favorable reports of his teachings, that when classes were formed in San Francisco and Oakland, the attendance was so large that public halls and churches had to be engaged for their accommodation.

Mr. Colville spoke on an average twice each day, week-days, and thrice on Sundays, during his stay, giving lectures of two hours length without apparent fatigue, and with never ceasing interest on the part of his listeners. He commenced speaking in Metropolitan Temple, July 11th, under the efficient management of Dr. Albert Morton, and during the month of his engagement the audiences included many persons, who had not before been in the habit of attending spiritual meetings, and during the month of September, when he held forth in Odd Fellow's Hall, (the Temple being then required by the Golden Gate Spiritual Society) his audiences continued to increase to the close of his engagement. In four months (less one week) he gave two hundred and ten lectures, making with subsequent discourses about two hundred and fifty addresses during his California visit.

No other person within the limits of the writer's knowledge has ever performed within the same period, an amount of similar labor, nor has any exhibited greater intellectual gifts, more profound knowledge, or a wider acquaintance with the facts of science, philosophy, literature and religion. The wide diversity of general information displayed was a constant source of wonder to his hearers, and, possibly also to himself, as he often answered unhesitatingly, and with unerring precision, as well as choice language, questions concerning subjects of which he was himself ignorant.

There are those who believe that Mr. Colville contains within himself all the powers (now latent) which, if fully developed, would enable him to speak as he does without outside help. He has a large brain, and is evidently susceptible of wonderful unfoldment as to mental capacity, but it is doubtful if any degree of development of *his own powers* would vary at his command the vast fund of varied information given in his discourses. He seems to draw from an inexhaustible fountain of facts and philosophy, evincing a knowledge which, it seems to me, could by no possibility be compassed within the experience of any single soul, however gifted. That Mr. Colville was highly appreciated by the intelligent people of California, who listened to his teachings, is evident from the applause he so often elicited, no less than from the social courtesies and substantial tokens of affection that were so generously lavished upon him. His classes in San Francisco and Oakland, prior to his departure, presented to him addresses, expressive of their high esteem and respect, and at his farewell lecture in San Francisco, resolutions were adopted highly commendatory of the morality taught by him, his clearness of thought, skill in logic, suavity of manner and broad charity. It must be a great satisfaction to Mr. Colville to feel that he has made hosts of friends on this western shore, and to be assured as he often has been, that when he again visits us he will be warmly welcomed by many loving hearts. To show that he is not indifferent to this spontaneous feeling of regard, Mr. Colville writes a letter to the *Banner of Light*, in which he says that his sojourn here was "an uninterrupted succession of delightful surprises," and adds:

"My guides told me I had a work to do in California, and that I should enjoy the doing of it, but of its magnitude I could form no possible conception till I was among the whole-souled, generous Californians. During the camp-meeting, and immediately after, I attributed the phenomenal size of the gatherings to the excitement attending a camp-meeting and the curiosity to hear a stranger; but as month after month has rolled away and the interest has continued to intensify, I have become convinced that here, in the far West, is one of the mightiest fields on earth for planting spiritual seed and reaping glorious harvests. Sundays and weekdays alike, in San Francisco and Oakland, crowds pour in to hear the spiritual teachings which I am constrained by my inspirers to deliver. * * * Though I have for months past spoken regularly thirteen or fourteen times each week, I am enjoying the best of health, and instead of suffering from fatigue or nervousness, I feel a constant influx of added strength."

This power of endurance was a constant surprise to those who attended Mr. Colville's lectures. He acted as musician, poet, orator and teacher, often six hours a day, going from one part of his performance to another, apparently refreshed by each. It was truly a "labor of love," rendered without apparent effort, but with a vim and vehemence that proved his heart was in his work. In San Diego, on his way back to Boston, Mr. Colville was equally successful in interesting and instructing the people. It is to be regretted that he could not visit San Jose, Santa Cruz, Stockton, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Riverside and other California cities; but as we all hope to see him again next year, he will then probably extend his good work throughout the State.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Herman Snow.

BY ALBERT MORTON.

Nearly every grand progressive step in the religious and spiritual elevation of humanity has been heralded by leaders who have stamped their individuality upon the movement, and whose names have become indissolubly associated with the theories and dogmas they have taught. Modern Spiritualism is an exception to this rule; without leaders in the form to dominate, or promulgate a creed, it has become one of the most powerful agencies for the promulgation of truth the world has ever known. Much of the work accomplished through its advocates has been done through the quiet, unassuming labors of many workers who have outgrown all the shackles of theology and superstition.

Among the earnest, self-sacrificing number who have freely given their lives for the advancement of this truth by the sacrifice of earthly position and popularity is the subject of our brief sketch.

Herman Snow was born in the town of Pomfret, Vermont, April, 9, 1812. His early life was passed upon a farm during which time he received only a limited district school education. At the age of sixteen years he met with an accident which unfitted him for the laborious life of a farmer, causing him to enter a three years'

apprenticeship in mercantile life in country stores and in Boston. Being desirous of obtaining a liberal education he then entered a leading Academy, but want of means prevented the consummation of his earnest desires, and he was again forced to seek a livelihood in business pursuits, and in 1831, started to seek his fortune in the then comparatively unknown Great West. It would be interesting to follow his wanderings through the West, in the then only partially settled portions of Western Penn., Virginia and Missouri, but want of space prevents. At about the age of twenty-seven years, Mr. Snow, first became acquainted with the Unitarian form of belief which was to him the first satisfactory theological teachings he had found, which he says, "I afterwards discovered only one of the steps of progress, only one revolution of the endless evolution constantly before those who would be true to their divinely endowed faculties." Joyfully dedicating himself to the work of the Christian Ministry under the auspices of the Unitarian denomination he commenced a course of five years' study at the theological school connected with Harvard University. His zealous labors undermined his health, but the Faculty kindly excusing him from the study of Hebrew, he was enabled to to continue his course and graduated with his class in 1843.

Owing to ill-health, Mr. Snow, determined it would be unwise to become a permanently settled pastor, and preferring to become an itinerant preacher, he was ordained, "As an Evangelist" in one of the Boston churches, Jan. 1, 1845. This life Mr. Snow pursued for nearly ten years, and of his work he writes, "It is not for me here to go into a minute account of my life as a Christian Minister; I will only say that I was sincere and earnest in it and that it yielded me largely of the deepest and purest joys. I was cramped by no creeds, but had full room to grow in an upward and onward direction; and had it not been for the disability of ill-health and for the brighter light of Modern Spiritualism, which opportunely shone in upon my pathway, I might have finished my course in a Unitarian Pulpit."

Early in the year 1852, Mr. Snow's attention was called to the subject of Spiritualism, but he was not in a mental condition to appreciate his opportunities, and says, "After this, which was in reality but, little more than a pretense of investigation, I tried to satisfy myself that I was relieved of the responsibility that had rested upon me. I had looked into the matter, and it was all sham and nonsense!"

This condition of mind was of short duration, for he was soon brought into intimate, friendly relations with a family of Spiritualists where he had abundant evidence to destroy his complacent convictions and commenced a course of investigation which convinced him of the truth of Spiritualism and he shortly afterwards became developed as a writing, clairvoyant and clairaudient medium. All doubts were dispelled, and regardless of personal consequences, our moral hero immediately commenced to announce to others the truth of the light which had burst upon him. In the latter part of 1852 he printed for private circulation, a pamphlet entitled "Incidents of Personal Experience," which elicited favorable notices from Hon. N. P. Talmadge and other prominent investigators. This work was followed soon after by a small volume entitled, "Spirit Intercourse," which did a good work in calling the attention of candid and intelligent persons to the subject, then so new and imperfectly understood. In a notice of this book William Lloyd Garrison wrote to the *Liberator*: "This is one of the most interesting of the works that have yet appeared in relation to spiritual manifestations, and we commend the perusal of it to all candid enquirers upon the subject. * * * The phenomena related as witnessed by Mr. S., are curious, surprising and inexplicable, we think, on any other theory than that of independent spiritual agency."

In September, 1853, Mr. Snow opened a spiritual headquarters in Harmony Hall, Boston, where the spiritual papers were kept on file for the convenience of callers, and conferences and seances were held generally three evenings of the week. This work was sustained by the voluntary contributions of visitors to the meetings and was the means of doing much good. Impaired health forced Mr. Snow to transfer Harmony Hall to other hands and after assisting in the formation of "The New England Spiritualists Association," he became the active business agent of the society which established, "*The New England Spiritualist*," under the very able editorial charge of A. E. Newton, who soon established its reputation as one of the best spiritual papers ever published.

For the purpose of recuperating in health, Mr. Snow removed to Rockford, Illinois, where he had formerly been engaged as pastor, and was occupied for about ten years in gardening and building a beautiful home, and also engaged somewhat in pastoral labors, but his tendency to overwork in physical as well as mental labors reduced his strength so that he was obliged to make another change, and in 1863 he made a visit to Salt Lake Valley, where he spent several months in studying the Mormon doctrines and problems. Returning to Rockford he found it necessary to dispose of his property

there and returned to New England, passing about two years in spiritual and pastoral labors, closing his ministerial labors in Marshfield, Mass., in October 1867, and immediately started on a long contemplated trip to San Francisco where he soon established the well known "Liberal and Reform Book-store" on Kearney Street. Like his Harmony Hall venture in Boston, his store in this city soon became a spiritual headquarters, but impaired health caused him to give up the charge of his store to his estimable wife and co-worker, who is an enthusiastic worker in the field of reform, and who was prominently identified with the Womans' Suffrage Society. Although obliged to forego close attention to business, Mr. Snow was never idle and did much literary work for the spiritual papers; among other labors he devoted much time to a field but little understood by Spiritualists generally—associated with Mrs. A. D. Loucks he gave a portion of his time to assisting in elevating darkened or earth-bound spirits. Some of his experiences in this direction were published in a very attractive volume entitled, "Visions of the Beyond," a book which gives an insight into the darkened spiritual conditions of those who enter into spirit life all unfitted for the change.

Mr. Snow retired from business and returned to Massachusetts in 1884, and now resides at 104 Magazine St., Cambridgeport, where in impaired health but inspired with spiritual light he calmly awaits the angel's call of, "Good and faithful servant, come up higher."

A Remarkable Prophecy.

Editor of Golden Gate:

I hope your paper will be immortal. I am sure it ought to be, if such a fate is deserved by any paper.

In thinking over what I should write for your Holiday number—I promised your good lady that I would contribute something—the thought suggested itself, that, that particular number would be very long lived, if not immortal; and, hence would be a good place in which to record a very remarkable prophecy given some years ago through the mediumship of the late lamented Mrs. M. G. Payne, of Humboldt Co. in this State.

I am aware that such things are not held in very high esteem in this age of doubt and skepticism, but this particular prophecy, coming as it did with several others which have been fulfilled, already makes it to my mind at least worth recording.

This prophecy was in regard to the discovery of the North Pole of our planet, at the same time that it was given (some fourteen years ago) the invention of the telephone, and phonograph was foretold. These first having become an accomplished fact gives us some grounds for thinking, perhaps, there may be something in the other.

Now for the prophecy. The medium, being as she always was when controlled in a deep, unconscious trance, was asked: "Does the control know anything in regard to the North Pole? Is there an open sea there, as claimed by some navigators?"

The reply was: "There is an open sea around the pole of much greater extent than is generally supposed. We know that your explorations have extended far north, and that to you it appears to be a cold, icy, inhospitable region, but, we also know that in regard to the extent and shape of the poles of the earth, you as yet know nothing. There is a beautiful country there with a genial, salubrious climate. There is both land and water with an abundance of both vegetable and animal life. There are birds in vast numbers with greatly varied plumage and characteristics."

"The Poles of this planet, and the country around them are not what you imagine them to be; and when you do finally penetrate the icy barriers which now environ them, you will learn wherein you have been entirely mistaken. Were you to pursue the proper course now, at the right season of the year, your vessels could pass through to the North Pole with far less trouble than you imagine."

Question: "Then we are to believe from your statements that there is at present an open way to the North Pole, if our explorers knew where to find it?"

Ans.: "Yes. If you were to start from the Pacific Coast, and push through Behring's straits, and well up the Asiatic coast, in a northwestern direction, selecting proper winter quarters, you could, the second summer, pass in a north and northeastern direction, into an open polar sea, without any serious obstruction, provided your explorers were able to understand the different influences which the electrical conditions up there would have upon their compass. But with your present knowledge, if they should happen to blunder in there, they would experience much trouble in getting out again."

"This discovery, like all great discoveries of the past will come to you when the earth and her inhabitants have reached a plane of development demanding it, and when it will be of practical utility."

"Do you not see, my friends, (the control continued) that heretofore, in the history of the past, the march of civilization has been westward. In the last twenty

years, it has reached the Pacific Coast, thus belting the globe.

"See what has resulted on the American continent since the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock. A civilization, in some respects the grandest ever known upon the earth, spreading itself over a whole continent, and giving homes to millions of people, who have developed within them a spirit much more progressive than most other people. It was not so much oppression that drove the Pilgrim Fathers from the homes of their childhood as it was a longing for freedom, and this caused them to brave every hardship and danger in search of fields for growth and expansion."

"After the older States were formed, men and women were constantly growing up, whose affinities and desires demanded more freedom, and they pushed westward, finding homes in the valley of the Ohio, the Mississippi, and eventually on the Pacific Coast."

"Out of this rapidly growing civilization in the west, will soon develop a necessity for discovery that will open to you the country around the poles."

"When the Pacific Coast has been generally peopled, her advanced and greater civilization more fully developed, and her vast mountain regions settled by a pastoral people like some portions of Europe, then you will search out the way through the frozen barriers of the North, and make discoveries of which you now little dream, of a country vast in extent and inhabited by a white people considerably advanced in civilization."

"This discovery, when made, will open up new fields for philological, philosophical and scientific research; and will advance your civilization more in ten years than has obtained in any century of the past."

"The discovery will not be made through any of the routes yet attempted. But when time comes in which success will crown the effort, the start will be from the Pacific Coast, and the route will lay through Behring Straits and Sea."

Question: "How can it be as you say, an open sea surrounding a land teeming with grand flora, animals, and also man, surrounded as it is, by such a cold, icy belt as we know does exist?"

The control replied: "I know that if your theories were correct, it would of necessity be a region of darkness and gloom; but that is a great mistake upon your part, made for want of knowledge. If you should visit that region of the globe you would learn the causes which produce those pleasant conditions. You would find, that what you call the aurora borealis is caused by a combination of magneto-electric rays so concentrated as to produce an aura much more grand and brilliant than the sunlight of your temporal zone. This condition gives the power of life more beautiful in some respects than those where there is sunlight."

"This country around the pole, for the salubrity of its climate, the grandeur of its vegetable kingdom, and the perfection of its animal life, is not surpassed by any part of the earth. It is inhabited by a race of people, fair of skin, well-formed, and quite advanced in many of the arts and sciences."

"Now (continued the control) to you, my friends, whose investigations have taught you the truth of spirit return, we ask you to think of these facts given in advance of what your geographers have told you. Consider them with candor and weigh them with caution, for it is only by such a course that they will become useful to you."

Now, Mr. Editor, these facts as related above were recorded by Dr. O. B. Payne as they came through the lips of his wife in the year 1866—twenty years ago. As I said before, at the same time this was given, two other predictions were made, both of which have been fulfilled. And it may not be amiss to have this one recorded so that when the discovery of the North Pole is made, as it most assuredly will be in the near future, we can compare the notes of the discoverer with this record and learn exactly how nearly correct it is.

There is this to be said concerning that *terra incognita*, that as a matter of fact, there is room for a continent over eight hundred miles in diameter, beyond the most northerly point which any navigator has yet reached. The account as given by the control gives many interesting details concerning that (to us) mythical land, which want of space compels me to omit. I am yours fraternally,

E. G. ANDERSON.

A Courteous Cat.

A member of the Zoological Society says: "I once had a cat who, always sat up to the dinner table with me, and had his napkin round his neck, and his plate with some fish. He used his paw, of course, but he was very particular and behaved with extraordinary decorum. When he had finished his fish I sometimes gave him a piece of mine. One day he was not found when the dinner bell rang, so we began without him. Just as the plates were put around for the *entree*, puss came rushing upstairs and sprang into his chair with two mice in his mouth. Before he could be stopped he dropped a mouse onto his own plate, and then one onto mine. He divided his dinner with me as I had divided mine with him."—*Manchester Times*.

Dr. Helen Craib-Beigle.

BY MATTIE P. OWEN.

The tender chords of sympathy and admiration are always aroused when we see any noble woman struggling on this human sea of contending elements to carve out an honored destiny. There are so many obstacles which rise, mountain high, before the finely attuned and complex organism of woman, when she is obliged to come forth from the shelter of a quiet and retired home-life to battle with a not too generous world. We have many instances, however, in this and all ages, of woman's adequacy for every trial, when the supreme moment comes; such a one is the brave little heroine of this sketch.

Mrs. Beigle is a native of Canada, but was only eight years old when she removed to San Francisco with an elder sister, having lost her mother at the early age of three years. In the free, pure air of California she blossomed into girlhood and to womanhood. The old superstitious idea that the seventh daughter was the specially favored of the gods seems to have been a veritable truth in this instance, as little "Helen" was the seventh daughter in the Craib home.

The Craib family from which Mrs. Beigle is a descendant was of Scotch descent, and belonged to the old Scotch Covenanters, in which faith she was reared and trained. Although a religion too cold and rigid to find lodgment in the warm young heart of "Helen," who, from the early years of childhood, seemed to have a life something apart from her every-day surroundings, still she adhered to the doctrine to which she had been taught from youth. She often saw wondrous visions and had strange experiences, which many times she kept closely locked in her own breast; and, later on, these visions became more real—she would describe scenes and events at a distance with marvelous accuracy. On one occasion she saw her sister's home many miles distant, and read, as if on the dial of time, circumstances of great import months before their occurrence.

Before marriage Miss Craib was a most successful teacher in the public schools of Sacramento county, where she was engaged in the profession of which she was an honored member up to the year 1871, when she was united in marriage with Mr. George W. Beigle. From that time to the present Mr. and Mrs. Beigle have resided in San Francisco or adjoining cities. Two beautiful, intelligent girls were the gift to this union; Alice, the elder, is now fifteen, and Edna thirteen, both true, devoted daughters to their fond mother, who, like most of parents, live life over again in their children. Alice resides with her mother and is a great assistance to her in her public work. The younger attends one of our leading young ladies' seminaries in Oakland, the "Athena" of the Pacific Coast.

A little more than four years ago Mrs. Beigle was made the astonished recipient of a marvelous and unexpected power; she found herself the possessor of a new faculty—found that she possessed the capabilities of diagnosing disease by the simple touch of her hand. Her right hand had been unexplainably converted, invisibly to human eyes, into an electrical mechanism through which the most subtle currents passed. These currents are as much finer than those produced by the ordinary electrical battery as the human mind can conceive. They are also varied in grade and quality. Sometimes the force is such that would shock and awaken a slumbering nerve into action which had been inactive for years; again it penetrates and interpenetrates the entire being as gently as an angel-balm fresh from the Master's hand.

Mrs. Beigle realized to the fullest degree the importance of this strange visitation, wherein she was to become a ministering angel to the sick and suffering of earth. Can we wonder that she, with all her preconceived ideas, her early education and associations should shrink from the acceptance of this work, opening up new avenues of thought and action? It requires courage and a mighty, conviction of truth to stand up for principle's sake, when that conviction demands the alliance to an unpopular cause,—a cause which her early education had prejudiced her against. From the first hour that she resolved to follow the guidance of this benign power, she has never once faltered, although she often found her strength severely tested. She met with scorn from many of her old friends, including even those bound by ties of kindred; but the grand little Doctor remained firm to her first determination amidst all opposition.

It is difficult to comprehend that the human mind is fettered to such an extent by the iron band of ignorance in this enlightened age of progress as to fear a gift of such heavenly origin. Fear and condemnation that which gives back fast-fading life, restores to vigor of health the faint and sick-worn traveler, assuages physical torture, and suffering in all forms.

The Doctor was true to every instinct of her noble nature, and went straight forward, "doing whatever the hand found to do;" an effort which was soon crowned with a glorious success. Hundreds came for counsel and treatment. Her practice soon equalled that of any physician in the City. Her office duties are now of such an extensive character as to make it impracticable for her to go out to visit the sick, only in exceptional cases. Her

patients include the first families of this City, and from all parts of the State, in wealth, culture and refinement; and her amiability and nobleness of mind have endeared her to them by a thousand ties.

Mr. Beigle was very reluctant to have his wife become a professional healer, but having a near friend sorely afflicted; a case which the learned profession failed to master or understand, he promised his wife that if she would locate the seat of trouble, and restore to health his suffering friend, he would withdraw his objections to her practicing for the public. It is needless to say that within three weeks' time his friend was completely restored to health.

It may interest our readers to know something of how the hand is used which works such wonders. The right hand and arm, to midway between the elbow and shoulder is a veritable battery wherein is concentrated an odic force of great curative power. It is entirely different from what is usually termed magnetic healing, in this particular, that her physical magnetism does not enter into the treatments. It is a foreign force from any thing in her own organism. It is more properly called "spirit healing," what it really is; the force of spirit acting through the hand and arm. Those understanding the spiritual philosophy recognize that behind this force stand the skilled and unseen operators; a fact which no one can doubt, who once experiences the peculiar sensations accompanying the magical touch of those fingers.

The Doctor has no control whatever over the power, and twice since she possessed it, the power has been withdrawn. On the first occasion it was suddenly snatched away, and Mrs. Beigle, was greatly exercised therefrom. Her fears were allayed however, by a familiar voice which assured her, that in due time, it would be returned to her, with renewed strength; and so it was in three months. The second time she knew when her "sweet employment" would be gone, to the very hour and moment for five months before it occurred, and when it would return.

We have never known the Doctor to fail in correctly diagnosing a case, of the hundreds we have known who have sought her advice. In this particular she stands pre-eminent. Without asking a question, she will minutely describe your case, trace back twenty-five and thirty years to find the cause, and tell you all about it. She rarely promises to cure wherein she fails; and we believe these exceptions are largely accounted for, in the failure of the patient to implicitly follow her directions. We could give numerous instances of marvelous cures, which might appear to the reader more like a fable than a reality; but we simply know that every week, right in this city, such cures are being performed through the agency of Dr. Beigle. We could give a number of interesting cases, but for the fact that the persons who are benefitted would naturally hesitate to have their names given to the public.

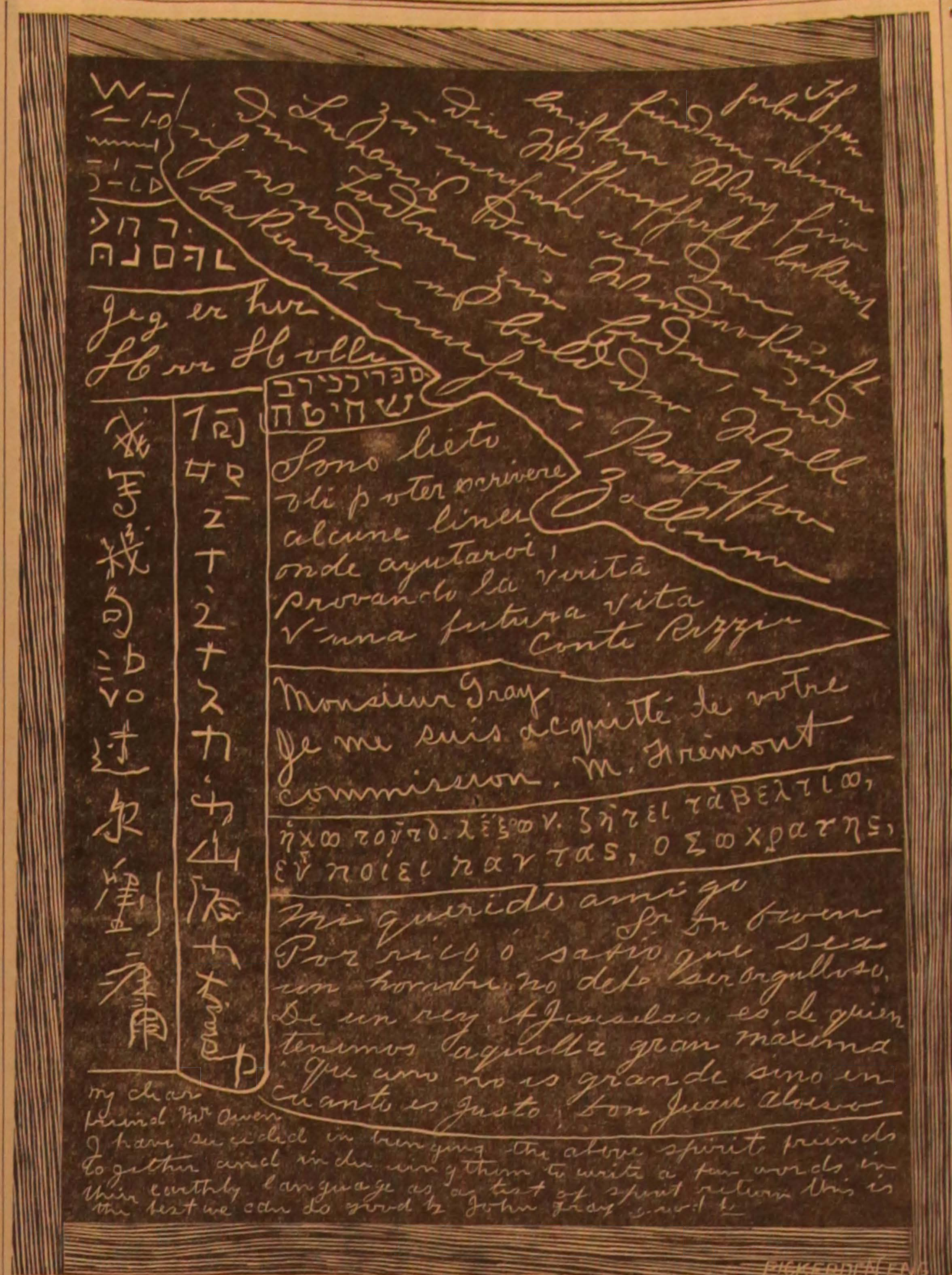
Among the most notable cures of which we have known the Doctor to effect have been cases of paralysis, and general nervous affections.

Some of her paralytic subjects had been sufferers for years. And we know a number of instances that within a few weeks were able to use the affected limbs with perfect ease. One very remarkable case came under our observation, that of a little child, about sixteen months old, who had lain in spasms, or rather from one spasm into another, for over six hours' when Doctor Beigle was called. From the instant she placed her hand on its poor tortured body, it became easy, and the spasms did not re-occur. In a short time the little sufferer was capable of recognizing its grateful and delighted parents.

The Doctor is now planning to enlarge her establishment at 209 Turk street, so to better accommodate the great demand from patients, who reside out of the City, and thus enabled her to do a still larger and grander work. The angels could not have found a more faithful servant than this brave little lady; nor could she ask gifts more divine.

JUST SO.—Man never appreciates his inferiority to woman so thoroughly as when he stands before the altar in the presence of an audience of friends, and hears the clergyman make him a husband. Nine men out of ten in such a position tremble as if they were about to be arrested for murder, while nine out of ten women go through the ceremony as gracefully as if it was an everyday occurrence. And it is this timorous, quivering creature in a dress suit that promises to protect the calm and placid angel whose orange blossoms are her aureole. What delightful sarcasm there is in the thought? And in after life, when the husband gets torn up by care, and when a little trouble comes to steal away his peace of mind, how is it then? The woman whom he promises to protect becomes his protector. She sees sunshine through the clouds. She smooths out the wrinkled brow of care. She props up his flagging spirits. She puts new life into his bosom, new hope into his soul, and he goes forth in the morning with new strength and new zeal to wrestle with life and its responsibilities. Woman may be the weaker vessel, but she isn't broke up and doesn't go to pieces as soon as man.—*Baltimore American.*

THERE are so many women lawyers in the country that they now propose to hold a convention at Ann Arbor.



INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITING.

Through the Mediumship of Fred Evans, San Francisco.

The above is a fac simile of a slate, slightly reduced in size, written through the mediumship of Mr. Fred Evans, of this city, in the presence of the editor of this journal and his wife. We regard it as the finest instance of psychographic writing yet given to the world.

The medium is a young man of 24 years, with only a moderate English education. No one who knows him believes him capable of writing such a slate as this; and to suppose that the various writings and languages could have been placed thereon by persons competent to do the same would be to suppose that such educated persons would become parties to a stupendous deception, involving the crime of forgery. The history of this slate is as follows:

In September last, the editor of this journal, having in contemplation the publication of a holiday number of the GOLDEN GATE, called upon Mr. Evans, accompanied by his wife, for the purpose of consulting with him, or rather with his psychographic guide, Spirit John Gray, concerning the preparation of a slate, that we could have engraved, which should bear upon its face some intellectual evidence of genuineness, as any slate, written in English, no matter how crucial the conditions under which it was prepared, would be positive evidence only to those knowing to the facts.

Our first interview was on Sunday, Sept. 11, 1886, at 10 o'clock A. M. Besides the invisibles, only the three persons above mentioned were present. Sitting at a table, in the full light of day, Mr. Gray instantly signalled his presence by raps upon the table, when we explained to him our object, inquiring if it was possible for him to bring together a number of spirits of different earthly nationalities, who could furnish us short messages in their native languages. He replied that he thought he could do so, answering our questions either by writing independently, by telegraphic rapping (which his medium has learned to read), or by writing automatically through the medium's hand. He at once entered heartily into our plans.

It was found, as has usually been our experience when sitting with mediums or this phase, that our presence afforded a strong assisting battery, and that the writing came with great readiness, three and four slates being written upon simultaneously, and all without the slightest attempt at concealment.

The controlling influence requested that we meet the medium at the same hour for a few Sundays, and hold the same slate, when he could more fully determine his ability in the matter. We placed a private mark upon the slate, which we had then held for a few minutes, and it was laid aside until the following Sunday.

On the second Sunday writing came freely upon other slates lying upon the table, and upon some placed on the floor near where we were sitting, but none upon the slate under our hands. Mr. Gray assured us that he was getting along finely—that he was sure he would be able to procure writing in several languages. He recognized the excellent conditions we furnished him, and expressed himself as greatly pleased with the experience.

On the third Sunday, Sept. 25th, we were promptly on hand, as before. The slate containing our private mark was taken by the medium and first thoroughly rubbed on both sides with a cloth slightly dampened with his saliva—(not a very neat way of cleansing a slate, but Mr. Evans says the writing comes much more readily when the slates are thus prepared). He then handed the slate to us, and we (Mrs. O. and the writer) were both fully satisfied that there was no writing upon the slate. From that moment the slate never left our hands, nor was it for an instant out of our sight. A small bit of slate pencil was

placed upon the table, and we placed the slate over it, with our four hands resting thereon. The medium, sitting upon the opposite side of the table, touched the outer edge of the slate frame for a few moments, and then removed his hands entirely. In about five minutes loud raps signalled that the writing was finished. We raised the slate and found the under side covered as seen in the engraving.

Two other slates, which had been prepared in like manner and placed upon the floor, with a bit of pencil between, were found at the close of the seance written full. As the message purports to come from the controlling spirit, and relates to the main work in hand, we give it below:

MY DEAR FRIENDS, MR. AND MRS. OWEN:—I see your object is to create an interest among skeptics of spiritual phenomena and cause them to investigate. I entered in with your feelings, and have succeeded in inducing twelve spirits of different nationality to write a few words in the language they used when on earth. You will, no doubt, find many defects, but we have done the best we can, and you must accept it with the knowledge that these spirits never wrote through the medium before: therefore they are at a disadvantage; and there is also a difficulty in bringing them here to write, for, as you well understand, there is no attraction for them. But I have the medium, yourself and wife, for an attraction. You will see that the languages written embrace Chinese, Japanese, Egyptian, Old Asiatic, Hebrew, German, Italian, French, Spanish, Greek, Norwegian and English. Wishing your dear wife, yourself and the GOLDEN GATE every prosperity, I am your friend and well wisher in spirit, JOHN GRAY.

Of the messages given there are some defects, as Mr. Gray says may be expected; but on the whole we regard the writing as most remarkable, the Asiatic languages especially, of which but very few of our own race have ever acquired anything more than an imperfect speaking knowledge. A learned professor, who assisted in the translations, thinks there is not a scholar in this city who can write all the languages given upon this slate. Following are the translations of the writings:

GERMAN—I have found an easy way for making known to science the proof of the return of the dead to this earth, and I shall soon give it to the world. PROFESSOR ZOLLNER.

ITALIAN—I am glad to be able to write you a few lines to aid in proving the truth of a future life. COUNT ROZZIA.

FRENCH—Monsieur Gray:—I have acquitted myself of your commission. M. FREMONT.

GREEK—I come to say this—seek for better things—think well of all. SOCRATES.

SPANISH—My Dear Friend, Sr. Don Owen:—Rich or wise as a man may be, don't let him be proud. It is from a King, Agesilaus, we have that grand maxim, "that one is not great only as far as he is just." DON JUAN ALVISO.

NORWEGIAN—I am here. HERR HOLLE.

CHINESE—I write a few words for you. LU YEUN.

JAPANESE—How do you do? OYAMA GENTURA.

HEBREW—[This is a name of a book describing the killing of animals according to the Jewish rites.]

EGYPTIAN AND OLD ASIATIC—[See note below.]

MY DEAR FRIEND MR. OWEN:—I have succeeded in bringing the above spirit friends together and inducing them to write a few words in their earthly language, as a test of spirit return. This is the best we can do. Good bye. JOHN GRAY.

To set at rest any idea that may be entertained that this writing was a transference from our own minds, we will say that with the exception of some little knowledge of French and less of Spanish, the English language is the only language with which we are familiar. We positively know that the writing was not done by any mortal hand. As we have in our possession the slate upon which it was written, any one interested can satisfy himself that the writing is by no chemical preparation, as the fine particles of slate caused by the attrition of the pencil over the surface of the slate can readily be seen.

We have given in the above statement the simple facts; the skeptical reader may explain them as best he may.

NOTE.—Being unable to obtain translations of these languages, (on the upper left hand corner of the slate), we submitted the matter to Spirit John Gray, and received from him, in the same manner as the first writing was obtained, a message in which he says: "I give it to you as received by me. The Egyptian reads: 'Yea, the spirit of man shall live forever.'—NRPON who was an old Egyptian seer. The old Asiatic is the Assyrian cuneiform characters, which being interpreted reads: 'Yon Pains.' The alphabet is derived from the following: (Here follows the characters and the key thereto, which we are unable to reproduce in types.—Ed. G. G.)

Theosophy, Metaphysics and Spiritualism—Three Sides of a Great Triangle.

[An Extract from one of W. J. Colville's ablest and most instructive inspirational lectures.]

Truth can never be discordant; errors are like false witnesses, bearing conflicting testimony on the same subject. They always disagree among themselves, one contradicting what another positively affirms, but while truths can never disagree or oppose another, each separate portion of truth recreated to or discovered by the human mind comes to earth freighted with a special message, a message so peculiarly its own that no substitute can be found, if that truth does not deliver its sacred commission to mankind. We constantly come across three great words in modern literature. Theosophy which properly means divine wisdom; metaphysics, which correctly signifies the supremacy of mind over matter; and Spiritualism which in its popular modern acceptance usually stands for a system of philosophy, accompanied illustrative phenomena, the special burden of whose song is the repeated iteration of two stupendous facts, human immortality and communion between earth and spiritual spheres. Any one of these three great words amply suffices to express all we are aiming to systematize, and enforce in our instructions, and it is with deep regret that we note the blind and foolish sectarian bigotry, which unhappily prevails to such an extent in many quarters that Theosophists, Metaphysicians and Spiritualists array themselves in hostile companies against each other, while they are all, if they did but know it, working in the same vineyard, and helping to bring about a selfsame result. These three words are so old that their antiquity is positively venerable; they have not been coined of late to express recent ideas, but have simply been respectively adopted by common consent, by three representative schools of thought, whose tenets are now matters of the greatest interest to students, and thinkers everywhere.

Theosophy is useful to teach us to rely upon our own innate powers, to cultivate our own spiritual nature, to turn within for the guidance we need in the manifold perplexities of existence; it moreover calls to our attention the power of man not only over the lower animals on earth, and over his own physical appetites, but over the sub-human intelligences which through the elements and wait constantly upon man for guidance and direction, as the dog looks to his master for directory will. Theosophists can never consent to be mediums and nothing more; they must be controlling spirits also, and with this teaching neither alleged Metaphysics or Spiritualism can possibly conflict. Mediumship insisted upon by Spiritualism, when recognized and studied alone, is apt to induce a too passive attitude of the mind toward the invisible world, leading oftentimes to hyper-sensitiveness and morbid sensibility to any extraneous influence which may be for the moment in the ascendant. Mediums need, before all things else, to set to work to studiously cultivate their own normal powers, and, while doing so, instead of detracting from their mediumship they will invite and receive the heartiest co-operation from their guides and friends in spirit life. The word "abnormal," so often applied to the mediumistic state, is a somewhat objectionable one, as it presupposes unnaturalness, the very thing to be avoided.

All spiritual powers are normal and natural, and when we understand and use them aright we shall enter superior states, but not abnormal ones. Spiritualism, as a great expressive word, amply suffices to characterize all that is really excellent in Theosophy and Metaphysics. But we must extend our conceptions of it; instead of dwindling our philosophy to the narrowest possible compass, and seeking to establish only two or three cardinal verities, let us build on these broad, solid planks an edifice of intelligence and beauty, adorned with all the grace and knowledge we can possibly cull from ancient and modern sources of inspiration, from north, south, east and west alike, and most of all from those ever-flowing streams of celestial influence, whose waters flow with no abatement for the instruction as well as for the healing of the nations. Introspection is a most salutary and important exercise. "Look within" is a command we all need to follow closely, for none of us can afford to remain blind to the all-important truth that the human spirit, while on earth, shares all the prerogatives of the dismantled soul. And thus it matters not what our environment or scene of labor, we are here, and now as well as hereafter and in another world, partakers of the divine universal life, without which our existence would be an impossibility.

Never reject wise counsel; heed sage injunctions from whatever quarter they may come, but oh! beware of being so dazzled with the gleaming brightness of the Summer Land, or so lost in contemplation of the blessed by-and-by, that we neglect to prepare for it in the only effectual way, which is none other than the path of industrious self-culture undertaken with the best of all motives—even the desire to rise ourselves so as to be able to lift others.

The heart of every woman is a romance, and its master-chord is love.—*Mary Cowden-Clarke.*

THE SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.

Its Rise and Progress—Struggles, Triumphs and Future Prospects.

BY H. C. WILSON.

In preparing a sketch of the history of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists of San Francisco, the writer hopes to be able to present just sufficient details to make it interesting and valuable as a Spiritualistic work of reference, trusting that it may serve also as an incentive, if not a guide, to others to inaugurate Spiritual movements in other localities, for the education of the masses, the relief of suffering and the general improvement of humanity.

We are well aware that there is no teacher in all the broad world quite as good as personal experience; but at the same time we must admit, that valuable lessons may be learned from the efforts and endeavors of others. The watchful mariner is able to bring his precious cargo safely from distant lands o'er broad and turbulent seas, by carefully noting the charts prepared by those who have successfully made the voyage before him. So man, bound for the haven of Eternal Progress, is able to avoid many hidden shoals and sunken reefs by scanning with the eye of understanding the acts and methods of his fellow voyagers.

As we look back upon the life-line of this society, we see that nothing could be more natural than the combination of circumstances that brought it into existence. It is a small community indeed that does not contain both the radical and the conservative elements, and it was only in accordance with the operation of natural law that these two elements should be well represented in the great family of Spiritualists in San Francisco, and seek opportunities for expression. In penning these thoughts to the readers of the GOLDEN GATE we desire to present simple facts as nearly as may be, avoiding as much as possible any appearance of extolling or favoring one of these elements to the disparagement of the other.

For some time prior to the year 1882, the subjects of materialization, and dematerialization, independent slate-writing, dark seances, local mediumship, obsession, undeveloped spirits and their condition, the mutual dependence of spirits and mortals, and many others, all of absorbing interest and great importance to mankind, had occasioned much discussion not only in our city, but throughout the whole country. The discussion was confined for the most part to semi-public and private places, the conservative Spiritual element, feeling that public consideration would produce inharmony in the ranks, and therefore it would be unwise to admit such questions to their platform. Having no access to a platform favorable to such interests, what were anxious investigators and those of the radical side of these issues to do? In the latter part of '82 the spirit guides of Mrs. H. C. Wilson answered the inquiry by exacting a promise from her husband, that he should open a hall for the purpose of considering in open conference the subjects enumerated above, and all others affecting the weal or woe of humanity.

Accordingly, Washington Hall, Number 35 Eddy St. was engaged, and meetings were opened Sunday afternoons and evenings. By virtue of the circumstances, the writer assumed the chairmanship and all financial responsibility of the enterprise. Various predictions made at the time relative to the "new meeting" now recur to the mind of the writer. Some of its friends thought it would have fulfilled its mission in about three months, and would then adjourn. Most of its opposers thought that a want of patronage would close it up in a much less time. Another element said, that a free conference meeting had never been able to live but a short period of time in the city, and that this effort to establish one would be no exception to the others. That people were bound to be inharmonious and that "the whole thing would 'bust up' as a legitimate consequence." But the guides of Mrs. Wilson, the real founders of the Society, predicted a long, eventful, and useful career. The four subsequent years, have fully proven them to be most eminently correct.

Nothing of moment occurred until August, 1883, when a simple organization was effected that a greater number of workers might be enlisted, thereby making the meetings more efficient and stable in character. It now began to look a little as though the movement had "come to stay." Hope burned brighter in the breasts of its friends, while the incredulous smile of its opponents gradually changed to a more thoughtful and reasonable expression. The first Board of Directors consisted of H. C. Wilson, President; Mrs. C. V. Drury, Vice-President; John Wright, Treasurer; Mrs. S. B. Whitehead, Mrs. M. Miller, Mrs. H. E. G. Morrelle, L. B. Hopkins, C. S. Drake and Rev. J. N. Parker. Dr. Dean Clarke was chosen Secretary, but on his resignation two months later, Mrs. Drury was elected to the position which she filled with credit for three years. Mr. Wright failing to qualify as Treasurer, Mr. S. B. Clark was elected to fill the place, which he has done with such universal satisfaction that he has been continued therein up to this present time. Mrs.

Whitehead and Mrs. Miller are still active members on the Board of Directors; the former having also filled the position of Secretary during the last year with great credit to herself and the Society.

Under this management the Society prospered generally. One mistake was made however—one that involved the Society in debt, and threatened it with dire disaster. It was the engaging of a regular speaker at a fixed salary. On returning to the "conference plan," the debt was soon cancelled, personal property secured, and money accumulated in the treasury, notwithstanding hundreds of dollars were dispensed among the poor and needy. In order that the Society might have the legal right to use, hold and control this property and money, it was thought best to incorporate under the laws of the State; therefore, on application, a charter was duly granted on the 27th of March, 1884.

The subject of organization is one upon which there is a great difference of opinion among Spiritualists throughout the country. It is not our purpose to discuss the matter here, but simply call the attention of the public to the fact, that there has been no visible change in the workings of this Society, or in its policy, since its organization, as a result of that action. Its members are more liberal, better informed, and farther advanced; but this is the result of natural growth, consequent upon earnest effort, and an honest search for truth, rather than the form of government of the Society. Any person might visit our meetings for six months and fail to learn that it has a legal existence, so unostentatiously are the reins of government held. I wish to say for the consideration and benefit of *new* societies, and those contemplating organization, that too frequent "dosing" with constitution and by-laws will kill the best society in existence. A casual reference once a year about election time, will be found quite sufficient in most cases.

It was with much reluctance that the Directors consented to the proposed action, and many in the Society were fearful of undesirable results; but after nearly three years' trial, I doubt if one could be found in the membership willing to abandon the plan of "legal organization."

January 13, 1884, marked the opening of a grand movement in this Society—one of which its members have reason to be justly proud, and one that they feel will ever bear mighty sway in the cause of Spiritualism on this Coast. It was the founding of the Free Spiritual Library. Beginning with less than fifty volumes, it has steadily advanced each month since, either by purchase or donation, until now, about seven hundred volumes adorn its shelves, and slake the thirst of its hundreds of intelligent readers. Some six thousand loans have been made already; and when we realize that it has not yet thrown off its swaddling clothes, we are led to ask, what of its future, when it shall have become fully matured? It is to-day one of the most efficient and truthful teachers in the city of San Francisco, and the Spiritualists of the country at large have it in their power to build up from this nucleus a Spiritual institution that shall not only be a giant power for good in this day, but one whose potency will exert a benign influence, a holy Spiritual tuition upon the nations yet to be, away up through the far flight of time. If a few public-spirited Spiritualists of ample means, would provide a suitable room to be used in connection with this Library, as a free reading-room, they would be supplying a pressing demand now felt by thousands in this great city. The expense would not be great, but the benefits arising from such a philanthropic provision could not be computed. We look forward with eager hope for some great, good heart to make an earnest move in this direction, and the Society will gladly fall into line and join forces for the accomplishment of this desirable achievement.

The doors of this association have ever been open to the mediums of every phase. Within its walls they have received comfort and encouragement. They have been aided in their development and strengthened in their worthy endeavors. When sick, they have been visited and treated; when beset with financial troubles, they have been relieved. When cruel hunger has invaded their homes and with grim want has conspired to compass their destruction, this Society has fed, warmed and clothed them to the extent of its resources. It has defended them from unjust attack, and exonerated them from unwarrantable charges of fraud which have in times past been so ruthlessly and recklessly hurled against them. We acknowledge them to be the lamps that illumine the Spiritual Temple, the foundation stones upon which the angels have raised the grand walls of the superstructure. We want all mediums to feel that with us they may ever find a home filled with dear and loving friends ever ready to do battle for their rights.

It has also been the pleasure of this Society since its organization, to minister unto the wants of the sick, the poor and the distressed. Money has been contributed, food furnished, shelter and medical attendance provided, places secured for those desiring work, information imparted to strangers in the great city and free transportation given to the unfortunate to their friends abroad and to places where positions of profit awaited them.

These cases are now numbered by hundreds, and the good thus wrought is impossible of estimation. When we view the aggregate amount of judicious, practical, whole-souled work thus accomplished, a feeling of regret arises that our resources are so limited, when so much could be advantageously employed. The Society is anxiously looking forward to the time when it can make this a regular arm of its service. With an able, industrious officer at its head, acting under the direction and keen scrutiny of the Board of Directors, what has been done heretofore under trying circumstances and somewhat disjointedly, can be not only accomplished more systematically and with perfect ease but greatly enlarged upon. A broad field for enlightened labor is here presented for the consideration of earnest philanthropists; that it remain long unoccupied we cannot believe, but feel impressed with the assurance that at no distant day "the way will be opened" to better conditions through the pulsation of some big heart, for thousands of Earth's poor children who are now contending with severe gales and adverse winds on their voyage o'er the tempestuous sea of life.

For twenty years the Spiritualists of San Francisco have been talking of erecting a hall wherein to hold their society meetings. A few efforts have been made by several societies from time to time, but have never succeeded beyond accumulating a few hundred dollars. We have some well-meaning people in our ranks who oppose the idea of building halls, regarding it as pandering to the principle of "centralization," and claiming that it tends toward the destruction of free thought and individuality; but the number is not as great as a few years ago. It seems that so many who have just broken the fetters of theology are extremely fearful of again being bound, but as time wears on this timidity gives place to a bolder spirit and they come to view new methods with more confidence and less suspicion. The Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold that a centralization of power may be productive of good, as well as of evil. When based upon the principle of selfishness it becomes an engine of destruction, and blood and tears follow in its cruel tracks; but if it be founded on the rock of justice, tended by the gentle hand of sympathy and love for humanity, it then becomes a perfect avalanche of blessings, benefiting all that it overshadows.

In the summer of '85, the subject of hall building was brought prominently forward in the Board of Directors, and after some two or three months consideration it was resolved to inaugurate the work; accordingly one hundred dollars was set aside as the foundation of a building fund. This was but a small beginning, but will prove a very important and effectual one, as this Society never retreats from any well-considered position once taken, and it is determined never to relax its efforts in this direction until success shall have crowned its labors, and it finds itself comfortably installed in a home of its own. Already the foundation hundred dollars has been increased to fifteen hundred dollars from the monthly savings of the Society, but what is of still greater encouragement, the Society's action has met with the endorsement of one of earth's grandest souls, who has added twenty thousand dollars worth of real estate to the fund. This substantial bequest, made by Mrs. Sleeper, filled all hearts with grateful emotion. No such sum had ever before been donated to the cause by any one on this coast, and many were the speculations as to the probable effect. A fond hope was entertained that the example might become contagious, and that other wealthy friends might donate an amount sufficient to justify the Directors in purchasing a site for a hall. This hope has not been realized as yet, but we feel that the dear spirit friends who have the management of our Society in hand, will bring about the desired results in their *own* way and in their own good time.

The following testimonial letter, beautifully engrossed and framed, was presented to Mrs. Sleeper, as the tender thought and feeling of the individual members of the Society for their generous patron and loving sister:

SOCIETY OF PROG. SPIRITUALISTS,
WASHINGTON HALL, November 17, 1885.
TO MRS. EUNICE S. SLEEPER: *Dear Sister:*
On behalf of the Board of Directors and of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists which it represents, I have the pleasure of informing you that your valuable and timely gift was formally received on Friday, the 9th instant, and accepted by the Board of Directors with grateful expressions of regard to the generous donor.

The Society accepts the trust in the same spirit that inspired the giver, and will devote it to the development and uplifting of humanity and the advancement of spiritual truth. As you realize the material needs of the hour, so may your angel friends be able to realize your spiritual needs, and minister unto them fully.

As the Society has found favor with you, and has been chosen as an instrument to carry out your noble, philanthropic ideas for the lasting benefit of many of earth's children, so may you find favor with the arisen ones; and when the last day on earth for you shall have past, and, with loving arms your dear ones shall have borne you to their beautiful home, erected by your good deeds, may you be chosen by them as a fitted instrument to aid in disseminating wisdom, justice, purity and love to all the children of men. We trust that our future acts will prove that your confidence has not been misplaced.

By order of the Board of Directors and the expressed wish of the Society.

In the pursuit of truth,
H. C. WILSON, President.

The fruits of this generous action on the part of Mrs. Sleeper are already appar-

ent. "Father Curtis" of Oakland, not to be outdone by his philanthropic sister, has built a hall in the southern part of that city, and dedicated it to the free use of Spiritualists and Spiritualism. We are sorry that we are not better informed relative to his good work there, that we might speak more at length regarding it, as it is our desire to pay tribute to all who have justly earned it, wherever found. Another good brother, a member of the Progressive Spiritualists, having interests in Oakland, has offered the Spiritualists of that city a large, fine lot, situated near the business center, provided they will erect a hall thereon. As the negotiations are not complete we do not feel at liberty to use our brother's name, much as we desire to give due recognition to his generous impulse. So let the good work go on! May these examples be multiplied an hundred fold; and when the day shall come for them to "take an account of stock" on the Other or Real Side of Life, they will be surprised and gratified to learn how much more grandly they have builded for themselves there, than what they have for others here. We desire to record here another gift, consisting of two small vacant lots in South San Francisco, for the benefit of the Medium's Fund of this Society, from Bro. James Madison Platt. Although at present of limited value, yet it showed fully his goodness of heart and kindly appreciation for those who are largely instrumental in opening the way for the reception of spiritual truth.

Our task is finished. We have written the foregoing, not with any special desire to herald the labors and goodness of this Society abroad, but because others thought in this holiday number of the GOLDEN GATE it would be appropriate; and therefore on their solicitation, we have briefly set forth the facts as they are in substance, entered on the records of the Society. And when the closing pages of our own material life shall have been completed, it is our earnest wish that it may show as many bright entries and present as acceptable a footing.

Let it be the aim of all to so live that when the final settlement is made with earth, and we pass on to the Bright Beyond, that a grand balance of good deeds may be found in our favor as capital with which to begin life there.

[Written for the GOLDEN GATE.]

Greetings from the Higher Realms.

Saidie from the land of the real, the home of the true, sends to the children of our Father greetings of love, in accordance with the inner promptings of the order to which, in the higher realms, she belongs as guide and helper; and in her greetings she at this time reaches out to all whose thoughts and aspirations are sent outside the bounds of earth-land; and were it in her power, she would place at the threshold of every soul the lighted lamp of love and wisdom, whereby they might discern the true from untrue, the pure from the impure, and the good from the illy developed. But few in earth-land sense, even indistinctly, the love-labor of the tireless workers, who for ages, and cycles uncounted and unrecorded by man, have watched the slow development of man, and principles, and planned for their more rapid fulfillment.

Each cycle since man's first appearance on this planet, as the result of law, has been marked by a progression of the same, until the present unfoldment was reached, which holds a broader platform than the past has ever known, and from which more rapid strides must and will be made, regardless of the arrayed armies of opposition, who will find they are no Roman warriors, and sustain no Roman generals.

The shadows cast upon the dial of time are no longer indistinct, but are plainly discernible, and easily read by the wisdom fathers and mothers who have watched this planet since, as a world, it has held positive relations to other worlds within this magnetic belt; and Saidie, as a herald of truth, fearlessly declares unto all, the records made in the celestial courts concerning the future, that even now casts in the valley of the present lines of light that are radiant with a prophetic glimmer, in the immediate years that are crowding the very threshold of the present, until earth's atmosphere is laden with unuttered prophecies, there must and will come to this land a decided change in all the illy-established centers from whence radiate law and the result thereof.

A strong sense of injustice that already assists in the reach of the working classes will increase until there will be born therefrom a positive demand that capitalists will not have the power to gainsay or overthrow. The working classes will be led into avenues wherein mental culture will bring to the surface the soul's embryotic gems.

No land can meet a fulfillment of its highest possibilities while yet the yoke of bondage rests on any of its children, and there is no greater bondage than that caused by ignorance, and Saidie says that the bondsmen must go free. This is recorded in the land of souls, and the future of earth must record a fulfillment of the same. There should be no homeless wanderers in all the length and breadth of the land; none hungering through the hoarding of millions by the few, no shivering

forms to meet the conflicting elements, while others have no higher aspirations than to robe themselves for show and for praise.

Justice is rapidly gaining the ascendancy, and the wrongs of the land must and will be overthrown, and the splendor of the few will be divided to meet the actual demand of earth's children. For this end the unseen hosts are laboring, and they know success awaits them on the hilltops of the future. In connection with this Saidie also asserts that the churches of the land must and will become temples of spiritual light and truth, to an extent that creeds will be forgotten, or looked upon as ancient landmarks. There will in this be a sudden and marked change, which will be the result of a magnetic wave that will reach earth from the higher spheres, and will be crowned with a positiveness that will rule out the old and usher in the new. Saidie hesitates not to say that in the present, that stands midway between error and truth, that in every church in the land, at every Sabbath gathering, some spirit who has outgrown the conditions born of earth, and is therefore freed from the bondage of ignorance; stands side by side with the acknowledged teacher of the congregation, and through the harmonious oneness that is the result of the unseen forces that play between preacher and listeners, weaves into thought tissues, ideas that become words, laden with heaven-born truth and power. The congregation grow at last to these truths and see not the path over which they have traveled, they are only conscious that the ideas their fathers held most sacred have become obsolete.

To the children of our angel-watched order Saidie sends her tenderest greetings born of love that is fadeless as the soul's eternal Summer; she bids them turn not back, for sentinels and guides will be found at each pass and post, to guide and guard to the uttermost. Saidie deals not in idle words, but promises what she knows can and will be fulfilled. During the year that dawns she assures each faithful child of an increase of spiritual knowledge the result of which cannot be calculated, as spiritual knowledge both radiates and attracts in unmeasured lines, and makes the possessor thereof a positive power for good. Saidie bids all to spare some time from gathering the harvests of earth, in which to seek and find the imperishable gold that will be both needed and demanded in the better life, that they present not themselves as bankrupts. There is in all lives golden opportunities. Let them not be passed by, for it will be very sweet to count the soul's jewels in the peaceful beyond and know they are well earned. To each child of the order a bearer of glad tidings hastens each day, and the heart that trusts in the same, can at any moment call to their side the loving, tender guide. Be patient, be true, be faithful and your hearts shall not be comfortless, nor your burthens too heavy.

Saidie would say to the many children of the order that it is her wish that in all localities, where there are sufficient members, circles or meetings should be held. There should be in this a harmonious result, and such gatherings, if conducted in kindness of heart, would be watched over by spirits set apart for that special work. These heavenly helpers would be the bearers of light that would brighten the life-path of the children, and there would be deeper work in the hearts and homes, while Saidie and the earnest band of orientals would have more power in the earth-land to draw from and build on. Let this be thought of, for we deem it no hardship to tarry with you and labor for you, if we can see the fruits of our labor. Whatever you do let it be done in kindness of heart. Drink from the same cup from which Saidie shrinks not to place to her lips. Humility must be born in all hearts, and no one can stand beneath the sacred arch of the sun center with the pride of superiority centered in their innernesses; such anchors are cast not in that sea of light. Be united in all things, be true in all things, and remember the angel of each household that has been delegated as such keeps record. Saidie and the band visit you all at times, and breathe over the hearts of all her holiest prayers for peace and purity through the angels of the higher life, who work with the grandest results. The blessings of a changeless love I leave with you.

Given through the Sun Angels' Order of Light by Saidie, leader of the Oriental Band.

Persons that are reaching out and desiring spiritual light and truth from celestial spheres are desired to send their names and address, and enclose twenty-five cents (monthly dues) to J. B. Fayette, Oswego, N. Y., and their names will be recorded in the angel's book of membership, and by return mail they will receive the magnet of the Sun Angels' Order of Light to wear with instructions. J. B. FAYETTE.

President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angels' Order of Light. OSWEGO, N. Y., Dec. 1886.

In the first seven or eight years of a child's life it will probably be settled whether he is to be swayed by superstition or intelligence, whether he is to live terrorized by fear or buoyed up by hope and courage. Whoever sends a child into life permanently anticipating evil, suspicious of every one in authority, with a disposition to lord it over interiors by way of making things even, does the child, his associates and society a wrong so great that no counter-charity can cover it.—*Boston Journal of Education.*

My First Christmas in Heaven.

(Written by the spirit wife of H. H. Kenyon, and copied for the GOLDEN GATE.)

Dear Husband:—Another Christmas is drawing near, making thirty-four since I came to this beautiful summer land. All those years I have been waiting patiently and watching tenderly over your earth-life; at all times coming as close to you as surrounding conditions would permit, and though the way was not opened for me to come during all these years, I fully understood and waited, knowing that the door would swing wide open so that I could answer all the questions we were so eagerly trying to solve before we were parted in such grief and disappointment.

I come at this time to answer your thoughts as to how I enjoyed my first Christmas in the spirit world.

I was assured by our father Kenyon that each and every one who had in earth life been accustomed to celebrate Christmas did also observe and commemorate the day here.

It was in your lovely month of October when I came to this country of more exceeding beauty, and Christmas had scarcely entered my mind, and it was a wonder to my mind how I could enjoy that day without snow and the jingle of sleigh bells, with the merry laughter of my dear ones in earth-life. At this time I was not very contented here in the new life, separated from the dear home and loved ones left in sorrow—probably no young wife and mother would be perfectly happy away from the home nest, though they were surrounded by unspeakable beauty and loveliness, amidst friends in the spirit world who were doing all that was possible to alleviate my sorrow.

So much in the new life had surprised me that I was content to wait and learn how holidays were enjoyed on this side of the river of life, and concluded that nearly all things were possible here in the new life. For some time before Christmas there were people passing our home with their arms full of good things and they appeared to come from all directions; then I was satisfied that there must be plenty of good things in some place. So much activity and preparation gave me the thought to do something myself, and I consulted father and decided that as I knew spirit return to be a fact, for I had already proven it by returning many times to you, I would at this particular time return and take my "love token to you." As I was thinking about this visit, and wondering what would best please you, a little bird flew directly before me, lighting at my feet amid the flowers. As I looked down the flowers were more perfect and brilliant than I had ever noticed them, and I gathered many of them and carried them to you; how glad I was that I did so, for you were lonely and sad. I covered you with them and talked to you, as when with you in the form, and did not leave you until your earthly morning light broke over the hill top.

I was perfectly aware that you could not see me nor the beautiful flowers I brought; but I also knew that my presence gave you hope and strength to meet the trials of the day, and the flowers did me nearly as much good. You sometimes wonder why we come to you in earth life with such a profusion of flowers, so long as you cannot see them. No, we are aware of that fact. Yet we come to you and make our presence known, so that you are encouraged and strengthened. This you know, and we know, that the beautiful flowers are as real as anything else in spirit-life. We love them; and can see where they do help the conditions in every place we place them in profusion; therefore, do not question the loving influence of the beautiful flowers we bring you.

On my return to father's home in spirit-world that Christmas time, "Little Dottie" came running to meet me with, "Oh! come and see what you got, and all the rest." She led me into the home, and there stood a large arch of beautiful yellow leaves which glistened like gold; underneath it was a chair covered with rosebuds and the motto, "Welcome, spirit Adelaide, pure and sweet as the dew that falleth upon the open bud," made with a scarlet flower. This was a great surprise to me, and sent a thrill of joy through my soul at this remembrance and loving token from those on this side of the river. The children said they did nearly all of it for me—dear loving ones.

Little Joe came and put his arms around my neck and said, "We are are going to a nice place now, and we will have a gay old time. Are you not glad you come over here just when you did?"

I cannot now describe all we saw; I will only tell you of one. We came to a deep valley with a path leading through the beautiful trees; a little brooklet trickled along over stones and pebbles bright, and in the distance I could see a bright illumination of many colors. As we came nearer we could hear many voices laughing, singing and talking. As we came nearer, we could see a large level place covered with leaves white as crystal; on the sides were high banks from which hung streamers and flags of glistening white. In the center of this beautiful place stood a lovely "Christmas tree" completely

loaded with gifts of every description, making in all the most beautiful place imaginable. We were constantly met by little children and older people who had a cheerful word to say, or a flower to give.

There was music and singing by the hundreds here assembled which was simply heavenly. You in earth-life cannot think how the singing here fills the soul with love divine. Each and every one appeared to receive a token of love from some source; all gifts having a personal application.

Father received a banner upon which were two hands clasped together, meaning, "Hand of Fellowship." I received a "staff upon which to lean in case of doubt." I only describe these two gifts to give you a correct idea of the nature of the gifts.

This entertainment frequently lasts for a long time. Friends come from near and far to visit and become acquainted and welcome the stranger.

Here I passed my first Christmas in Heaven, and had you and baby been there, my cup of happiness would have been full to the brim. Yes, welcome Christmas time with loving thoughts for all.

ADELAIDE.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Metaphysics, a Means to Moral and Physical Health.

BY MRS. M. E. CRAMER.

Metaphysicians recognize it as a fixed principle that there is nothing in the body which had not a prior existence in the mind. This truth is recognized by Swedenborg in his science of correspondences, which expresses the relation of material things to spiritual things. Every thought we have, either of love, hate, joy or sorrow, hope or despair, registers itself upon the body, which seeks and finds an external expression. There is not anything in the mind to which something in the body does not correspond, and this which corresponds may be the embodying of that. Hence we see the great necessity of analyzing our thoughts in order to know what kind of thoughts produce inharmony, and an unbalanced state of mind which we call sickness, and change them to those that will produce harmony and health, for our health depends on the little harmony we now have.

Prejudice is an obstacle to correct thinking, and colors our thoughts in various hues as they sift through the mind and make things seem what they are not. It acts as a mist, a cloud before our inner sight and obscures our understanding. We should keep our minds free, polished and clear as crystal so that the rays of thought from the atma (the highest principal of our being) may shine through the mind, as the sun's rays through a pure glass in all their original brilliancy, uncolored and unperverted.

We cannot define our position clearly or claim very much truth, as long as we hold prejudice in our mind. The great work before us, is the finding of our highest self and truth, and unfolding her attributes and principles, and demonstrating them in all our works in life, by which means we attain the highest self possession and control.

There is no new truth in the universe to-day; all the truth which now exists has always existed, and always will. If we want to know what truth is we must purify our minds from the fogs and mists of sensuous seeming, or erroneous judgment, that with clear vision we discern the things visible and invisible, within and around us, as they are, a unity, and a part of the one great and only life.

In God we live, and move, and have our being. We cannot remove ourselves from this lofty position, but we can and do lose consciousness of it, by allowing the channels through which our thoughts flow to become clogged with envy, jealousy, hatred, pride, and ambition, which stays the tide of natural expression. The perfection of the soul is perfect knowledge, a truthful understanding of life. To know self, or all of any one thing, is to know all things.

"Flowers on the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flowers but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

When the understanding is purified and luminous with truth, we see that all life is divine, and from the same great source. The realization of this truth, begets harmony, for it destroys all feeling of superiority (which is the foundation of selfishness), and we become as little children, and rise to the celestial sphere in thought, and into universal love and sympathy. How eager it makes us to do exactly right, and deal justly in all things. To do right and be just, according to the highest and broadest sense of which we are capable of conceiving, is our best and only true guide. That which is based in truth will benefit all. Perfect truth will injure no one.

The recognition of our relation to, and unity with, all things quickens our impulses and broadens our perceptions of life. It clears away the barriers to truth, and opens the avenues for love, justice, mercy and harmony to express itself through the body, which is a normal condition, and is moral and physical health.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

California Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting Association—Its Past and Prospects.

BY G. H. HAWES.

This movement has a brief but quite eventful history. No doubt many minds prior to its inception had dimly conceived of such an organization in California, but it remained for Mrs. F. A. Logan, under the inspiring impulses of her spirit guides, to commence the important work. This she did with the zeal and experience of many years in public spiritual toil on this Coast, preceded by similar labors in the East. She soon imbued a few good workers with the plan, and Wednesday, October 1, 1884, the Camp-meeting opened, after a short notice of about two weeks, in a small pavilion at Long Branch bathing grounds, Alameda. About forty persons were present. Meetings were held daily for twelve days, Walter Hyde (brother of Mrs. Logan) presiding. A growing interest was manifested as the meetings progressed, and on Sundays the audiences could barely be accommodated. The meetings terminated with sufficient enthusiasm to enter at once upon a State organization.

The first Board of Directors were H. C. Wilson, E. G. Anderson, S. B. Clark, Wm. M. Ryder and G. H. Hawes of San Francisco, Chas. E. Eliot and A. W. Rose of Oakland, Wm. Vinter of San Jose, John Allyn of St. Helena, John Brown of San Bernardino, and J. R. Kelso of Modesto.

Articles of Incorporation were executed May 2, 1885, in accordance with the laws of the State, and a charter was secured.

Upon an earnest invitation from San Jose, the first camp-meeting of the Association was held there, using the large and pleasant grounds lying in the suburbs of the city. The meeting commenced on the 27th of May, 1885, and closed on Sunday the 14th of June. Services were held in a tent capable of holding 800 people. A building upon the grounds and about 25 tents were occupied by those who were able to devote their whole time to the occasion. The order of exercises was a fact meeting at 10 o'clock, lecture in afternoon, followed by conference and tests; then a medium's meeting, and a lecture in the evening.

Many of our well-known speakers took part, among whom were Mrs. E. F. McKinley, Miss Susie Johnson, Mrs. S. Seal, Dr. T. B. Taylor, Dr. E. A. Clark, John Allyn, Prof. W. H. Holmes and E. G. Anderson. Geo. Chainey, who at that time was occupying Mrs. E. L. Watson's place in San Francisco during her absence East, gave five lectures, and always drew large and attentive audiences. Mrs. Anna Kimball (now Mrs. Chainey) spoke on a subject selected by the audience, and gave many psychometric readings.

John R. Kelso gave three able lectures. Wm. Vinter took a very active part in the executive department and contributed much to the success of the camp.

The following aged toilers in Spiritualism were present and rendered valuable service, and are worthy of reverent mention: Mrs. P. W. Stephens, sister of the lamented E. V. Wilson; Mrs. L. Waterhouse of Monterey and Dr. O. B. Payne and wife of Humboldt Co. Mrs. L. G. Eccleston, of Bakersfield, will long be remembered as a sweet spirit and a beautiful instrument of the angel world. Mrs. R. H. Schwartz conducted the musical exercises most efficiently and won the commendation of all.

Many good mediums were located on the grounds and in San Jose, and it is estimated that through them no less than 300 persons were convinced of spirit communication who were before unbelievers.

Like most new organizations of this nature, the management were hampered by lack of means, but were fortunate in having some good financiering minds who avoided all unnecessary expenditure and the dangers of debt. The Alameda meeting yielded a surplus of \$75.00, and the one at San Jose about \$5.00, leaving \$80.00 as the financial basis for 1886.

To properly conduct the next meeting it was estimated that a large expenditure would be required, and while confident returns would be ample, a thoroughly economical policy was decided upon and carried out. Hon. Amos Adams and John Allyn advanced necessary amounts, and on June 6th the meeting opened in Oakland under most favorable auspices. The use of grounds on the corner of Oak and Twelfth streets was a free gift of Mr. Edson Adams, and were in most respects adapted to the purpose, being a central, quiet location, beautified with trees and commanding rare views. A large new tent occupied the center of the grounds, and 43 tents lined the outer boundary of the field. The main tent was provided with a substantial floor and 900 comfortable seats.

The meeting exceeded in length all former occasions by two weeks, and was well sustained throughout. One of its marked and powerful features was the presence of W. J. Colville. His first appearance on the rostrum in California was greeted with an immense audience. The opening prayer revealed that the power of hosts was with him; the beautiful and appropriate discourse that followed, full of

logic and sublimity, told that one gifted among the gifted was in our midst. Each hearer was an advertisement; the success of the camp-meeting was assured.

During the month Mr. Colville delivered 19 lectures, answered questions on 12 occasions, and gave a course of 12 lessons in metaphysics to a class of about 100 pupils. A number of able speakers occupied the rostrum, representing well the public speaking talent of California upon the spiritual philosophy. These were Mrs. E. L. Watson, John Allyn, Mrs. E. L. McKinley, Mrs. S. Seal, Mrs. M. J. Hendee, Hon. J. J. Owen, Rev. N. F. Raylin, Rev. W. W. McKaig, Hon. I. C. Steele, Geo. Irwin, Dr. T. B. Taylor, Paul A. Smith and Prof. E. Whipple, also Judge E. S. Holbrook of Chicago.

Mrs. Ada Foye and Mrs. J. J. Whitney gave tests from the platform with great satisfaction on different occasions. Three Social and Literary entertainments were held, and a children's day.

About twenty mediums camped upon the ground, representing a variety of phases, and doing an excellent work.

The meeting had only progressed a few days when it was found necessary to enlarge the tent, and at times many were compelled to stand and listen on the outside. The audiences were notably an intelligent and thoughtful class, representing people in all professions and avocations of life.

From the commencement of the organization H. C. Wilson has ably filled the responsible position of President, giving a great deal of time and earnest thought to its management, receiving and asking no worldly reward.

Hon. Amos Adams rendered valuable service as a Director and Vice-President. He acted as chairman at most of the meetings in Oakland, and has devoted much time to the interests of the Association.

S. B. Clark has been the only Treasurer; is universally recognized as "the right man in the right place," and is a corner stone in the foundation of this great work.

E. G. Anderson and Mrs. S. B. Whitehead have represented the Secretaryship, and G. H. Hawes has continuously held the place of corresponding Secretary.

Mrs. J. J. Whitney, Miss Susie Johnson and Mrs. S. J. Howard have the honor of being the first female Directors, and were elected at the second annual meeting. The latter presided over some of the meetings in Oakland, and spent most of the month in faithful service upon the grounds.

Director Eliot deserves special mention in overseeing and preparing the grounds and giving zealous attention to the details of the executive department. He is the present Vice President of the Association.

There are many others worthy of mention, (for happily the labors are not borne by a few), but their names are familiar and their good work will continue to glorify their individuality.

The present Directors are H. C. Wilson, J. J. Whitney, Mrs. J. Schlesinger, Mrs. S. B. Whitehead, Mrs. M. A. W. Mayo, S. B. Clark, C. E. Eliot, Dr. T. C. Kelly, F. A. Davis and G. H. Hawes.

The sources of revenue have been a charge of 10 cents admission to each meeting, rent of tents and membership dues. Gross receipts of 1886 Camp Meeting were about \$3300, and profit, \$1400. All but \$200 cash is represented mainly by one large tent, 6 small ones, tent furniture, 500 chairs, several benches and lumber worth \$400.

Some of the objects of the Association, as stated in its Constitution, are as follows:

"To encourage spiritual, moral, intellectual and social growth; to make individual effort more effectual by concert of action; to establish and support public spiritual meetings; to open, improve and maintain camp grounds and to erect suitable buildings thereon, to establish and maintain schools, universities, infant shelters, orphan asylums, homes for mediums and aged persons, found libraries, teach and foster agricultural pursuits and the mechanical and fine arts. Also to do a general missionary work."

Its terms of membership are, a good moral character, signing of the Constitution and payment of one dollar for gentlemen and fifty cents for ladies.

From this it will be seen that a yearly camp meeting is only one of the objects, and this, only a means to open the way to a better and more wide-spread work. In keeping with its other magnificent developments California presents a large and inviting field for spiritual industry; its quick maturing of seed to fruit has its faithful counterpart in the early harvest already gathered from this organization. It has been a means of exchange of spiritual, social and intellectual life between the seen and the unseen, between the hitherto strangers of our Coast, and of the East and West, and this exchange has enriched and quickened all. Hundreds have been reached by the opportunities, who before were in doubt. The large and orderly gatherings of earnest intellectual people, and the substantial and high order of the exercises has commanded the respect of unbelievers, and silenced a once carping and ridiculing secular press. It is preeminently a means of bringing Spiritualism prominently and favorably before the public; also an assistance to our spiritual publications. It is a means of searching out the spiritual needs of different localities, and its future work will be to minister to them more and more. It re-

veals more clearly to the civilized world the spiritual life of the Pacific Coast, and thereby stimulates the universal work as a whole, and attracts and opens the way for efficient workers to tarry for a season among us.

The meeting of 1887 will be one of great interest. Already Mr. J. J. Morse of England, who is highly honored everywhere as a spiritual teacher and a man of noble character, is engaged to devote his entire time to the occasion. The most thorough and complete preparations are in progress, and every element of success will be carefully considered.

One of the hindrance is the long distances to the interior portions of the State and high rates of travel, but these will gradually improve, and as the yearly gatherings increase, better special rates secured.

The present membership is about 360. As soon as practical suitable grounds will be purchased and they will be beautified and made as attractive as possible. For the present it seems best to hold the meetings in the midst of large communities.

No doubt if the Association of ten years hence were predicted it would appear very extravagant, and the product of an overwrought imagination, but for our encouragement we need only the past to assure us that all well directed labor on the spiritual plane rapidly multiplies itself and is attended with no element of uncertainty.

While it would be impossible to at once put in operation all the ideas and suggestions of different minds, or to meet all their needs, yet the management earnestly desire and cordially invite advice, suggestion and discussions from all, and will give them kindly and careful consideration.

This is an institution of the people, and its aim is to foster all spiritual gifts, and stimulate the practice of all high and moral teachings. As each one individually feels they constitute a responsible part and are directly interested, so will they make it thoroughly inclusive in character, and intensify its blessings because they are shared by all.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

A Few Thoughts on the Soul.

The full solution of this subject reaches beyond the grasp of the sensuous or mortal mind. But to analyze a part of the subject, it seems to me the caliber and character of thought is the best register of the evolution of the soul. The scope of thought will indicate the expansion of intellect; and the quality, or purity of thought, the spiritual unfoldment.

The thoughts of the rudimentary mind can scarcely recognize the most external appearances of things in its immediate surroundings. Whereas the unfolded soul, can traverse the earth in a moment, and fly from planet to planet, and thence from system to system of worlds; thus grasping the universe in a single thought, and find those wondrous worlds but stepping-stones to the great ocean of the eternal—the center and source of all life.

This comprehensive thought is not of the mortal mind, but the intuitions, the perception of the soul, in the sphere where thought is knowledge.

In proportion to the degree we can emancipate ourselves from matter, can we realize more of life, have a broader view, a glimpse of the eternity that makes up the life-line of each child of God. What I mean by emancipation from matter is, the ability to separate the real me or you from this external, this personality, and regard it as the telephone for the real self. This will enable you to separate yourself, your individual consciousness, from the mortal mind of this personality, and realize yourself in a sphere unlimited by time or space, and see life from its first cohesion with matter as, seemingly, inanimate matter, up to its perfections, as master of matter.

The soul's unfoldment through many embodiments can not be comprehended by the mortal mind. It is perceived only by that most interior consciousness, which is the knowledge of the "Divine Soul" (or Atma), which is unlimited by time or space.

To realize the need of more than one embodiment to perfect one's self must come through an intuitive perception of life, that ability to look backward and forward through ages, and see what the growth has been in the past, and the great possibilities yet to be unfolded, that will require many embodiments on many worlds.

MATTIE J. AYLSWORTH.

A City of Graceful Girls.

Washington Post.

"I never was in a city," said a New York gentleman, as he stood at the entrance to Willard's lobby, to a *Post* reporter, "where the girls carry themselves so gracefully as in Washington. See that young lady there. She is straight; her foot comes down upon the ground without any unevenness or twisting or turning, and she has the carriage of a veteran army officer. All the Washington girls walk with style and grace. The young men are different. They shamble and shuffle. I guess it is because they are all Government clerks and bend over their desks so much."

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Shadows.

"Vale of the cross, the shepherds tell,
The sweet within thy woods to dwell,
For there are sainted shadows seen,
That frequent haunt the dewy green."

These are some of the lines of an old chant that lingers in my memory because a pious episcopal but superstitious old relative was in the habit of singing them, having faith in their literal truth as associated with man's salvation. She had never seen that vale, but she firmly believed in the legend, and I might add that she saw shadows or forms, herself, but the worldly minded, including myself, considered the fancy a superstitious weakness. It is not impossible that there may be truth in the idea, the clairvoyant eye may have seen in that "dewy green" the forms of the departed, but modern Spiritualism says not alone in the "vale of the cross" but that the world over is as alive with the forms of the departed as it is with the forms of the living.

I said this lady of the long ago was superstitious, believed in omens, had pre-sentiments, believed in ghosts, said she had seen the forms of people after they were dead in their graves; but for all these weird fancies she was a sensible and very cultured woman and strong-minded; these fancies were her only weak point. I would not call her superstitious with the ideas I have to-day from my experience, for I have learned

"That there are voices we do not hear,
And beings that we do not see,
I know that the world hath numberless doors
Of which we have not the key."

All along the centuries of human history, there have been spiritually gifted or intuitive people who have sensed such a state of things, and in more or less distinctness have expressed their sentiments and sometimes in immortal words. The poets, with their pens of inspiration, have from time to time drawn fancies from their imaginings, reading so like facts, and seemingly should be facts if they are not suggestive of facts, what a cold world this would be; how often the tender, say, "What is it all for?" These fancies, when attractively clothed in the right language merely as sentiments, have been food for hungry souls, and it seems now in the light of Spiritualism as if these never dying sentiments were truths, literally, and spoken wiser than the utterers or writers knew.

I think, also, many of the old wives' fables and the superstitious lore that have come down to us in family or tribal traditions, and the supposed weak point in that otherwise sensible relative of whom I have spoken, and similar characters existing in almost every family, may have all had foundation in fact rather than fancy: being the influences of a contiguous world we do not see.

"Which around this world of sense
Rests like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Breathes through these earthly mists and vapors dense,
A vital breath of more ethereal air."

I am inclined to think the inspiration of the poets and the traditional lore of which I have spoken, all point to that "vital breath of more ethereal air;" another way of saying, "Man cannot live by bread alone."

Where did that spiritual poet get the idea which he so truthfully and eloquently expresses when he wrote, "The spiritual world lies all about us," etc., making his further poetic affirmation reasonable where he writes:

"All houses in which men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide
With feet that make no sound upon the floor.
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro."

A pleasing fancy, surely. How many a sad heart has been a little lifted by these supposed "make believe" facts, in considering them true sentimentally. I do not imagine Longfellow was drawing from his knowledge or experience when he thus expressed himself. If he had, as the world goes, it would have been set down by the cold, practical world, as an illusion, and yet a large body of people in the world to-day know that he was uttering literal truth.

Intuitive and hopeful people all through the ages, and even to-day, have found such expressions nutritious to the soul. To such they have frescoed the Bible with beauty, which brought only a vague unattractive "life and immortality to light," and that to the eye of faith alone, but this attractive sentimentality in the traditions of which I have spoken, and in the more prominent field of poetic literature, gave a meaning to the texts of revelation beyond the mere letter. One reads, so to speak, between the lines of that old book, and there the Christian world has been fed, but the real nutriment was the product of sentimental thought, and the Bible, and even the pulpit had the benefit of it.

Now comes modern Spiritualism giving us not only sensuous proof of man's survival of his body's dissolution, but is an illuminator also. The Bible is a sealed book without it, so is most everything else. It is the master key and unlocks many mysteries; it puts its torch behind public and private history and to the fables and fancies of an earlier and ignorant age, take on forms of truth, and mental blemishes are improved into attractions, and "superstition," like the daughter of Zion, has put on her beautiful garments and under this light has become respectable, that is, one can have been superstitious without detriment to his understanding.

That I am not setting this illumination of past records too high let me quote what Professor A. B. Wallace, that distinguished English scientist, said a few months ago in an essay that was printed in many of our leading papers over his own signature, where he touched upon the same point thus: "I have satisfied myself of the reality of the phenomena of Spiritualism in all its wide-reaching extent. It is surely something to be relieved from the necessity of classing Socrates, St. Augustine, Luther and Swedenborg as victims of delusion, or imposture; so in a thousand ways history and anthropology are illuminated by Spiritualism."

These names and many others who had what the world called superstitious illusions, spots on the sun, so to speak, they stand among mankind as beacon lights, pointing the way humanity should go. We all want our own gods to be perfect, always clothed in the purple of mental royalty. It is something, as the professor says, to be relieved from considering it a weakness in Socrates to have had his *dæmon*, or spirit-guide, and that he spoke intelligently also, when he said to his weeping friends, in reply to their question, "where they should bury him?" "Anywhere you please, if you can find me." Is it not something also to feel that the wisest man in human history is on our side and knew his soul, the real Socrates, was not a perishable article? The same of Swedenborg, "whose presence," Emerson said, "would flutter the gowns of an university." What is here said of these celebrities, applies to humanity in general, and the fact adds a lustre to family lore all the world over. We learn that men can be "haunted" as well as houses, and it indicates "thin places," in the curtain between the two worlds.

Nature is full of omens, the sky of tokens, the ground is all memoranda and all objects covered with hints that speak to the intelligent. Spiritualism, which has opened up another world closely connected with this for human contemplation, makes these omens, tokens, memoranda and hints intelligent in themselves, or more properly the manifestations of intelligences on the other side of life. Surely the light has come into the world and the darkness is beginning to comprehend it.

JOHN WETHERBEE.

Christmas Thoughts.

(Written for the GOLDEN GATE by spirit W. G. Clayton, through a private medium.)

I feel a great interest in the growth of this religion (as it seems to me) of progression. Having in earth life failed to be what is called a "professor of religion," because I could not reconcile any of the forms with which I came in contact which come under the head of religion, with my sense of what was natural or reasonable to my mind. I fell into the error common to so many of not accepting *any* form of religious belief, and therefore when my eyes were opened to the wonderful workings of this "natural law," this undeniable something that all our research cannot fathom, I saw the grievous mistake I had made, and how much of life's happiness and opportunities for advancement I had failed to embrace, and was filled with an overwhelming desire to make "progression" my watch word both for myself and all whom I could reach, whether in or out of bodily conditions.

The opportunities that are offered to you who are still in the flesh to advance your spiritual standing by embracing all that you can of these opportunities, should not be lightly passed by. You cannot overrate the importance of understanding as thoroughly as possible all that pertains to the higher life of the spirit, and advancing the condition of those with whom you converse upon the subject, gaining first their interest, then their investigation, which will advance them beyond doubt to a much higher condition of mind while still on earth, and a higher plane after earth's round of duties has been accomplished.

At this time the thoughts of all the Christianized world are turned into somewhat of the same channel. Christmas, with its softening influences, is near at hand, and nearly all have some feeling of sacred or pleasurable import connected therewith; and for the sake of childish remembrances, if nothing else, open their hearts to let the sunlight in to what has been, perhaps, for months, "closed doors" to the needs and pleasures of others. The "milk of human kindness," which had congealed somewhat, owing to each one's personal cares and anxieties, again becomes warmed by the spirit of Christmas-time, that is so infectious, and it seems the natural thing to do to lend a helping hand, whether it be in the way of cheering looks, encouraging words, or in the more substantial way that some have it in their power to render assistance.

But however it comes, if the spirit of Christmas-time is in it, it warms the heart and brings joy into the head of many a one that has few of the mutable pleasures of earth to cheer its passage over the sea of earthly life, and a helping hand stretched forth, even though it contain nothing more tangible than the hearty clasp that betokens sympathy and kindly feelings, may serve as the rope to give one strength to struggle through the breakers and reach the calm water, and the shore which had seemed

all but lost to them, as they struggled unaided, they thought unaided, in the storm of adversity.

Take advantage of this season, you who have the power of wealth, and open your purse-strings to those who have not the means to procure the commonest necessities. It will avail you naught in the higher life that you amassed great wealth, and kept it till the spirit took its flight beyond the possibility of further hoarding. Read the lesson conveyed in that masterpiece of our great "word artist," Charles Dickens, in his "Christmas Carol," and take it to heart, lest when your spirit looks upon the suffering it might have alleviated you too will wring your hands in unavailing regret.

And you whom fickle fortune has not blessed with "this world's goods" cast yourself repining to the winds, "gird up your loins," and take up the battle of life with renewed vigor and stronger heart because of this feeling that with the new year that is coming so soon, fresh life will mayhap be infused into your heart from its untold possibilities, and success crown the efforts that you make to achieve what you desire. Keep the star of hope, the sunlight of faith, and the progressive aid of Charity before your eyes as you journey on toward the setting sun of your mortal life, that when you reach the end of earthly possibilities your eyes may behold the glorious beams of the rising sun of eternity, and your hand take up the thread of spiritual life with a better understanding of how to put its warp and woof to the best and highest uses.

W. G. CLAYTON.

November, 1886.

A Few Thoughts on the "Corpusecular" Theory.

MR. AND MRS. OWEN:—I would more willingly comply with your request by endeavoring to write something suitable for the forthcoming Holiday GATE, if I did not feel it a moral certainty that the space I shall occupy would be better filled by your own editorials, and your very able corps of contributors. But, as it is possible that you may need original material for a spare column, and for variety sake, would use something of a lower grade in composition and conception than the general average that will adorn your extra holiday exhibit, I will furnish it.

I am aware that any suggestions I may make, that have the appearance of an attempt to correct our valued friend Dr. Clark, in relation to his corpusecular theories of the origin of mind, after they have been so sharply criticised by the able pens of Bros. W. W. T. and Stoddard, will appear not only uncalled for, but that interference with such a learnedly conducted contest by an unpretentious writer, would seem little short of temerity on his part. And yet I will venture to write from memory, what I read 55 years ago (and never since) what may be thought to have a bearing upon the general question on which those gentlemen are endeavoring to enlighten your readers.

A Scotch physician, in an essay on typhus fever, in giving his views of the cause of the mental aberration that usually characterizes the advanced stage of that disease, claimed that insanity did not prove the intellect to be diseased, *per se*. Mind, he averred, was an outside extrinsic entity, existing, like ether or oxygen gas in the atmosphere, and was, to the brain, what sound is to the ear, or light to the visual organs.

He illustrated by saying, if the strings of a violin should receive a slight touch of tallow, music would be no longer possible, although the knowledge of the science would remain unchanged with the operator, and his skill as a player continue the same. So of the brain; if the tissues became engorged, changed in structure, or insufficiently supplied with sanguineous stimulant, it would be, to the organ of thought, what the greasing or breaking of the strings was to the fiddle, and fatal to the success of the imaginary player, the invisible-aeriform, or ethereal agent that, he assumed, controls the intellectual functions of the brain, till that organ recovered its normal condition.

This, of course, is purely hypothetical, and makes a square issue with your correspondent who, after accepting the deductions of science, which prove that this globe was once an incandescent mass, on which life, not even "germ life" was possible, claims, nevertheless, while ignoring the agency of a creative intelligence, that it (life) originated here. And how? Our friend makes short work by simply replying It got there? Its earliest expression was a little protoplasmic jelly." Somehow or somehow else, "a force in a new form got into it." . . . and from that little beginning has developed up all the multitudinous forms of organization until it has arrived at the biped human.

I submit, and not with intentional irreverence, that he is here crowding Almighty power into a nutshell; for this "force," if the doctor's scientific conclusions are legitimate, must have been adequate to the production of first, weeds, grass and trees, secondly, tadpoles, toads and snakes—then cats, porcupines, whales and elephants, and after this experience in vital and self-conducted mechanism, able to get up the "biped human," and as a final outcome and a fitting climax to all these big jobs invented for him a thinking machine furnished with a perpetual motion to propel its "molecular" arrangements

and grind out mental results, compared with which, all physical "developments" are as nothing. If a little sarcastic I do not mean to be disrespectful.

I had no intention, when I began to write, of offering an argument in defence of the Scotchman, but chancing, just then, to see the above quotations, I determined to submit reflections they suggested to the scrutiny of others.

The human mind seems to be a "thing" of some considerable importance, and as Washington Irving said of the American Indians, must have come from somewhere, or our religio-philosophical skeptics will insist that they (it) "did not come at all." And the enquiry, whether it be material or immaterial, spiritual or physical, located in a narrow bony skull, or diffused through space—in short, what is it? and whence came it? are questions philosophers have sought in vain to solve. When they discover the process by which our consciousness gets hold of the impressions made by objects on our external senses, the chasm between the material and the intellectual, now so troublesome to Tyndall and all materialistic philosophers, will be bridged.

And while it would be simply ridiculous for mere neophytes in science to raise an issue with philosophers, from their own standpoint, who believe it possible to unfold all nature's laws from a physical basis, I hold that we, as Spiritualists can bridge the chasm as summarily as Alexander cut the Gordian knot.

We are only to keep in mind the mysterious fact, of the duality of man, enunciated by our own Franklin to "whose philosophy the lightnings of heaven were made to yield," and "that we are spirits," spirits now, instead of to become such, as taught by orthodoxy, that the real man is invisible, intangible. "Amputate his limbs," said he, "and his mind, his selfhood remains." He might have added that a two hundred pounder, when reduced to eighty pounds by disease would retain his moral and intellectual characteristics in full vigor. He also said "our bodies were provided, loaned to us to use during our sojourn in earth-life."

How imperfectly we realize the significance of the words "me," "mine," "myself," a little self-examination will show. We say "my hand," "my head," "my property," when a drop of concentrated prussic acid applied to "my tongue" will instantly extinguish physical vitality and show that the real "me," the spiritual body, everything pertaining to the consciousness of "me" or "mine" has gone with it. The natural, cerebral molecular remains, but the primum mobile,—the animism which they needed to enable them to develop intellectual manifestation, has vanished, gone to spirit world. The avoirdupois of the organized physical or "natural" body remains exactly the same in spite of the departure of the spirit that has controlled its action during the mortal life, but now how changed in individuality? We have here a striking example of Darwin's survival of the fittest—the survival of the spiritual body.

I am aware that the above theorizing may be met, like the protoplasmic assumption, with the retort, "not proved." Granted that neither can be reached by the indispensable preliminary to scientific truth, absolute and unequivocal demonstration, and yet it will be admitted that in default of such evidence to solve a great problem in the mysteries of causation, it is better to invoke the aid of well defined analogies than to depend upon unprovable assertion.

In the present inquiries we have the analogies; oxygen gas, was unknown even to scientists till discovered by Priestly near the end of the 18th century, though no one could live without using it, in every breath. Light would have remained forever unknown to men if they had been created without eyes. Without ears the existence of sound would never have been suspected. Some animals have senses to which man is a stranger. Electricity, the most powerful agent in nature, in constant contact with our sensitive organs, eludes their detection except in storms till art is brought to bear, and the existence of ether is only proved by inference.

We see then that our physical organs and senses have their correlations in the imperceptibles and invisibles, oxygen for the lungs, light for the eyes, sound for the ear, etc., and who can say that nature, or nature's God, has not provided a corresponding correlative for our organ of thought. That an exterior intellectual agency can exist with our other surroundings, without being known to man, is no more strange than that oxygen gas, which had kept mankind alive thousands of years, existed as a vital constituent of the air, without being suspected meantime.

For a Spiritualist to doubt that an extrinsic thinking entity replaces the normal action of a medium's brain. I hold is a virtual confession that he is not a Spiritualist; and yet it is claimed by intellects of a high order, that molecular action, independent of an inspiring influence, originates thought.

We should not make our conceptions the limits of our belief. Nothing is so illusive as truth. We judge from appearances. Who could believe *a priori*, that this huge earth, which appears to be perfectly still, is moving more than a hundred times swifter than a cannon ball, performing its annual circuit of 600,000,000 of miles around the central sun, without gaining or losing one second of time in a century, and yet this astounding fact is a mathematical demonstration.

G. B. CRANE.

ST. HELENA, Dec. 1, 1886.

Psychical Research, Etc.

[Extract from a private letter submitted to the GOLDEN GATE by Georgiana B. Kirby.]

"Having written for information to the Secretary of the Psychical Research Society, that gentleman invited me to call at the rooms of the Society in Dean's Yard, Westminster, (so Spiritualism has penetrated into the sacred precincts). Here he kindly gave me all possible information as to their purposes and present field of action.

"Application for membership required the introduction by a member, and endorsement by two. I found D. G.'s name an open sesame to the Society, and I am now an associate, and have bought the journals and transactions of the Society, dating from years ago, when it was organized. From a superficial glancing at these publications, and attendance at one meeting of the Society, I have learned what I could of its attitudes toward Spiritualism and its method of investigation. Its aim is inquiry. At present it asks questions, but does not attempt to answer them.

"It began its researches, very wisely, with the subjects most closely linked with accepted scientific truth—Magnetism, Mesmerism, Thought Transference (or Mind Reading), and so purposes to advance towards more distinctly spiritual phenomena. Its members include Spiritualists and skeptics (but not of the 'pooh, pooh!' order). All seem intent upon search for truth. The Society assumes a judicial tone in accepting and weighing testimony.

"These subjects have now attracted in England a high order of mind. The meeting which I attended was held in the spacious rooms of the Society of British Artists. The assembly (one must judge somewhat by externals) was an elegant one. Tell Y. *they wore good clothes!* Many of the ladies were in dinner dress; all the gentlemen in dress coats. I was struck by the number of really interesting faces and notable heads. The paper read was able, and the discussion which followed commanded earnest attention. It was characterized by liberality of thought and courtesy of bearing.

"I am convinced from all I have read and heard that the manifestations in America are more marked and more frequent than here. The subject now under consideration, 'Psychography,' interests me deeply from my own slight experiments—inexplicable, but unsatisfactory to a certain extent—as you know. I think of my slates repeatedly written full while held in my own hands, in full sunlight (the writing audible), more wonderful than anything I have heard of here. At Mr. Eglington's, the best slate-writer heard of, the slates are commonly held under the table and the communications are generally short and uncertain. I have gained no new light. The Society does not, as I had hoped, hold seances *under scientific supervision*. It simply receives reports of individual investigations, and is fair in publishing the skeptical and spiritual solution, both.

"Prof. Ballfour Steward presided at the meeting I refer to. (You must have seen his book, the 'Unseen Universe' (Stewart & Tate)).

"Another marked feature of the times is the appearance of the psychical novel. Most notable among them: 'Massolaim' (Lawrence Oliphant); 'Karma' and 'United' (Sinnott); 'Affinities' (Mrs. Campbell Praed), and 'The Romance of Two Worlds.' But better than all the novels is 'Synmenmata' (Lawrence Oliphant), a strange spiritual philosophy unfolded by O., but really the revelation of his wife—now dead.

"I have just read 'Esoteric Buddhism.' It is to me very fascinating, but deeply depressing. The subject of re-incarnation, in which we often talked, is given appalling prominence.

"The residuum of previous incarnations in a 'Karma,' which controls and necessitates the new one, would throw light on many dark problems, especially the seeming inequality of fate since each life experience would have root in the past finite embodiment, and would hold the next in embryo as the flower still in the seed-cup. But, the unspeakable weariness of it all! After one experiment I cry out for pity. That doctrine would drive me to materialism. I prefer to such vagueness of outlook (800 finite experiences) the possession of one individual, inalienable skeleton.

"It is true the separate incarnations are not burdened with conscious memories of those anterior; but the end! How can the brain conceive such bewilderment? When the detached existences are at last strung upon the thread of conscious continuity, which loves, which passions, which relationships would constitute the real ego? I have found life too strong, too deep, too awful to disown and disown it thus. If immortal at all, I long for immortality to the loves of this life, for eternal enjoyment of the friendships, the sisterhood and motherhood of this life."

There are in Europe at the present time twelve million men under arms, all being supported because they are expected to fight. And yet none of the countries dare to go to war, but keep their battalions simply staring at each other.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1886.

All readers of this issue of the **GOLDEN GATE** will find the paper more convenient to read by first stitching the sheets together as they are placed, and then cutting the leaves.

THE MISSION OF SPIRITUALISM.

In the history of the world no moral or religious movement of like importance, or one more far-reaching in its consequences, has ever been inaugurated by men or angels than that which had its origin in what is known as the "Rochester knockings," near the middle of the present century.

Intelligent man, in the sun-burst of the scientific unfoldment of the nineteenth century, involving all modern thought and research, was beginning to question the ancient fables of a lost world, eternal punishment, a personal spirit of evil dominating the destiny of man, a vicarious atonement, and the infallibility of certain ancient Scriptures and the literal interpretations thereof. He read from Nature's Bible—from the unerring record of the rocks, from the starry firmament, and from the higher intuitions of his own soul, other lessons than those he had been taught—lessons that staggered his faith in cherished traditions—and he was fast drifting out upon the wide and cheerless sea of doubt and uncertainty. He was losing faith in the divinity of his own nature. Death, to him, was an endless sleep, and the Universe was an aggregation of accidents, without design, and, working to uncertain ends through blind and unreasoning law.

Spiritualism, with its marvelous phenomena, bringing the positive proof of man's dual nature, and of the continued existence of the soul after the change called death, came just at the right time to arrest the materialistic and atheistic tendency of human thought. It came to save man from his lower self, and to point out his lost way to a better and higher life. It came to bring the wanderer back to his Father's house, and to a restored confidence in the Infinite Wisdom and Love of which he is a part, and from which he can never become wholly estranged.

Without this knowledge—for faith is not enough to satisfy the questioning souls of millions of the race)—how dark the shadow that falls across human life—the shadow of the merciless grave. The holy ties of affection that link soul to soul are ruthlessly sundered, and all that remains of our idols is borne away to the house of corruption where the greedy elements meet and war for their own. Love, memory, hope, aspiration, all bounded by a heart-beat, and all ending with an expiring breath! The utter woe of the cruel thought! What monster of Omnipotent Cruelty could plan such a mortal horror, and deliberately carry it into execution!

But now the veil is rent, and our once blind eyes are made to see a vision of angelic brightness, and our ears to thrill with a ravishing voice from the Beyond. Those whom we buried out of our sight, and whom we thought dead, are alive again, in the flush and glory of a life far brighter and more beautiful than this. They have found ways to our consciousness through many channels. They are ours as in the old time, with every precious memory unbroken with not a fond tie severed. Where was lamentation and sorrow unassuaged, is now joy unutterable. They live—our darlings live and love us still! "Death is swallowed up in victory!" The night of gloom is past; a new day dawns upon the world!

And this is the glad message that Spiritualism brings to a doubting world. It also teaches man that there is no atonement for sin—no escape from the consequences of his acts—no possible redemption except through spiritual unfoldment and an earnest desire and endeavor to purge the heart of all evil desire. It teaches that heaven is within the reach of all, and that death does not forever bar one from the opportunity for reform. It teaches that man will have to meet every evil thought he ever uttered, every wrong act he ever committed, and suffer for the same in humility and bitterness of spirit, until he has paid the full penalty thereof.

In the light of this truth, creation has a new meaning. The worshipful soul of man is drawn into new and divine nearness with the Over-Soul. He beholds a Being of Infinite Love and not one of implacable hate, seated upon the throne of the

universe, and all of his nature goes out to that Being in worshipful adoration. In this thought he patiently and trustingly ascends the heights of being—so endeavoring to live as to leave the world better than he found it, and ever aiming to shed abroad upon the hearts of men the light and love of a gentle and noble manhood.

GLAD TIDINGS.

The angelic message of "peace on earth, good will to men," that accompanied the birth of Jesus, the Nazarine, will be repeated in every Christian pulpit, and go forth from every Christian home the wide world over, in the coming Christmas time—as it has gone forth annually for many centuries. And on the wings of this glad message will be borne a thought of love to mankind that will be outwrought in unnumbered acts of kindness and charity.

If Christianity had done nothing else for the world, it has given us Christmas, with all its tender and beautiful associations. It has given us a day wherein by a common impulse we rise to the level of our better natures, and think kindly of each other—when we open the doors of our hearts—the hinges often rusty from disuse—and bid the Divine Guest a welcome entrance.

That the message of Christianity to the world has not always resulted in peace to mankind is no fault of the one the anniversary of whose birth the Christian world is about to commemorate; but rather of man's ignorance and undeveloped spiritual unfoldment. He has suffered his lower nature to dominate the spiritual. Selfishness, ambition, the lust of power—an unclean legion—have been permitted to supplant the gentle Christ-spirit in the hearts of men, and they have turned the temple of the living God into an abode of wild beasts—the mortal errors of the human mind.

And so in all ages men have gone forth in the name of the Christ, whose simple and beautiful religion they defiled, to rend and tear each other.

Through the long night of the dark ages, the gloom was made more profound by the smoke of the burning faggot that "lighted heretics unnumbered through the valley and shadow of death," and all in the name of the gentle one who gave to the world the new commandment, that "ye love one another."

But in the evolution of thought the Church came, in time, to recognize and respect the right of private opinion, to the extent that it ceased to slay for opinion's sake. And thenceforward the true spirit of the Christ began to have sway among men until the bitterness that rankled among the various sects into which the early church was unhappily divided, has now almost entirely disappeared.

True religion has come to be looked upon as something higher than mere church fellowship—it is the religion of charity, of manly honor, of purity of life, of earnest endeavor, of good will to others; and this religion belongs alike to Jew and gentile, to Christian and pagan. It is not what a man believes as much as it is what he does that now determines the quality of his religion and fixes his status in the estimation of angels.

And so, in common with the Christian world, we claim a share in the "glad tidings" of a risen Savior—not alone of one, but of many; for every man and every woman is a savior, who lives to exalt and ennoble his race.

But the glad tidings that comes to multitudes, in this hallowed Christmas time, has a far brighter significance to them than was ever borne to their hungry hearts through the teachings of the church. They rejoice not alone in a "risen Lord," but in the blessed realization that death has lost its sting—not through faith in a crucified Savior, but by actual demonstration to the physical senses, as well as the spiritual nature, that life beyond the grave—life for all, and happiness possible for all—is a part of Creation's great plan. How precious the knowledge to the hearts of millions famishing for the bread of life!

CAREFULNESS.

What a blessing is the careful man or woman both to the home and society! Careful persons are usually orderly, and they are welcome wherever they go. We hold that careful habits are the natural result of consideration for others, since what we are personally is as much and more to theirs as to our own advantage. The careful hand has magic power when it finds a chaos to work in; its movements are like the waves of the wand that bring forth flowers and fruits out of dead leaves. And how it rests and soothes the unskillful domestic toiler, who, weary, nervous and discouraged, gives up in despair and sits down in the confusion around her. But all homes have not the treasure of a careful hand, otherwise there would be no dark and cheerless ones. The world and society are more fortunate; they always possess enough careful minds and hands to clear their course of obstacles and embarrassments, and keep the wheels of pleasure and instruction ever smoothly running wherever may drop from the circle. When careless persons are too much confirmed in their slovenliness the careful hand often produces inharmonious by its endeavors to create harmony; but it is only the tuning of the instrument that will be long ring forth in sweetest sounds of concord. Let us not be impatient with those so-called over-nice people. They are embodiments of order and carefulness to whom the opposite traits are tortures.

A QUESTION OF EVIDENCE.

In the slate-writing obtained through the mediumship of Fred Evans, and which we publish elsewhere, we desire to call attention to some evidence of its genuineness other than that given by the editor of this journal and his wife, who were present at the seance, and who knew that the writing was done by no mortal hand.

Of course we do not claim that the messages were written in each instance by the spirits of the persons from whom they purport to come; in fact we are inclined to think that most of them may have been written by the psychographic guide of Mr. Evans while under the psychological control of said spirits—just as a German spirit, for instance, might influence a sensitive who had no knowledge of German, to speak or write that language. It would naturally be more or less imperfect. It is the fact, and not the nature of the writing, in the manner claimed for it, that we desire to establish.

Now, the skeptic will naturally insist that we were deceived—that the slate we held in our hands, and upon which we know there was no writing, was not the slate that we found in our hands at the conclusion of the seance, and upon which the writing appeared—that in some mysterious way the slate was changed in our hands.

Let us, for the sake of argument, assume that this was the case. Then, the writing must have been placed thereon by Mr. Evans, or by persons familiar with the languages written. As for its being the work of Mr. Evans, no one who knows him believes him capable of doing anything of the kind. He is a young man of 24, evidently unschooled in any language but the English, and only indifferently well in that. He has certainly, while residing in this city, never been heard to utter a word in any language except his own.

This writing implies a classical education, which Mr. Evans surely has not. In fact, it is doubtful if there is a single individual in America who can write in the twelve languages named. There are probably many who can write in more languages, but not in those twelve. Hence we are obliged to dismiss the supposition that the writing was done by Mr. Evans.

Then, if not written as claimed, who could have done it but various persons in the community qualified to write said languages? And just here we encounter a difficulty which all must readily appreciate. Would an intelligent German, Spaniard, Italian, Frenchman, Norwegian, etc., be apt to lend himself to such a fraud and commit actual forgery by signing another's name to a written message? Don Juan Alviso, for instance, a former well-known resident of this State, addresses a personal note to the editor of this journal. Would any sensible and intelligent Spaniard, as the writer of that message evidently is, be apt to sign Alviso's name to a message of that kind?

If these messages were written by any persons in mortal life, they must certainly know it; and they must now know that we have published to the world the claim that the writing was produced by some occult power. We now invite, yea, challenge them, in the interest of truth, to come forward and disprove the claim.

As confirmatory of the genuineness of the writing upon this slate, we might refer to a slate, a copy of which appeared in this journal in May last, an account of which was given in connection therewith. That slate contained fifteen messages. It was written at a seance given to the writer and a number of personal friends, nearly all of whom were strangers to the medium. The slates were prepared and sealed by a committee from the audience. They were wound with cord and suspended to the gas jet in the center of the room, the medium never touching the slates from the moment they were placed in the hands of the committee, and yet all but two persons present received messages thereon.

NO OTHER WAY.

There is no other way in the economy of the universe whereby man can be uplifted in the scale of being, morally or spiritually, except by the exercise of the divine spirit of Love. It is this, and this only, that can touch the misguided heart and lead it out of the night of mortal error and ignorance into the light of truth—into harmony with the Divine Life.

Until society is reconstructed upon this principle it will ever be at war with its own undeveloped members. Law must be divested of every element of revenge. We must cease to punish, and begin, in the spirit of humanity, to educate, before we can expect better things of the erring.

"Let justice be done upon the wrong-doer," demands society; but what do we know about justice—where fix its standard? Is it justice that one man should be born in affluence, and surrounded through all of his earlier years with every incentive to a worthy life, and that another should be conceived in iniquity, born in sin and reared amid vicious surroundings to a life of shame? Can the former justly measure the latter by his own standard of morality?

So can we not see that the wrong-doer is in a measure the result of conditions for which society generally is responsible? How this thought should teach us the divine lesson of charity! How should it call forth our tender and loving sympathy for the erring!

Permeated with this impulse from the loving heart of God, what a mighty power for reform may not every good man and woman become.

Armed with this sword of truth—this panoply of Omnipotent Love—there is no sink of iniquity where you, my brother, my sister, may not safely go in your work of redemption. Hearts black

as night will become white under your gentle and loving ministrations. The shadows of ignorance and error will flee away at your approach, and the sunlight of God's smile will shine upon your pathway to illumine the dark places of the spirit.

THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

The rapidity with which the cause of Spiritualism is spreading throughout the enlightened world, is a matter of astonishment to all old believers in its facts and philosophy. Our mediums have never before done such excellent work in arresting the attention of the skeptical multitude—especially of the more thoughtful classes.

The veil between the two worlds is getting to be so thin that thousands can now peer through who never before caught a glimpse of the other side of life. The evidence is coming more and more positive, until it is impossible for any honest mind to doubt who gives the subject careful thought, and who puts himself in the way to receive the truth. It is as though the windows of heaven were thrown open and a mighty influx of spiritual power was being poured out upon the hearts and understandings of men.

In this hard materialistic age, nothing short of a positive sign can break down the barrier of doubt of a future life in the minds of millions. You may preach to them of a spiritual existence till doomsday, and they will heed you not. They demand the proof. If the church cannot furnish it, it may as well stop preaching it, as far as they are concerned. Man dies, they say, and that is the end of him, and so they live solely for the things of time and sense.

In this condition of mind,—prompted, possibly, by idle curiosity, or to gratify the urgent request of a friend,—the skeptic drops in upon some of our mediums, and is made aware of the presence of some loved one passed to the higher life. He is reminded of incidents known, as he believed, only to himself—some parting word, some precious memory, stored away in the secret chambers of his soul. He seeks for further evidence, and, perhaps, in the realm of the physical phenomena, his senses are overwhelmed with the positive assurance that his loved ones are not dead, and were never more alive than now. The gates of heaven swing open to his astonished gaze, and he goes forth into the world with a new hope, a happier and better man.

Once he is made fully conscious of this truth, he naturally seeks to so shape his life as to derive the greatest benefit therefrom. He would so live that he may reap the richest rewards of living—so unfold his spiritual nature as to obtain the largest possible measure of happiness in the life to come. A change like a new creation gradually comes over him, and life's highest purpose in him is attained.

And this is the religion of Spiritualism that, in the closing years of the nineteenth century, is pressing down all obstacles in its glorious onward march. That it is destined, in the immediate future, to revolutionize the religious thought of the world, is as certain as that the sun shines.

DR. LOUIS SCHLESINGER.—It is difficult to find a more honest, conscientious or convincing test medium, than Dr. Louis Schlesinger, publisher, with his wife, of that grand illustrated spiritual monthly, the *Carrier Dove*, of Oakland, California. The Doctor is a fine type of that race which, from the earliest period of written history have regarded themselves as the chosen people of God. But the gifts of the Spirit are no respecters of persons. Upon Jew and gentile alike have been given the power to discern spirits; and to him it has been given in an especial manner. Large hearted and grand in nature, he has given of his time and mediumship freely to the world, for many years, without charge, until the spiritual work in which he is now engaged so engrossed his time that he had no more to give; even then he would receive no money consideration for his seances, but sits freely for all who will subscribe for the *Carrier Dove* or *GOLDEN GATE*—a truly magnanimous offer. Of his tests we may say they are simply marvelous. It is very rarely, if ever, that he fails to convince the hardest skeptic of the fact of spiritual existence. He has been the means of bringing hundreds to a knowledge of the truth; and he is now in the zenith of his powers for usefulness. Every Spiritualist in the land should take the *Carrier Dove*. Its illustrations alone are worth many times its cost. It is furnished at the same price as the *GOLDEN GATE*; or if both papers are ordered through either office they may be had for \$4.

CRYSTAL WEDDING.—Mr. and Mrs. Albert Cressy celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of their marriage, December 14th, at their residence, 807 1-2 Larkin street, this city. It was a most delightful occasion—we think the "merry wedding bells" of fifteen years ago could scarce have rung so gaily. How lightly rest the cares of those Summers and Winters on the bride and groom. That hour is ever sacred which unites two souls for time and eternity. Between forty and fifty of their nearest friends were present. Among the number were several who were present at the ceremony which pledged them as one for life. The evening festivities were interspersed with vocal and instrumental music, recitations and speeches. Mr. and Mrs. Cressy's little ten-year-old daughter, Daisy, contributed largely to this part of the entertainment, having a voice of remarkable power and sweetness for one of her years. An elegant supper had been prepared by Mrs. Cressy and her mother, Mrs. A. E. Moore, which was a marked feature in the evening's enjoyment, indulged in by all. The rooms were profusely decorated with flowers and vines, showing great artistic skill and taste in arrangement. Mr. and Mrs. Cressy were the recipients of many handsome and useful presents in crystal-ware. The *GOLDEN GATE* with their many friends wish them a long and prosperous journey onward, and that the coming fifteen years may bring them as much of joy and happiness as the past, and for both.

"May care sit lightly on thy brow
As dewdrops on the willow."

JOHN SLATER.

There may be many others of that name in the world, but surely never more than one John Slater, the medium—the wiry, nervous, phenomenal wonder, who can stand up before an audience of hundreds of entire strangers and tell one after another "all they ever knew"—give names of their kindred and friends in spirit life, relate memorable incidents in their past history, frequently tell their own names, and do many other equally strange things. That Mr. Slater can do this is beyond question; how he does it is for the skeptic to find out.

Mr. Slater gave his first public seance in this city at Assembly Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, Market street, last Sunday afternoon, to an audience of over three hundred persons, which was increased to over eight hundred at his evening meeting of the same day. He was pleasantly introduced by Hon. Amos Adams, who improved the occasion to refer to the grand spiritual work recently performed here by Mr. W. J. Colville, and which was fresh in the memory of many of those present.

Mr. Slater prefaces his seances by singing to his own accompaniment some spiritual hymn, or sacred song, which he does in a very effective manner. His voice is wonderfully melodious and harmonizing. He then, after a few preliminary words upon the subject of Spiritualism, proceeds with his tests, which he rattles off in a lively manner, passing rapidly from one influence to another, and often going back to the person he has just given a test, to clinch the fact with something more positive still. He keeps on a constant go from one side of the stage to the other, and it seems impossible for him to keep still. But his tests are beyond all explanation of collusion or trickery. On Monday evening he gave an interesting seance to members of the press, but he was not at his best from fatigue, his rooms having been thronged during the day with eager seekers for private sittings. And so it is continually. Of the multitude seeking for light from the beyond through his mediumship, he is obliged to turn many away from actual inability to see them.

At his press seance he gave the names of a number of spirits who came there thinking they might be able to reach their friends through the papers, but which would not be regarded as tests to the skeptical mind. For instance, he gave the name of Elizabeth Lane, whose husband, Charles Lane, she said, resides at Angel's Camp; Chas. Eichorn, who resided at Contra Costa, and who is very much dissatisfied with the disposition that has been made of his property; Marcellus Waters, Jr., of Albany, N. Y.; Rev. Amos Adams, a Baptist minister, and grandfather to Hon. Amos Adams, of this city; John Neill, Ex-Lt. Governor Purdy, "Rosa," a spirit control of some medium of this city, and others. Each person present received some interesting character reading, and in some instances very convincing tests were given.

But we can hardly attempt a description of his mediumship here. All who can should see him. He will give another public seance at Assembly Hall next Sunday at 2 o'clock P. M., and again in the evening.

DR. ALBERT MORTON.—The cause of Spiritualism is now at flood-tide in this city, but we have a few champions in our midst who have borne its banner and held aloft its ensign in the earlier stages of its history, when to do so meant almost business and social ostracism. One of that courageous band is Dr. Albert Morton, a gentleman of scholarly attainment and high spiritual culture; an artist by profession and nature. His incessant labors in this and other cities within the last quarter of a century and more have been an important auxiliary in bringing about the flourishing condition of the cause to-day. It was through his able management that San Francisco audiences were at different times afforded the privilege of listening to such grand inspirational teachers as Mrs. E. L. Watson, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, W. J. Colville and others. He has labored early and late, "without money and without price," for the grand truths which to him meant redemption for all mankind. The Doctor's spiritual companions and guides, like his wife's, are spirits highly unfolded, intellectually and spiritually; these are as veritable associates to him as are any of his friends in the earth-form. The Doctor is now less actively engaged in public service than he has been for years, his whole time being devoted to his art, of which he is a master: portrait painting in oil, water color, India ink and crayon portraits is his special department. The Doctor and his good wife are an honor to the noble cause which they espouse.

—The teachings of the spirits are invariably of a character to make human beings better. They inculcate the highest morals—temperance, honesty, fidelity, purity of life, brotherly love,—as most essential to happiness here and hereafter. And yet there are ministers of the gospel of Jesus who claim that it is all of the Devil—seemingly forgetting that Jesus taught nothing higher or better. Why should Satan want the children of earth to abandon all fruitful habits and to lead better lives? Perhaps our good brother of the Adventist organ across the bay can answer.

—We are pleased to call attention to the large clothing establishment of O'Ramon & Dagenais, at 712 and 714 Market street in this city. For merchant tailoring, clothing ready made, furnishing goods, hats, etc., there is no fairer or better house in this city. The writer has known the proprietors personally for many years, and takes pleasure in thus speaking a good word for them.

—Of our many excellent local mediums there is no more enthusiastic or devoted worker in the field than Mrs. M. Miller, of 114 Turk street. She may be regarded as a spiritual revivalist, being full of that divine fire that is sure to kindle a glow in other hearts. She is an earnest, rapid speaker, with a soul overflowing with good-will for everybody.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—How gently the curtain of memory of the closing year falls over the lives of those in harmony with divine law.

Every one addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors should read the able article of Dr. J. Rhodes Buchanan in this issue of the GOLDEN GATE.

—Mrs. R. A. Robinson, Psychometrist and test medium, at No. 308 Seventeenth street, this city, has been thoroughly tested, and her remarkable powers demonstrated beyond question.

—The saddest spectacle for man or angel to look upon is a human soul clothed in the complete armor of selfishness—a prisoner in a prison where not one ray of white light can penetrate.

—Remember to get above the clouds you must ascend the mountain; so with the soul—it must rise to the summit where it is lighted by supreme truth before the mists of error and ignorance vanish.

—The very atmosphere we breathe seems already alive with kindly thought and deed. The divine promptings to gladden the lives of the less fortunate brothers stand knocking at the door of every heart.

—In Dr. Stansbury's slate of autographs, published on the 13th page, the pressman allowed the engravings to partially fill up with ink, on a portion of the edition, causing the names to appear indistinct.

—Mr. John Slater informs us that the most positive test of spirit identity he ever received through another medium he received through the mediumship of Mrs. Eggert Aitken, No. 830 Mission street, this city.

The *Carrier Dove* for December contains an unusual amount of interesting matter. The picture of Burt Wilson with his spirit sister is specially fine, the history of which is charmingly told by his mother, Mrs. H. C. Wilson.

—A beautiful poem from the gifted pen of Mrs. Ninetea Eames, together with two columns of editorial matter prepared for this number, also some valued correspondence, we are obliged to leave over for our next issue.

—We regret that the beautiful poem entitled "A Vision," from the gifted pen of Stanley Fitzpatrick, written for this number at the last moment, had to be left out on account of its length, as was also other excellent articles.

—Mrs. E. J. Finnican (formerly Mrs. Ladd, of Oakland,) is now located at 912 Laguna street in this city, where she resides with her husband. She is very highly spoken of as a medium of remarkable power. Take the McAllister street car.

—Among the pioneer workers in the cause of Spiritualism on this coast we are pleased to mention Mrs. M. J. Hendee of this city and Mrs. P. W. Stevens of Sacramento. They are yet by no means ready to leave the field, but are "instant in season" at the call of their angel guides.

—We are pleased to call attention to the card of Mrs. A. A. Connor, Metaphysician, published elsewhere. This lady is a thorough disciple of the Metaphysical science, in the practice of which it is claimed for her that she is meeting with remarkable success.

—The kind friends who have so generously and ably contributed to the success of this holiday edition of the GOLDEN GATE have our heartfelt thanks. With them, as with us, it has been a labor of love which we are glad to render to the cause of true Spiritualism.

—That old and reliable clothing house of Schafer & Co., at No. 11 Montgomery street, is well deserving of a favorable notice at our hands. The proprietors are straightforward business men. Their work or goods are of the best, and their customers generally "stay" with them as long as they have any use for clothing.

—The many new readers into whose hands this paper will fall, will understand that our regular weekly editions consist of eight pages only; but we aim to make the paper a faithful exponent of the best spiritual thought of the age in which we live, ever seeking the highest welfare of our readers.

—That grand medium, Mrs. J. J. Whitney, whose wonderful powers are spoken of at length in another column, anticipates an extended trip through the East next Summer; she will be accompanied by Mr. Whitney, and we bespeak for them a cordial welcome among Spiritualists "wherever they roam."

—Dr. Nathaniel Randall, of South Woodstock, Vt., in his 77th year, writes as follows: "I have become acquainted with your paper through a 'dear and honorable genuine spiritual friend,' John Wetherbee, who says it is one of the best 'papers published. I have seen but two or three numbers and am so well pleased that I send enclosed subscription,' etc.

—Mrs. S. M. Kingsley, of Putnam, Ct., and her friend, Mrs. Allen, of Auburn, now on a brief visit to this city, will leave to-day for their wintry home, taking in Los Angeles on their way, where they will tarry for a brief while. These ladies are grand types of beautiful and cultured spiritual womanhood. We are glad to know that they expect ere long to make their permanent home in this State.

—The *New York World* says the infant son of a well-known citizen of Westfield, N. J., though but just large enough to walk and talk, appears and acts like a drunken person. This, we believe, is the first case of the kind on record in this country, but it will probably not be the last. Children are born with appetites that make them drunkards, and it is remarkable the same were not started out in life with a reeling step. If there is a divine right, it is that of the unborn to good parentage, and our laws should have jurisdiction over the matter.

Mrs. Watson's Work on the Pacific Coast.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

Prominent among the angel-inspired laborers in the American Spiritual vineyard, standing in the forefront of ethical and sociological reformatory effort, we find the name of Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe Watson, that white-souled, noble-hearted evangel of the hope-inspiring, happiness-promoting gospel that dawned upon this world in 1848. After a number of years' zealous work in the East, Mrs. Watson first came to this coast, for a visit, in 1875. The principal seat of her labors at that time was Santa Barbara, Cal., at which place, after a six months' course of lectures, she was the recipient of the following merited testimonial, signed by a number of well-known citizens of that city:

"We, the undersigned, citizens of Santa Barbara, take this method of attempting to express to you our high and unqualified appreciation of your nobility of character as a lady, and our unbounded admiration of your unsurpassable gifts as a public speaker. We also desire to tender you our warmest thanks for the good and pure thoughts so eloquently expressed, with which your lectures have been replete, and for the good wrought by you in this community during your stay here. We commend you to the kind attention and regard of all true hearts wherever you go."

This testimonial has been given in full for the reason that it so completely and tersely expresses the sentiments of Mrs. Watson's present congregation in San Francisco, the great bulk of whom, if not every individual, I am sure, would indorse its every word.

Early in 1881 Mrs. Watson again came to our coast, and then began her almost continuous public ministrations in San Francisco, from that time to this. From January, or February, 1881, to October, 1883, when she sailed for Australia, she lectured every Sunday, with scarcely a break, in Ixora Hall, for the First Spiritual Union of this city, her audiences being uniformly large and appreciative. From the inception of her ministry here she endeared herself to all hearts, alike by the fervid eloquence of her oratory and the many womanly graces adorning her admirable personal character. After a very successful lecturing tour in Australia, she returned to America; and in September, 1884, she resumed her work in San Francisco, opening at that date at the Metropolitan Temple, in which she has so successfully labored up to the present time. During her sojourn at the Antipodes she made many warm friends, as she does everywhere; and she has received a number of urgent solicitations to return thither.

For over a year, Mrs. Watson lectured at the Temple, upon an independent platform, devoid of all organization, save a small business committee, the meetings being excellently conducted under the management of Dr. Albert Morton, for the greater portion of the time, and at his withdrawal under that of Mr. M. B. Dodge, who had previously assisted the Doctor in the management. Under the new management, of which I shall now speak, the same success has been obtained.

Early in 1886, the congregation at the Temple concluded to formally organize into a society, for the future conduct of the services thereat and for other purposes; and on March 2d the "Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society" was legally incorporated, with the following-named Directors or Trustees: Frank H. Woods, Abijah Baker, Adolph Weske, J. B. Chase, M. B. Dodge, J. M. Mathews, W. R. S. Foye, J. J. Owen, Mrs. H. E. Robinson, and Mrs. E. E. Staples. The following officers were subsequently chosen by the Trustees: President, F. H. Woods; Vice-President, Mrs. H. E. Robinson; Secretary, J. J. Owen; Treasurer and Manager, M. B. Dodge; Corresponding Secretary, Wm. E. Coleman. The Society has engaged Mrs. Watson as its regular speaker, and as such she is now delighting rapt and enthusiastic audiences weekly. Temporary engagements are also made with other good spiritual lecturers, their regular speaker being given vacation for rest and recuperation during their occupancy of the Temple. It is understood that among those thus temporarily engaged during the coming year are Mr. A. B. French, who has an excellent reputation East as an orator and thinker, and Mr. J. J. Morse, who is regarded both in England and America as one of our best trance speakers.

It has long been the desire of Mrs. Watson, as well as of other leading workers at the Temple, that no admission fee should be charged to the Temple services, the doors being thrown open free to all. At the opening of the Fall and Winter services in September last this desideratum became a practical reality; and since then it has been attended with the most satisfactory results. Recently an aid society has been inaugurated among the ladies of the Temple Society for humanitarian and philanthropic work. The Aid Society has taken under its charge a promising kindergarten school in need of assistance, and thus has placed itself in line with some of the best practical reforms of the day.

During the past five years Mrs. Watson has spoken occasionally at San Jose and Santa Clara, Cal., and on each occasion to large and warmly appreciative audiences; but the great bulk of her work has been done in San Francisco, where she has indeed made her mark. Probably no other religious teacher or pastor in San

Francisco is more dearly loved by her flock than is the woman-pastor of Metropolitan Temple beloved by the eager-listening auditors who Sunday after Sunday hang upon the burning words of eloquence and beauty that roll from her angel-touched lips in almost measureless streams of power, harmony, and love.

Without in any manner derogating the excellency, efficiency, and worth of the many other earnest oratorical champions of spiritual truth, the writer may be permitted to state that he regards Mrs. Watson as one of our most valuable spiritual workers; and for the following reasons: 1. Because she is regarded as an honest, pure-minded, noble-souled woman, full of tender, loving sympathy, with a heart overflowing with good-will and beneficence to all mankind; in other words, she is a true woman, and as such is worthy of reverence, esteem, and love. 2. Because she labors earnestly, and with her whole heart in the work to make humanity purer and better, wiser, nobler, more loving, more fraternal, more just. 3. Because her plain, practical common sense enables her to steer clear of the delusions and vagaries into which some of our spiritual teachers fall. She possesses a level head where speculative and dogmatic points are involved. She has mental balance and poise, causing her to avoid extravagances and follies with which the reformer is beset in this busy, restless, perturbed, transitional age. Coupled with a radical acceptance of new truths is found a well-balanced conservatism, securing her from the danger of running into impracticable and irrational extremes of theory and conduct. Altogether a sound, healthy mentality, with clear judgment and warm affections combined,—a happy union of good qualities both of head and heart.

Mrs. Watson's public ministrations is devoted principally to the moral and spiritual unfolding and edification of humanity. She seeks to round out and perfect the human character, to elevate the race in the domain of ethics, to strengthen the moral instincts and aptitudes. Such assistance, such instruction, the world truly needs; and seeing how largely her labors are devoted to the guidance and furtherance of the moral sentiments, of our reciprocal relations to and with each other in this world, the soul of the writer goes out in thankfulness to her therefore. Long may she be spared us to teach a rational, common sense Spiritualism and to labor to improve men and women in their social and ethical relations! God bless Elizabeth Lowe Watson!

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 1886.

Letter from W. J. Colville.

To all my Friends in California:—Just a word, to let all my good friends on the Pacific Coast know I have not forgotten them. I can, indeed, say with truth, I never shall, for though I am surrounded in Boston with many old and tried friends, and am constantly making new ones, the enthusiastic reception I met with in California, was something never to be obliterated from the tablets of memory.

Our society here is in a growing, thriving condition. We like Parker Memorial Hall far better than Berkeley Hall, which we formerly occupied, though that is a beautiful place of meeting, and is now occupied every Sunday for spiritual meetings, addressed by various speakers, and as I am informed, very well attended. The hall in which our meetings are held is owned by the society organized to perpetuate the work of Theodore Parker, whose bust stands in a conspicuous position over the platform, which is a very large one. The auditorium seats nine hundred persons in comfortably cushioned open pews, and in the gallery is a very fine organ of great power and sweetness. We regularly hold three services per Sunday: 10:30 A. M., 2:45 and 7:30 P. M. I always lecture twice, sometimes three times; but, I am glad to say, another speaker sometimes occupies the desk at one of the services, thereby giving the audience and myself an agreeable change. We have excellent music. Mr. Rudolph King, our organist, is acknowledged one of the finest instrumental musicians in New England. He thinks somewhat of accompanying me to California on the occasion of my next visit.

My new house, 668 Tremont street, is now in excellent running order; it bears the pretensions, and, I think, euphonic title of "Institute of Spiritual Science." Our regular exercises in its lecture-room are as follows: Monday, public reception for answering queries, etc., 7:45 P. M.; Tuesday and Thursday, Metaphysical classes, 2:30 and 7:30 P. M.; Friday, Ladies' Union, 2 P. M.; Lecture, 7:45 P. M.; Saturday, usually a class at 2:30 P. M. On Monday at 2:30 P. M., I have a class in the Highland district; and on Wednesday I usually lecture somewhere out of the city, so you will see I am almost, if not quite, as busy as I was in California.

My new book "The Spiritual Science of Health and Healing," is in the printer's hands and nearly ready for publication. I can supply it through Mr. Owen at the regular price—75 cents, cloth, and 50 cents, paper, and should be much obliged to all my friends who desire a copy to notify Mr. Owen to that effect, so that I may have some idea of the probable magnitude of the demand. The volume will contain a carefully epitomized digest of the teachings given in the classes, both in the East and in the West. It will extend to something over 200 closely printed pages, on fine, thick paper.

I have received numerous letters from many friends in the West which I regret to say I have been utterly unable to answer. I am afraid I have made many promises with reference to correspondence which I have been totally unable to fulfill, owing to the constant demand made by pressing literary work on what would be otherwise my leisure time. I sincerely hope all who have time and disposition will favor me with more letters, and though I cannot always reply the reading of them is one of the greatest pleasures of my life. I feel so far identified with California, after my long sojourn in it, that news concerning matters on the Pacific Slope seems truly like news from a distant home, whither at no distant period I long to return. The climate here I do not find trying, at all events as yet. We have had some snow. A very severe snow-storm occurred Sunday, Dec. 5th, but on the following day it melted and was quickly cleared away.

Irving Bishop, the celebrated mind reader, has been making quite a sensation here. Whatever he or others may say to the contrary, his extraordinary gifts are without doubt a phase of mediumship. He may be a perfectly honest man and is certainly doing a great amount of good in calling attention to super mundane matters on the part of the most influential section of the community, but his attacks on Spiritualism are nothing but puerile assaults on a subject beyond his grasp, evidently indulged in at the instigation of some clerical celebrities to whom he is fond of constantly referring.

Miss Young officiates as secretary and treasurer of our society; she is as active and energetic as ever. I don't think the money pours into the treasury quite as freely as it did in the Golden State, still there is little reason for complaint here on that score, as many good folks are distinguishable for genuine generosity, but money does seem a little tighter here than in California, though, of course, some people seem to be coining it. Miss Young desires most amiable and gracious remembrances to her many friends who read the GOLDEN GATE.

Speaking of the conduct of meetings reminds me with almost a twinge of conscience of the earnest and indefatigable labors of Mr. Albert Morton, whose kind and efficient activities I shall never forget. I am afraid in the press of business he will think I have forgotten him, but I can assure him I am eagerly looking forward to the day when I can lecture again under his auspices.

Fearing to trespass too far on your valuable space, with peculiarly affectionate regards to all our nearest and dearest mutual friends, and abundant good wishes and kind regards to all who peruse these lines, believe me now and always with grateful recognition of repeated favors,

Your sincere friend,

W. J. COLVILLE,

668 Tremont St.

BOSTON, Dec. 8, 1886.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Sizing Them Up.

BY G. H. ROMAINE.

"There are some people who can be merry and can't be wise, and some who can be wise—or think they can—and can't be merry. I'm one of the first sort. If the proverb's a good 'un, I suppose it's better to keep to half of it than none, at all events I'd rather be merry and not wise, than be like you—neither one nor t'other."—DICKENS' "OLD CURIOSITY SHOP."

How much larger is one full-grown man than another? Perhaps you may desire to know the man before answering this query; and, seriously, such knowledge is necessary to insure a correct solution. But of two men whom we know intimately, each weighing say one hundred and sixty pounds, could you imagine that one is larger than the other by more than ten-fold?

No; you do not believe it, yet it is true all the same. We propose in a few sentences to tell why and whereof. The knowledge is worth reading up and remembering.

Let us assume that among your callers yesterday, dear reader, there were at various hours four gentlemen or four ladies, as the case may be. They may have been ladies with gentlemanly manners, or perhaps gentlemen with ladylike ways; or yet again, a union of the qualities of both Hermes and Aphrodite in one individual, as frequently occurs in modern society. Please do not misunderstand. There are a good many people of all these sorts, and they are a credit to the *uno* and *duo* sex they represent, if not to their proper selves.

We must illustrate by example. Here is glorious John Hathaway, with whom you are acquainted. He comes in with a smile and cheery greeting, and fills your room with a sunny atmosphere the moment he enters. He brings this atmosphere with him. It is always with him, for it is his. It is his aura; the light of his countenance; the reflection of his great and wholesome heart; the glory that enwraps him and that warms and invigorates everybody with whom he comes in contact. It is his happiness to make you and everybody happy, and he will do nothing which by any possibility can contemplate any other result. He believes largely in God and in you and yours, modestly in himself and to a fair degree in even the devil. Why not? He reflects that even the devil may have been misrepresented in this tattling age, and if John must err at all it shall be upon the charitable side.

His atmosphere not only surrounds him but takes in all his friends and everybody beside, and you can not feel dis-

pirited nor out of sorts in his presence. No, indeed! You like him because you can not help it, and he likes you because it is a necessity of his nature. What is he saying? It makes little difference what, for you listen to his talk not because it is instructive, as often it is quite the reverse, but because it is cheery, and even cheery common-places are preferable to philosophic snarls. He does not indulge in the words of profanity, nor in the language of vituperation, nor in tittle-tattle. He cannot, but he wouldn't if he could. He wouldn't have anybody feel unpleasant on his account for all the world. He is one of those noble souls who do good by stealth and blush to find it fame. Such a man is very likely a Spiritualist, for he is in sympathy with all that is noble and all that is pure and gentle; and in such case his benevolence ever prompts him to say, with Uhland:

"Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee;
Take,—I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have cross'd with me."

Grand, glorious, sunshiny John Hathaway, he will always be with the blessed in this world and the next, for he will always bless, cheer and enhearten.

The reverse of this picture is found in Paul Pitiful. Paul does not carry happiness in either looks or manners. Why should he? He is not happy, and what business have others to enjoy themselves? What call have his neighbors to laugh and sing while he cries and moans? Into every assemblage that he enters he carries a wet blanket, and the atmosphere around him is bleak and scurvy. It can not be called an aura, but is rather an exhalation from a bad heart and a psoric nature. Perhaps it is proper to call it an atmosphere, but it is of the sort which transmits moral miasma and "the blues." It is small in volume, but carries a supply of virus large enough to poison everything with which it comes in contact, and it kills or sickens without respect to persons. There is no shadow of partiality in Paul. He is miserable, and he hopes and prays that you may be brought to the same Pitiful condition. He enjoys his misery and yours, and nothing hurts him more than the sight of happiness; and he bubbles of virtue before God in the evident belief that he can deceive the Almighty. He cohabits with ignorance and hypocrisy, and they serve him to enjoy other vices of which Aminidab Sleek & Co. are willing to partake on the sly. He is zealous before the world, but behind the door—oh, my! No! he is not a Spiritualist, whatever he may profess. The souls of ten million Pitifuls would not elicit one sign of recognition in the spirit world, and he can not go to the other place, for his wet blanket would extinguish the fire! Then what will be his destiny? We can not be positive, but it is surmised that he will be sent to look up the Northwest Passage and then be quietly added to the myriads of icebergs which surround the North Pole.

We know which of these people the reader prefers, and the reader is always upon the right track, whatever the world may say about him. The first of our characters Hathaway which the reader admires, and which everybody loves. He is the sort of man that helps to make a heaven on earth, that brings sunshine through the clouds and light out of darkness, that carries the atmosphere of glory in his smile, and the guarantee of happiness in every motion. And were he immured in a dungeon there would still be sunshine in his heart, and the glorious ray of hope in his soul. Yes, hope! heaven's own gift to struggling man, without which the shadows would lengthen interminably until they became absorbed in eternal gloom. Paul Pitiful could have had hope if he had been sufficiently receptive of gentle influences, but when his spirit came he was not receptive and so his soul was filled with gloom. No wonder that he is unhappy; no wonder that he makes others sad, and even weary of his presence; no wonder that he has no life worth living, and no future to look forward to with joyous anticipations.

Well, which is the larger man? Is it he who scatters happiness broadcast, or he who peddles sighs and groans and lamentations in every household he visits, and through all the highways and byways of life? We answer, the former, and not by ten, but by ten thousand—yea, by a thousand times ten thousand fold! The atmosphere of one is LIFE, and all the world implies; of the other, despair and death. Avoid the Paul Pitifuls of the world as you would a pestilence. But you may turn to the John Hathaways positively assured that a large spark of the Infinite Benevolence burns in each of their hearts, and that it is alight for you and everybody. You may turn to them without the shadow of doubt that they will impart to you and everybody mirth and joyousness, and teach you that sighs and gloom are but the wisdom of the witless and the last state of those who are lost in moral stultification.

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Basis of Matter and Spirit.

BY JOHN ALLYN.

I have avoided writing on abstruse subjects for fear it would be distasteful to the majority of the readers of the GATE, and I might be regarded like those characters represented by Milton:

"Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will and fate;
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost."

But upon the above and kindred subjects there has been too much or too little said, leaving it in a way not to represent the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I propose to consider this subject under two aspects; first, as to the Materialistic and Spiritualistic hypothesis as to the production of mental acts and conditions; and second, as to the basis or substances of Matter and of Mind, or Spirit.

The materialistic hypothesis is thus stated by Dr. Carpenter in his "Mental Physiology," quoted from Atkinson and Martineau: "Instinct, passion, thought, and so forth, are effects of organized substances. All causes are material causes. In material conditions I find the origin of all religions, all philosophies, all opinions, all virtues, all spiritual conditions and influences, in the same manner that I find the origin of all diseases, and of all insanities in material conditions and causes. I am what I am; a creature of necessity; I claim neither merit nor demerit."

He thus defines the spiritualistic hypothesis: "To the Spiritualists the Mind appears in the light of a separate immaterial existence, mysteriously connected, indeed, with a bodily instrument, but not dependent on this in any other way for the conditions of its operations, than as deriving its knowledge of external things through its organs of sense, and as making use of it to execute its determinations." (Page 5).

Those called Materialists hold that molecular action of the brain causes thought, and when this ceases to occur at death the mind, or spirit, becomes extinct. Spiritualists hold that thought originates with the spirit which makes use of the gray matter of the brain, in molecular action to manifest itself to those in the physical body, but once separated from the body at death it can think and feel as well, or even better than before.

Spiritualists acknowledge that molecular action of the brain always accompanies thought, and that with a given thought or emotion, there is always present a given molecular action, so that if we could know the one we could always know the other. The question between Materialists and Spiritualists has remained unsettled from the intrinsic difficulty of getting adequate evidence in the case. But recently independent slate-writing has supplied that evidence and settled the question. It shows conclusively that spirit can manifest mind without physical brain action. It has not only opened up a new world, but a new universe. Had it occurred in Alexander's time he never would have wept for new worlds to conquer.

Material scientists seem conscious, that if independent slate-writing is demonstrated their occupation is gone, their theory overthrown. To the writer's knowledge not one scientist has grappled with the problem. They fight shy of it, as one who is conscious that his antagonist is too much for him. They either quietly ignore it, or impiously deny it, or illogically refuse to deduce the inevitable consequences that flow from it. We shall not present the oft-repeated accounts of slate-writing, those who will not seek these phenomena themselves, or will not believe the testimony of credible witnesses are out of court, and are not worth arguing with. Were the same skepticism manifested in reference to matters recognized by science, all progress in the natural sciences would come to an end.

Because there is a fixed correspondence between the molecular condition of the brain, and a given thought or emotion that accompanies it, no more proves that said molecular action causes the thought, than the fact that there is a correspondence between the action of the battery of an electric telegraph and the message sent, proves that the battery causes the message. The Materialists in the above sense have met their Waterloo in independent slate-writing. It will take them some time to realize it, because they are slow to admit that any good can come from the Nazereth of Spiritualism. We must have patience with such.

We now come to consider the second aspect of our subject, namely, to enquire of the basic essence of matter and of Spirit, and learn if there is any essential difference between them, or whether one is but a refined form of the other. Mrs. Watson in her masterly lecture on Light from Other Worlds, speaks of spiritual substance, and perhaps that term is as good as any we can use; also material substance to signify the basic essence of matter.

We will first enquire what light can proud science give us on the subject. In the fourth century, B. C., Democritus, a Greek philosopher, taught that matter in its last analysis is composed of atoms which cannot be divided, and so laid the founda-

tion of the Atomic theory, which has met with more or less favor from philosophical thinkers from that day to this. Yet it has never been demonstrated scientifically, and our best scientists acknowledge that we know nothing of the basic character of matter, and science only concerns itself with the phenomena which it presents. To prove this statement I will quote from scientists, who, if not considered authority, are looked upon with favor.

Balfour Stewart says: "We know of nothing, or next to nothing, of the ultimate structure of matter, organic or inorganic."

In the article on matter in the Encyclopedia Britannica, it is stated, "that we do not know what matter is in the abstract." Herbert Spencer says the same thing, but the book containing the statement is not at hand, and in the place of it I will quote what he says of the substance of Mind: "In Mind, that which persists in spite of all changes, and maintains the unity of the aggregates in defiance of all attempts to divide it, is that of which existence in the full sense of the word must be predicated, that we must postulate as the substance of Mind in contradistinction to the varying forms it assumes. But if so, the impossibility of knowing the substance of Mind is manifest." The limits of this article do not admit of following this part of the subject further, but I think that all reputable scientist, will agree that as scientists we know nothing of the basic elements or substance of either Mind or Matter. If so they certainly cannot tell whether they are identical or diverse, whether one is a refined form of the other, or whether they are separated by discrete degrees. We have no way other than what reason can give us, to get light on this subject, but to see what Spiritualism, through clairvoyance can teach us. The way reason has banded about the subject from one side to the other for thirty-five centuries without coming to a conclusion, ought to be enough to show that reason is inadequate to settle the matter for lack of adequate data.

The term Materialist has acquired a technical meaning, viz., a person who believes that mind is the result of brain action, and that when the brain loses vitality, the mind or spirit ceases to exist. From this, when we speak of the body in contradistinction to the spirit, and of the ponderable and tangible world as distinguished from the spiritual world, many become confused and imagine that the material is separated from the spiritual by a discrete degree, the one being material the other immaterial, or essentially different in its nature and character. Habits of thought engendered by our former religious teaching have tended to this result. Swedenborg speaks of spirits as being real human beings in form, like those in the body, but of a finer texture.

I will close this article by quoting at length from Davis' "Great Harmonia," volume fifth, page 407 *et sequentes*: "But there is an abundance of spiritual wealth flowing out of this scientific fact that the soul is composed of imperishable materials, with an immortal form of structure. * * I tell you truly that man's spirit is clothed with a substantial form, having nothing to do with the 'IDEAS' of which the life of the spirit is composed: in like manner the spiritual world is as substantial to the spirit-body as is the earth we walk upon to our mortal body." In a note he says the term "spiritual" is used to represent the fine state of material elements.

"The spiritual world is in one sense a material world, I repeat; but it is higher, both in its constituents and in the order of its formation. Elementally, it does not essentially differ from those primates which compass the rocks, the trees, the animals, or a human body. * * The best imponderable emanations of this world gravitate to what we call the spiritual sphere, and help to form its substance. * * Out of all these ponderable bodies and imponderable elements, there flows forth a mighty sea of imponderable emanations into universal space. The consequence is, that these accumulated emanations very soon associate, and become compact, firm, strong, and intercoherent; and this progressive development goes forward until there is formed a vast semi-solid aurelian zone, around a great starry system in the universe."

"Yea, learn well this lesson that the spiritual spheres are unfolded by, and out of, the natural worlds, as flowers unfold from, and by means of the earth; that the spirit-land rolls out of the essential emanations of the earth-land, the same as the spiritual body comes out of the refinements and rarefactions of the natural body."

This is plausible and reasonable. The idea that the spiritual is separated from the natural by a discrete degree and is essentially different in its nature—is, in fact, a nonentity; should be discarded in teachings upon this subject as irrational and contrary to the facts of our organism and its environment.

"If there is anything which even a very clever young man ought to congratulate himself on, it is the knowledge early acquired, that he is not a genius. For if he thinks otherwise, the chances are that the mistake may spoil him; while he proves to be a genius, the world will find it out before he does."

"Waiter, can you bring me a nice young chicken, smothered in onions?" "No, sah; we doesn't kill em dat way, sah. We cuts off d'er heads."

Anniversary Commemoration.

[The following was given through the mediumship of Mrs. Francette Webb-Leveridge to Mrs. Frances Connor and friends at the Third Anniversary of Commodore Connor's birth into spirit life.]

Friends, in anticipation of this event which thou dost assemble to memorize—the birth of a noble, generous spirit into the condition of immortal being—bear in mind that this alone is the true and perfect condition of life, with all powers expanded, and sensibilities keenly attuned, and subservient through the masterly laws of spirit to the creative, infinite.

Trust us, our friends, to guide the inquiring mind upward, and bear thy spirits onward in tender unfoldment, in the lessons of these sacred hours. Know this, there is no death! The spirit of man moves forward in one unceasing series of progression. The soul germ is from the beginning and one with God. The soul of man ages in forming through the intricate law of emanation and attraction, graduating from the material form in which his spirit assumes its true individuality, steps forward upon the highest sphere to claim the blessed heritage of his Creator—immortal life.

Only soul participation can realize so vast a birthright, for language is inadequate to convey to the finite mind the potency of expression, when we try to teach thee, even by strongest outlining, what these words imply—immortal life. Ages of earth-measured time have rolled on since my individual spirit launched forth upon this broad and boundless ocean of being, which bears upon its pulsating, etherious bosom all forms of life, spiritous nature budding and perfecting beauty and wisdom; and yet, I am a child in comparison to the lessons opening before me. No impatient desire to rapidly grasp all, but a reverential feeling of thankfulness for each mastered problem in this inexhaustible school, which once learned is in our possession forever.

To man's understanding, first earth-life, then spirit-life or death, as the mistaken term implies. But we instruct thee: first, soul formation, the alpha of being; second, material birth, bringing earth experience; third, the crowning glory of spirit-life—immortality—in which, and before which, are all ambitions, hopes, longings and earnest prayers answered, with ever upward and onward unfoldment to higher and more perfect advancement.

Man in material form is intimately associated and surrounded by the unseen forces and powers attending his earth condition while enveloped in his own being. The loved unseen draw near and bear him up, though he may comprehend them not. All laws, appliances, inventions, are first brought out through superior spirit mind, and held in keeping for fitting time and instrumentality whereby they are transmitted to the children of earth for their improvement.

And again, all forms of life—landscape, vegetation and material entity—are indelibly mirrored on this changeless shore, as all thoughts and soul progress are wafted upward.

Man may live and advance many steps onward in silent soul-communing with nature and her unnumbered forms of truthful instruction unknown to himself. The silent questionings lead forth bud, blossom and ripening fruit, which greet him in expanding lessons of wisdom, when the spirit untrammelled steps forth to view the transcendent glory by which it is surrounded.

And such is the true soul nature of the living one whose memory is so revered in this, his temporary abode. All the possessions that mind conceived, and heart desired, are now his—richly earned—through the higher precept and practice of true and tried life experience while on earth, and now each returning anniversary is participated in, commemorated and immortalized, as only enfranchised spirit has the capability of doing, and when remembered by loved ones, as in the present, the soul joins in ever prayerful reverberating harmony which is wafted ever onward, ever upward, toward the infinite, the masterly whole.

To many minds the new and agitating question of the day: The power of spirit to communicate with mortals or embodied spirits is mythical. Understand, thou! That spirit is from the beginning. The creative force is the soul of spirit, antedating worlds, and systems of worlds, which have served their allotted time, and now help to form new conditions and new systems. Their emanations going forth and gathered through the great magnetic law of attraction, bear their representatives in the living spirits inhabiting this planet and other worlds, from the inception of man to the present time, in which, through the aid of true spirit guides and teachers, human understanding is beginning more clearly to interpret the wonderful mechanism of soul life. The revolving ages have marched on in slow developing forms of action, and nature working up to a condition wherein man can turn the story pages, and if read aright, learn thereon lessons taught alone through infinite creation. But above all, this material which doth continually disorganize, producing new effects. The spirit of man—the immortal God spark—planted within the soul, lives

and triumphs. Therefore I say unto thee, there is no death. A change of form and abode to serve a higher purpose, as the law through all nature and spirit is progression.

For unnumbered ages—aye countless cycles of time has this planet earth—now your habitation—obediently circled in its orbit from a ball of living fire up to its present state, continually attracting to its improvement in material growth, and unremittingly sending forth the unseen emanations which help to grow other worlds, and plant the gardens of immortality.

Humanity in its exploration discovers new continents and new lands, proclaiming the foot of man hath never measured the soil e'er his advent, little dreaming that in the unrecorded past powerful peoples and vast cities occupied the lands where now he traces primitive nature. Time rolls on slowly, but with indisputable exactness; the evolving hand unearths the buried past, bringing to the astonished gaze imperishable proof of the primeval ages. His mind goes back, but no recorded history answers the earnest questionings. Turning within, the soul steps forth demanding light, which the emancipated world, the unseen guardians are now struggling through trying vicissitude to bring unto thee. And with what success? Let the vanguards in this true philosophy and religion of life attest. Each law, each condition, each graded form has been in keeping and acceptance with its age and people out of which thou canst trace the advance minds to a higher plane of action and intelligence around which strong barriers have been thrown, but the new-forged key unlocked and swung wide the gates through which the advancing throngs walked into new fields of light, intelligence, and exploration. And in this present epoch, the new theology wherein the true interpretation is unfolded to comprehensive minds is crumbling the unsteady foundations of church and creed from which will arise the imperishable temple of Wisdom whose foundation is Truth, and cornerstone the expanding soul power of man; while the temple body is the Master-builder, whose voice speaks through every form of nature and life. HERMES.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Pebbles.

BY ISAAC KINLEY.

A man stood straight up, looked me full in the face, and told that which he knew to be false—that which he knew that I knew to be false. There was indeed a little quivering of the eye which he could not quite conceal, a slight quailing before my strong contempt which he could not quite avoid. He put a hundred or so dollars into his pocket by the falsehood and took a like amount out of mine, yet he, not I, was the loser; I, and not he, the gainer by the transaction.

What did he lose, ask you? Possibly money; for I could never again, when only his honor was at stake, trust him to the amount of a single dollar, though his needs were ever so great. I could never speak of him as an honest or honorable man, or as one with whom it would be safe to have a business transaction. So the lie, which by its timely utterance gave him a hundred dollars, may cost him many hundreds before it has quite done with him.

It has cost him in reputation. One man, at least, knows him to be without integrity or honor; and, if as a warning to others, that man may have told of the falsehood, the story may have taken wings and many learned of the fellow's dishonor. And, if at any subsequent time a jury of twelve of his fellow-citizens may have hesitated to accept his statements under oath, or found his honor light in the balance, as weighed against that of an honest man, possibly it was the lie he told me had come up to curse him.

There is no concealing a falsehood. Even though the person against whom it has been told means not to bear witness of it he cannot quite carry out his charitable intentions. He must be himself truthful. Though he would not by choice turn accuser, he could never again speak of this fellow as being an honorable man, or as one whom in any emergency it would do to trust; and if he should have such acquaintance with the fellow, as to know him well, a failure to praise would be taken as an accusation. Even silence would be interpreted adversely, and failure to commend would teach others to hesitate.

But the liar is himself the greatest gossip of his own falsehood. Having told one lie, he feels that it must be supported, and he straightway tells ten others not less meretricious. Thus the witnesses against him are multiplied. But the new lies need supporting quite as much as the first. The props themselves need propping. So the one falsehood becomes the father of an endless progeny.

The lie also reacts, imprinting itself into the countenance of the liar. The tones of his voice and his whole manner proclaim him as unmistakably as if the word *liar* were burned into his forehead. His reputation is in the air, and, whether uttered or not, every one feels him to be a man of doubtful honor.

But his greatest loss is a moral one. Integrity is a treasure in itself, not measured, however, by the money it puts into the pocket, the reputation it brings, or the offices of trust or profit with which it

causes one to be honored. It is itself the pure gold of which these are only as the dross.

Thus the liar has lost in reputation, lost in integrity, lost in self-respect—and, greatest of all losses, he has dwarfed his own soul. Weighed against these, what are the few paltry dollars his falsehood may have won him?

The lie took money out of my pocket, indeed; but did it give me nothing in return? Have I no compensation? Some of my gains are only negative. I have not lost in integrity, nor in self-respect. I have not covered my face all over with blushes of shame, nor been deprived of the power to look, without quailing, into the eyes of honest men and women. I have not created among my neighbors a suspicion that I am a person of doubtful integrity, or one whose word it is not safe at all times to accept. But my greatest gain—that compared with which all others are as the dust on the shoe-sole—is a positive quantity. I have gained these and other reflections tending to reinforce my own integrity and to contribute to my own moral power, a single grain of which outweighs whole mountains of money.

Was I, or he, the loser by the transaction?

A bad man in the community is like a bad tooth in the head, tending to corrupt all the rest. In both the remedy is removed. But is not removal quite enough? Is the head the better for the burning of its rejected occupant? Is society profited by the murdering of the murderer? Would not removal alone have been quite as well?

Crime is never committed with the expectation of detection. Every murderer pays himself the compliment of better cunning. Whatever may have happened to others his neck is to escape the choking. Detection and punishment form no part of the murderer's expectations. In his planning to escape these his mind may be diverted from the horrors of the deed he contemplates.

Granting the fear of punishment to be an influencing motive, it should be remembered that, as the great Montesquieu has said, "A murderer imprisoned is a constant example; a murderer executed is an example but once," and, he might have added, that once soon forgotten.

The proper objects of punishment may be, to prevent crime, reform the criminal, and, as Jonathan Demond truly adds, to make restitution to the injured party. If tending to none of these, the objects of punishment are thwarted, and society is made the worse for the bad man's suffering.

The beam in my eye and the mote in yours mingle in the prospect, becoming trees and mountains in the distant landscape. If I cannot see your mountains nor you my forests, may it not be accepted as a hint that each might improve in his optics? If we could come honestly together, each recognizing the imperfection of his own organs of vision, and seeking to regard the prospect as it really is, your mountains might dwindle into molehills and my forests into blades of grass; and thus each could assist in removing the blindness of the other.

Sensible Women.

[Fortnightly Review.]

Socialized education does not necessarily create companionable nor even sensible women; else, by parity of reasoning, would all professional men be personally charming and delightful, which undoubtedly they all are not. A girl may be a sound Grecian, a brilliant mathematician, yet be wanting in all that personal tact and temper, clear observation, ready sympathy and noble self-control which make a companionable wife and a valuable mother. Nor is unprofessional or unspecialized instruction necessarily synonymous with idleness and ignorance, while a good all-round education is likely to prove more serviceable in the home and in society than one or two supreme accomplishments. Many of us make the mistake of confounding education with acquirements, and of running together mental development and intellectual specialization. The women of whom we are most proud in our own history were not remarkable for special intellectual acquirements so much as for general character and the harmonious working of will and morality. The Lady Fanshaws and Elizabeth Frys, the Mary Carpenters and Florence Nightingales, whose names are practically immortal, were not noted for their learning, but they were none the less women whose mark in history is indelible, and the good they did lives after them and will never die. And taking one of the, at least, partially learned ladies of the past—is it her Latinity or her bookishness that we admire so much in Lady Jane Grey? or is it her modesty, her gentleness, her saintly patience, her devotion?—in a word, is it her education or her character?—the intellectual philosopher or the sweet and lovely and noble woman?

An uptown resident asks us the question: "How can I prevent my boy from being fast?" The best way is to let him join the district telegraph corps.

A live man should not want the earth he should be above it.

A Chapter of Interesting Experiences.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

In compliance with your request I send you a few items of personal experience gained by careful investigation, commenced at the advent of the Rochester Rappings, and embracing about every phase of modern Spiritual manifestations.

In 1851, a circle was formed in Amherst, Ohio, on the plan recommended by A. J. Davis, the seer, consisting of twelve members—six males and six females who had perfect confidence in each other. Meetings were held twice a week usually at my house. The exercises consisted of singing, pleasant conversation, and a sincere desire to know the truth. At the outset, we agreed to meet twice a week for one year, Mr. Davis having stated that such a circle would receive evidence of the presence of spirits within that time. In the night near the close of the year loud rapping came on the head-board of my bed. In reply to questions a spiritual origin was claimed for these sounds.

At the next circle meeting this message was received through the rappings in the usual way:

"Dear friends, we are happy to meet with you, let none doubt our coming to you."

From this time manifestations of spirit presence and power were had at nearly every meeting, and mediumistic conditions were rapidly developed in members of the circle. Impressibility, clairaudience, clairvoyance, healing power, etc., were gifts that rewarded our efforts. S. J. Finney, the eloquent speaker was developed in this circle, and Jenny Barnum, a superior clairvoyant was a member, having been sent by spirits to join us, and was of great service to the circle. She could see and describe communicating spirits, and explain how and why manifestations, unexpected and unheard of by us at that time, were given us. She also prescribed for the sick with marked success, frequently receiving prescriptions from spirits. Of these facts we had overwhelming evidence.

For a time Indian spirits controlled in the development of mediums. Finney's first public address delivered at a convention of Spiritualists in Cleveland, Ohio, was in the Indian tongue. An Indian Agent, who, understood the language, pronounced it an able effort. The same address was repeated in English in the afternoon at the same place and highly appreciated.

Many people look for spiritual things from a physical standpoint, and must be reached on that plane, if at all. They must study cause through effect. Hence the necessity for physical manifestations. Such manifestations will be useful until the spiritual faculties of every human being are unfolded and the power of spiritual perception gained.

In my experience, spiritual impressions, clear and certain, entirely free from physical contact, clairaudience, clairvoyance and healing power seemed beyond mortal acquisition until they entered my consciousness and became positive knowledge.

For a time the gift of healing was given to me and I was frequently directed to go to the house of a friend or neighbor by a voice clear and distinct, which I always obeyed, and never failed when so directed to receive power adequate to the occasion, and usually saw the spirits to whose aid I was indebted for the power that healed the sick. Spiritual magnetism was the remedy used, and it passed over and through me as palpably as ice water poured over me from a bucket would have been.

On one occasion, I was unhitching my horse from the buggy when I heard these words: "Don't put out the horse, you will want it." I immediately stopped, and looked about in every direction. There was no person visible. After a moment's reflection I knew I did not get that message through my external organs of hearing. I did not remove the harness but returned to the house wondering what it meant. My brother-in-law had just arrived from the village. As soon as I saw him, and before he spoke to me, I heard these words: "He will tell you what you want of the horse." He informed me that a rail-road conductor (Mr. Bigs, a stranger to me), had been caught between two cars and badly injured in his back and bowels, that the lower part of his body and his legs and feet were numb and useless, and he had come to see if I could get help for him. I replied without hesitation, "Yes, I am assured of help to cure him."

We went together to see him, and my brother William (a member of the circle) came during the evening. We found him in great distress, his mind wandering. Two physicians were in attendance and some half dozen rail-road men were in the room. It took considerable persuasion to induce Mrs. Bigs to allow me to put my hands on her husband. Having never seen anything of the kind, she was afraid, but finally gave consent. The doctors were at the bedside watching their patient with evident anxiety. I advanced and spoke to them pleasantly, placing myself between them and the patient and commenced magnetizing him. The doctors soon left. One of the men remarked: "What does that d— fool think he is going to do?" I called my brother-in-law and

requested him to get the men out of the room, which he did. The patient did not notice me at first, but after a short time looked up and said to me: "O! my poor family—what will become of my poor family?" I assured him that he should be up and dressed to-morrow. He replied: "My God, if I could." His wife watched him with much anxiety, and when the time came for him to take medicine prescribed by the doctors, she asked him to take it. He told her he was taking the best medicine he ever took in his life, and looking at me, asked if he should take it. I told him to do as he pleased. He wanted to know if it was necessary. I told him I thought not. He declined to take it. He did not take any medicine the doctors had left for him. But for four hours an unbroken current of spiritual magnetism was poured on to me for his benefit. He was soon relieved of pain. In one hour he could move his toes; in two hours he could move his feet; in three hours he drew up his legs and said they began to feel natural again. When four hours had elapsed, my brother William took my place for an hour. I then returned and worked under influence two hours, making six hours in all.

The patient rested quietly and slept considerably during the night. He had his pants on, and sat up the next day, recovered rapidly, and in a few days returned to his place on the railroad.

At another time a man to whom I had been introduced at a gathering of Spiritualists came to me with a crippled hand. As he approached, I noticed his hand hanging limp at his side, and immediately took it into mine and examined it. The muscles of the hand and arm were much shriveled, and considerably less in size than his other hand and arm. His fingers and thumb were bent towards the palm so as to be about half closed and were fixed in that position. He told me he could neither open nor close his hand, and he could not use it.

The hand was very cold, and I clasped it in my hands, and immediately felt a strong current of magnetism passing through my arms and hands to his hand. In a very short time large drops of perspiration appeared on his hand. I then held his hand in my left hand, and made passes over his arm and hand from the shoulder down, till the magnetic currents ceased to flow, and the first operation (occupying about half an hour) was at an end. He could now bend his fingers and thumb considerably.

The next morning he came to me again and the same process was repeated. At the end of another half hour he could open and shut his hand with perfect ease. He was one of the happiest men I ever saw. He told me that he had made the first payment on 160 acres of heavy timbered land, had a log-house in a small clearing on it, which was all he possessed except his hands for the support of a family of young children, and his wife an invalid. He had received a communication from his spirit friends, written by his wife's hand, directing him to go to my place and they would restore his hand. The distance was 18 miles, and he traveled there and back on foot. The third morning he was at home with his axe chopping in the forest. His hand and arm regained its natural size and was as strong as ever. His family physician had told him that he would never regain the use of his hand, and he also told me, that there was no record of such a recovery in any medical work he had ever seen. In this case I felt the influence on my hands and arms only and experienced no loss of physical strength.

At one of our circle meetings, Miss Barnum, being in the superior condition, informed us that there was a deputation of Chinese spirits present, that they called their spokesman Confucius. They wanted me to make them a promise. I replied I would do so provided the promise required was a reasonable one. This statement was then made to me: "You will go beyond the mountains and settle on the shore of the Pacific. Our people are to have great trouble there. We want you to promise that you will be their friend."

This communication seemed very strange at the time as I had no expectation of making such a move, and there were no Chinese in California so far as I knew; but that prediction has been fulfilled.

An Indian chief, who claimed to have lived in the Red River country and to have been in the Spirit world 900 years, gave our circle powerful manifestations, and often assisted me in healing the sick, and did much for the development of mediums in our circle. He has been accurately described to me by clairvoyants in different states as being with me, and all the descriptions agree, although none of them knew of his existence until they saw him. He told me that he liked me and my family, and whenever I was in great trouble if I put my mind on him he would come and help me if he could. He has kept that promise faithfully in times of my greatest suffering and during sickness in my family when disease baffled medical skill.

Since my residence in California he bore a message to me at Point Reyes from my wife in Petaluma, a distance of twenty-five miles as follows:

One morning there came three raps on my bedroom door so loud that I sprang out of bed and opened the door. To my great surprise there was no one visible, but

I heard these words: "Go home, the baby is sick," and I caught a glimpse of my spirit friend, the Indian Chief. My cook came from the kitchen through the sitting room and asked what was wanted. I replied: "Nothing." He asked if I did not rap for him. I replied, "No." He said: "I certainly heard loud raps on your bedroom door." I immediately prepared to go to Petaluma, but before I could get away he informed me that the baby was better. This relieved my anxiety, and I remained to arrange more in detail to leave the rancho. On my arrival at home, the first question my wife asked me was: "Why did you not come sooner? Did you not get my message? I asked the spirits to tell you." When she requested the spirits to convey her message, she thought the baby would die. When I received the second message the baby was better, and rapidly recovered.

I. C. STEELE.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Unique Position of Spiritualism.

Spiritualism, standing midway between science and orthodoxy, and partaking of both, occupies at present an unique position; like orthodoxy it asserts continued existence, but denies that orthodoxy has any reason for asserting it. Like science, it asserts that continued existence can only be accepted when the opposite is inconceivable; but denies that when all attainable facts have been observed, science can logically say that the opposite of continued existence is conceivable, and makes a claim that has never been logically refuted, even by purely negative evidence, that the facts of Spiritualism, its phenomena, and only so much of them as cannot be claimed by science as explicable under any other hypothesis whatever, is entirely sufficient to justify all its non-metaphysical claims of the logical necessity of accepting the spirit theory.

While orthodoxy has for centuries been fighting each new theory advanced by science, and finally forced in sheer desperation to its acceptance, Spiritualism, the child of science and religion, embodying in its philosophy all that is true and good in each, joyfully accepts each new scientific theory, and finds in it a missing link in the chain of relations between those facts known as spiritual phenomena.

Spiritualists, finding that each new scientific discovery is in harmony with all their own discoveries, are disposed to look impartially on each hypothesis advanced, no matter what its apparent bearing on their own philosophy; having ascertained beyond the possibility of doubt that no scientific theory, founded on fact, can interfere with anything true in their own philosophy, any more than it can interfere with any other true theory; and that as all the facts in nature are but links in one great chain, each fact, whether discovered by science and named "material," or by themselves and called spiritual, is but a link and cannot be inharmonious.

Science has failed to account on any grounds whatever, other than a general and sweeping denial, for any of the fundamental facts on which Spiritualism is based, but it has given Spiritualists a clue to the understanding as natural, of much that had borne too much resemblance to the supernatural; making it possible to conceive that in nature spirit holds an equal place with matter, and is governed by natural laws that are at least analogous to those governing matter, and makes it apparent to the thoughtful that when a few more occult laws and heretofore unobserved facts have been laid bare, the philosophy of Spiritualism will have become so complete as to render its acceptance by men of science an absolute necessity of thought.

At present, in order to prevent the necessity of the acceptance of the spirit theory, scientists are under the necessity of denying: 1st—That there are raps produced without the aid of the physical organization called independent raps. 2d—That if there are such raps they are controlled by intelligence, and 3d—That if they are controlled by intelligence, the intelligence is separate from the intelligence of those who hear the raps; and this broad denial, simmered down, is simply a denial of the intelligence and veracity of those who having observed the phenomenon of the separate intelligence of so-called spirit-raps, are forced by the necessity of thought to accept the theory advanced by the intelligent raps themselves, in plain language, as being the only one admissible, and as being the only one ever advanced at all compatible with the actual facts. And when we observe that this denial of intelligence and veracity is extended to such men as Prof. Wallace, perhaps the greatest living naturalist, in regard to his observations of spiritual facts, while in regard to all other facts observed by him the fullest credence is extended; and more, his personal observations of other and scarcely less mysterious facts have been made use of by scientists as necessary grounds in the foundations of some of the grandest theories yet conceived of, we can but ask, Where is the vaunted impartiality of science?

G. F. B.

Mrs. Albert Morton.

BY MATTIE P. OWEN.

"The unsurpassed psychometrist and prophetic and healing medium," is the expression of the veteran editor of the *Banner of Light*, Luther Colby, in referring to the spiritual work of the subject of this sketch. Mrs. Morton, who has been engaged in professional mediumship in this city for nearly fifteen years, is a native of Maine, and a worthy descendant of the Pilgrims.

At an early age Miss Howes was united in marriage to Captain Littlejohn, a ship-master, and with him visited many places in this country, the West Indies, Spain and Italy, enjoying many opportunities for the gratification of her intense love for the grand and beautiful in nature. Left a widow with three children, at the age of twenty-five years, Mrs. Littlejohn was thrown upon her own resources, young and inexperienced, but she soon developed qualifications for business which resulted in her obtaining entire charge of one of the leading departments in a prominent dry-goods store in Boston.

The catering to the adornment of the outward person, however, was not the pursuit intended by the wise spirits, who for several years, during evening and other hours not engrossed in business cares had employed her mediumistic powers in comforting mourners and healing the diseased in body, without other reward than the consciousness of duty well performed, and she was compelled, greatly against her own inclinations, to give up all worldly employment and devote her entire time and powers to professional labors as a spirit-medium. Mrs. Littlejohn soon gained a valuable reputation as a reliable medium for many phases of beneficent spirit work, and was frequently consulted by prominent physicians in relation to the causes of obscure diseases beyond the ken of human practitioners.

In June, 1871, Mrs. Littlejohn was united in marriage with Albert Morton, and found the requirements of her domestic and spiritual needs fully met in the union with one thoroughly in sympathy with her aspirations and labors for the spiritual elevation of humanity.

We have only room in this brief sketch to give a few illustrations of the varied powers and beneficent work of the spirits through this medium.

A few months previous to her removal from Boston, Mrs. Morton was consulted by a literary lady of widely extended and high reputation as a writer. The lady was in a condition of despair bordering on insanity; although of an unblemished reputation, she had received printed proofs of an article coupling her name in a disgraceful manner with a writer of national reputation, and was informed that the article would appear in the next number of a vile, black-mailing sheet, then published in New York. The prospect of such a disgraceful contamination of her good name had driven her to desperation and she was determined to—as she unwisely thought—escape the scandal by a suicidal act. The guides of Mrs. Morton pointed out the inevitable result of such folly, gave her positive assurances that the article would not be published, and quieted her apprehensions to such an extent that she decided to wait before taking further steps, and departed buoyed up with the hope that those who had described conditions around her so accurately were correct in their predictions, that no evil would befall her from the publication of the slander. The lady returned within a few weeks, accompanied by a prominent society lady, residing in New York, and was delighted beyond expression; just as had been predicted, the schemers had been defeated in their nefarious plans, and she felt that to, the guides of Mrs. Morton she was indebted for the preservation of her life and reputation. One result of the work was that the ladies became warmly attached to the medium, and learning arrangements had been made for her removal to California, they offered the most flattering inducements to make a home in New York, but the guides had other plans, and, in accordance therewith, in June, 1872, Mrs. Morton became a resident of this city, where she has since been in the uninterrupted practice of mediumship.

Two sittings given shortly after arrival here will illustrate the powers of psychometric reading of ores and prevision. A gentleman presented a sample of rock from a location he had made and was told that he would find an ore-bearing ledge at the depth of three and one half feet from the surface. On his return to Truckee he received a despatch from the mine stating the ledge was struck at the exact depth given by the medium. On reporting this fact to a friend at the mine the friend was so desirous of meeting the medium that he rode one hundred and twenty-five miles on horseback to Truckee and came to this city for a seance. In the sitting, among other matters, he was told that he would leave the mine, but he must not return to his former position on a rail-road as his death would surely be the result. Not heeding the advice, the man resumed his position as brakeman on the rail-road and within a few months time, fell between two cars and was instantly killed.

An incident illustrating clairvoyance will be given. A resident of Oakland called to make inquiries as to the body of his son who was drowned in the San Joaquin river, and a long search for the body having proved fruitless all effort to find it had been discontinued. In the sitting the locality was accurately described and the body was said to be entangled in the tules. A daughter of the sitter, who was a church member and opposed to her father's belief in Spiritualism, was described and declared to possess fine powers as a writing medium. The body was found exactly as described by the medium, which induced the daughter, in compliance with the earnest wish of her father, to have a sitting without disclosing her identity. In the sitting the lady received the same assurances, as were given to her father; a young spirit friend controlled and identified herself, promising to control her to write if proper conditions were made. The lady received the necessary instructions for sitting alone and departed without disclosing her relationship to the father, who called within a few days to express his gratitude to Mrs. Morton, for his daughter had been controlled to write by her friend, as promised, and had become an earnest believer in the truth of Spiritualism.

One experience will be given to illustrate the necessity of a receptive condition of mind in order to obtain satisfactory results. A resident of Idaho became interested in the mediumship of Mrs. Morton, through the favorable reports of a correspondent residing in this city, and made the long journey here for the express purpose of meeting her. He seated himself in a most repellant attitude of mind against the truth of it; and, as might reasonably be expected, his friends could not penetrate the shell, and instead of tests he received some wholesome advice from the guides. He was dissatisfied with the result and was invited to call again, but made an unfavorable report as to his seance to his correspondent, who shortly after called, and during a sitting the gentleman's son manifested, gave his name and identified himself, saying he wished his father to call again.

The gentleman called, but was still in the same positive frame of mind, and Mrs. Morton was administering a much needed lesson preparatory to dismiss him without a sitting when suddenly, as if by magic, he fell into a receptive state; immediately the medium saw and described a spirit, giving his name, who said, "Father, my body is buried in Sacramento; do as you please about its removal." Then a little girl was described who gave her name, and climbing into the gentleman's lap said,—"This is my grandpa, and that spirit is my father." The fountain was unsealed; the gentleman jumped up excitedly saying: "That's enough! enough! I cannot bear more." Perhaps some of our cynical investigators can derive a lesson from this incident, possibly may conclude that as the spirits are the parties conferring favors it is only just that they should have the most favorable conditions wherein to confer their blessings.

Mrs. Morton's special phases of mediumship are for spiritual instruction and development, advice and psychometrical examinations, diagnosis and treatment of disease. Although greatly averse to anything like seeking notoriety, Mrs. Morton has received many commendatory notices from prominent writers and lecturers, and with two endorsements which indicate the nature and effect of her ministrations so fully expresses our own ideas regarding the exalted character of her medial powers, that we close this sketch with them:

C. M. Plumb, formerly of the firm of A. J. Davis & Co., said in *Light for All*:

"The effect of her (Mrs. Morton's) spiritual influence upon the sitters, as described by them, is that they feel endowed with increased strength, enveloped in an atmosphere of security and peace. They are not only relieved of unhealthy physical conditions, but are tranquilized under great business or other disturbances, fortified against mental depression, given new power of resistance, illuminated as to future action, and buoyed and sustained in daily life. The uniform result is a noticeable improvement in health, increased elasticity and vigor of mind and body, greater power in the accomplishment of needed ends, and a healthful balance and harmony under all circumstances."

Charles Bright, of Australia, in writing to the *R. P. Journal*, said:

"The influences which surround this lady are of the highest and purest order, and my seances with her were complete spirit baptisms. In such communion we reach the heart of religion."

The *New York Observer* remarks that "it is somewhat unfortunate that the two great missionary schemes of the Episcopal Church have come before the General Convention as complete failures." The Missionary Enrollment Fund, and the American Church building Fund, each of which were to be one million dollars, have realized only \$78,000 and \$68,000 respectively.

At the late annual convention of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, held recently at Minneapolis, Minn., one missionary among the lumbermen said that nine-tenths of the money paid to them went to saloons.

The great Bible publishing house, founded at Halle, Saxony, early in this century, is about to issue a thousandth edition of its octave Bible, of which 2,112,790 copies have been printed.

Written for the Golden Gate.

The Conquest of Intemperance and Other Evils.

For more than thirty years I have been teaching as a part of the science of man, the philosophy of intemperance, and the rational method of overcoming it. But anthropology, as a complete science, is not known in our present system of education and current literature. Hence, the instruction derived from its principles is not readily or fully appreciated.

Experimental investigation of the brain by the methods discovered in 1841, has shown that the appetite for stimulation, which in excess becomes the unconquerable drunkard's thirst, belongs to that portion of the brain at the base of the middle lobe, which is the posterior portion of the organ of alimentiveness, recognized by phrenologists. The hungry depression belonging to the anterior portion of the organ can be relieved only by food—the nervous depression produced by the posterior portion can be relieved only by stimulation. These appetites belonging to the basilar region of the brain, are reinforced by the passions which belong to the same region, and hence the more brutal men become, the more uncontrollable are their appetites, and the stronger their love of stimulating drinks. There is a close association between profligate animal impulses and the love of intemperate stimulation, because they belong to the same inferior region of the brain, which in man, as in the carnivora, gives rise to carnivorous appetites. The indulgence of these carnivorous appetites increases the love of stimulation, and experience has shown that a vegetarian diet greatly diminishes the impulse to intemperance. On the other hand the indulgence of the appetite for stimulants invigorates or excites the whole animal nature, and gives it the ascendancy over the moral. It is too well known too need any illustration that the majority of the crimes investigated by courts are connected with intemperance.

With this view of the subject, it is apparent that intemperance is an unavoidable element of society, so long as the animal nature rules, and men are more deeply interested in slogging matches, horse-races, foot races, baseball matches, yacht races, struggles for office, rivalry in trade, speculative gambling, and the whole history of crime, than in anything else. These things at present occupy the largest space in Boston newspapers and attract the largest crowds on the street, and while such a social condition exists, intemperance cannot be suppressed by law.

The only way of eradicating intemperance is to subdue the animal nature, and the animal appetites, under the control of the higher faculties. Nature has already done this in woman, and hence women are rarely intemperate, for the animal nature makes alcohol attractive, and the moral nature makes it repulsive. When our children are educated to be as refined and amiable as women are at present, the distilleries will be closed for want of patrons. Is this possible? I think I have shown in "The New Education" that it is—that a race can be trained up, which will need no jails or courts to guard its morals; but this is a remedy for the future.

Like all other problems in human science—the science of man—this subject is best illustrated by an experiment on the brain. If we take an impressible subject, and excite the organ of the love of stimulus, the desire for stimulation increases as we proceed, until he at length desires the strongest alcohol we can give him. Even the most delicate ladies may thus be made to drink with pleasure the strongest liquors. But whenever we cease to excite the base of the brain and restore the predominance of the superior organs, alcoholic liquors become repulsive, and if they have been drunk already, under the influence of the love of stimulus, they are so incompatible with the more refined condition, as not to be endured, but produce an intoxicating, and almost narcotic effect. Hence persons of a truly amiable and refined nature, are speedily victimized by intemperate habits, while those of a strong animal nature can take their daily pint without apparent intoxication.

The organ of the love of stimulus is situated immediately in front of the cavity of the ear (meatus auditorius) where we feel the end of the lower jaw, touching the base of the cranium. It belongs to the lower conditions of human life, and for the present we have to contend with the evils of a race slowly emerging from barbarism, certainly not above the hellish barbarism of war, for it scourged our own republic but twenty years ago; and the barbarism of a competitive system which develops strikes and mobs to keep the laborer from starvation, is just beginning to attract the attention of philanthropists.

There are thousands of our fellow citizens in whom the animal nature, ever gloomy and insatiable, revels in the destruction of all that is bright and honorable in their lives. Those who are not too far debased call upon us for help. We receive that help in the Inebriate Home where they are induced by earnest appeal and moral influence to renounce their evil ways and lead a christian life based upon a thorough reformation of character. Similar results are accomplished by the moral power and eloquence of temperance societies.

But must we depend on moral power alone to conquer intemperance? I don't underrate its value. I know that re-

ligious influences, as shown in prayer-cure, may overcome the most formidable disease, but we are not so far advanced or so highly organized as to rely mainly on those refined influences. Insanity is treated, and often successfully, by medical means. Intemperance is a species of insanity, called dipsomania, and often carries its victim to a state of absolute insanity or insane depravity. I believe that it is more amenable to medical treatment than any other form of insanity. Every habitual drunkard, every one who cannot keep sober for six consecutive months, ought to be placed by law in an inebriate asylum, as lunatics are sent to the insane asylum, and there deprived of liquor and animal food while subjected to the best moral and medical treatment. Indeed it could not be unjust to send every individual there when for the first time he is found beastly drunk.

The principle of the curative medical treatment which should be applied in the asylum, and should be offered also to all drunkards who desire to assist in their own reformation, is very simple; it is a tonic-nervine treatment. The state of the constitution which produces the drunkard's thirst is one of exhaustion, depression and relaxation, a condition which is antagonized by nervine tonics. The bitter tonics produce a bracing effect, fortifying against hunger and debility. The nervines, in addition to this, stimulate our mental tranquillity and pleasing emotions.

I have long taught that the bitter tonics, such as hydrastis, quassia, strychnia and sulphate of cinchonia, are reliable anti-intemperance remedies, and my attention was recalled to this subject by an article in the *Scientific American*, in which a reformed inebriate mentions his cure by quassia, of which he steeped half an ounce in a pint of vinegar, using a teaspoonful of this infusion in water whenever he had to struggle with his intemperate thirst. This enabled him to conquer the appetite entirely, so that he is no longer attracted by liquor.

Each of the four articles I have named has been successfully used as the antidote to intemperance, and in making a selection, or combination of these and others, I would be guided by the condition of the patient, and would also think it necessary to place the liver and stomach in a healthy condition by suitable remedies. Patients cannot all be treated alike, but if I were to make a general prescription suited to the majority of cases, it would be like the following, and I would suggest to the benevolent to have this remedy prepared, and used whenever they find a victim of intemperance, who is willing to reform. It has been a great mistake, or oversight, that our temperance societies have not made the medical cure of intemperance a part of their work.

R	Fluid Extract of Quassia.	1 ounce.
"	" Chelone (Balmoney).	"
"	" Cyperidium.	"
"	" Erythroxylon Coca.	"
"	" Leonurus.	"
"	" Avena sativa.	"

The above articles make five ounces of a nerve tonic, of which a teaspoonful should be taken in a wineglass of well-sweetened water, three times a day, and an extra dose may be taken whenever there is a feeling of depression or craving. Those who are not willing to give up their liquor entirely should add one or two teaspoonsful to each drachm, which will soon enable them to diminish or discard their liquor entirely. If all the articles named, are not within reach, any three of them make a valuable compound.

There are a hundred other important measures to be adopted to remedy the countless evils of society, which make man seriously ask, "Is life worth living," but the remedy for social ills is not a superficial alleviation. It must be a constitutional remedy, based upon the most profound knowledge of the constitution of man. To the attainment of that knowledge I have given my life, and it has been my good fortune to solve by experimental science the grand problem of the union of souls brain and body in man. In the light of that science we may plainly see what is to be done, and advance without hesitation or discussion in the path of reform to assist in presenting this comprehensive science, and thus illuminate the path of wisdom to a higher life on earth, I have determined to re-establish the monthly *Journal of Man*, which thirty years ago, attracted the attention of the foremost thinkers.

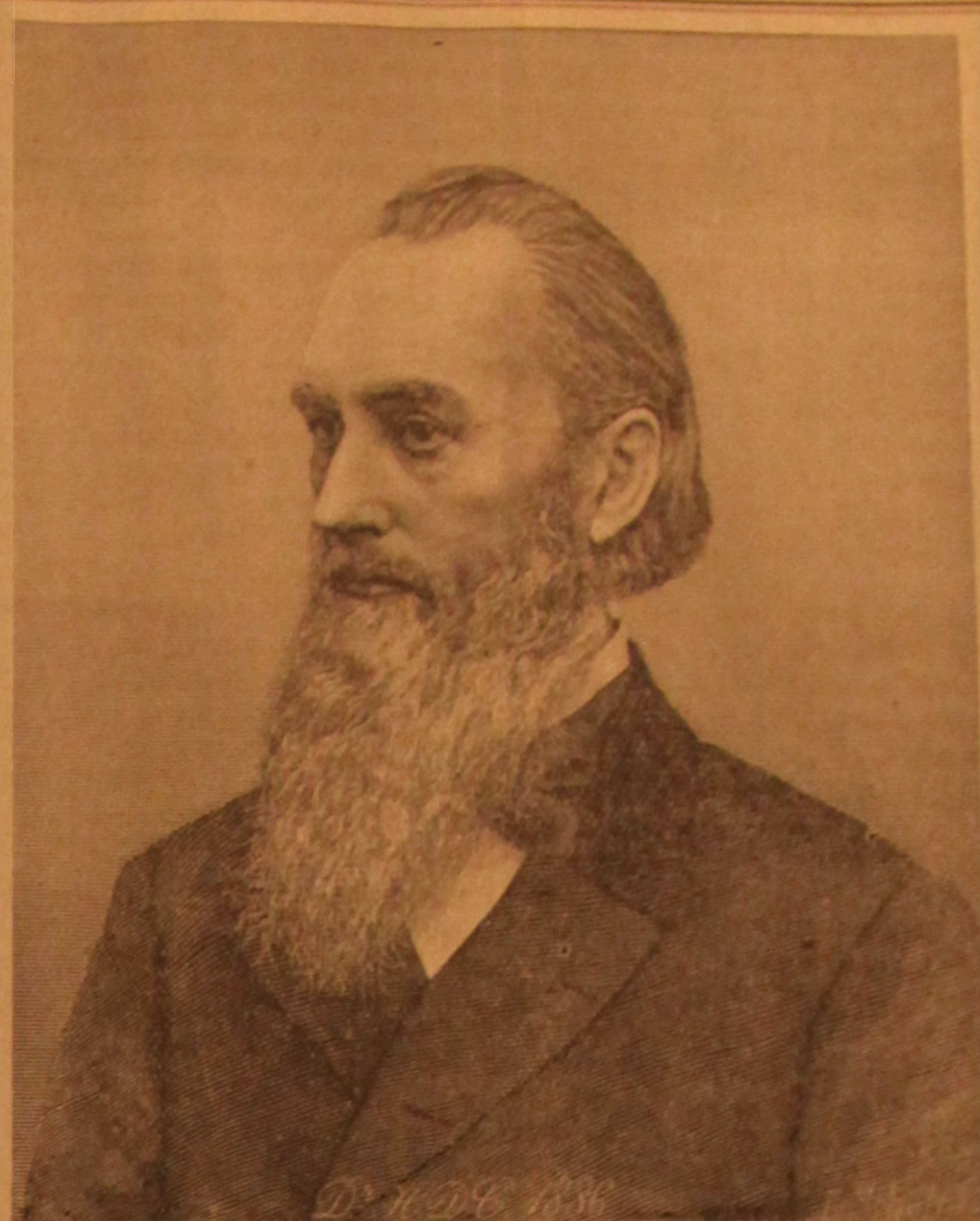
The path of progress is largely illuminated by modern Spiritualism, but it has not yet been associated with the body of science and philosophy, upon which it is to rest, and by which it is to be made practical in every sphere of life. In this work I shall ask the co-operation of the enlightened, early in 1887.

JOS. RODES BUCHANAN.
BOSTON, October, 1886.

—The poorest man, in our city in this season of giving and receiving, is the man who has never known the luxury of giving. The most abject pauper is he who never felt the holy joy which comes from sacrificing some dear desire to make another soul happier thereby.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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H. D. Cogswell D.D.S.

DR. H. D. COGSWELL.

The above capital likeness of Dr. H. D. Cogswell, of this city, has been kindly furnished by that gentleman at our solicitation. It is the likeness of one not unknown to fame through his munificent gifts of a score or more of elegant and costly public drinking-fountains to various cities of the United States. The Doctor believes, and very properly, that an abundant supply of pure drinking water placed within reach of the multitudes of our great cities, is a great promoter of temperance. In the absence of such fountains many a thirsty wayfarer will enter the drinking saloon where he is often induced to patronize the bar and drink the deadly poisons that society licenses the whisky seller to deal out to his neighbors.

And not alone in this direction has Dr. Cogswell's generosity been directed; but he has given most liberally for the kindergarten work now engrossing the charitable attention of many of our philanthropists.

It is a grand thing to be able to bless humanity in this way; and grander to find the heart prompting those blessed with wealth to the performance of such noble deeds.

Dr. Cogswell is one of San Francisco's pioneers. By judicious investment in San Francisco real estate at a time when it was of but little value, he succeeded in amassing a large property, and thereby becoming one of the Lord's almoners. Physically he is a fine specimen of health and manhood, as his likeness indicates, and we are glad to pay this humble tribute to his worth.

Re-Incarnation—Proof Positive of Immortality.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In a former issue of your journal I produced conclusive evidence in favor of the re-incarnation of the human soul in mortal life. Since that publication there has been a persistent effort on the part of certain individuals to throw discredit on the subject and at the same time mislead honest investigation after truth. We have been asked to disbelieve and discredit the teachings of great and wise spirits from the spirit world because some philosopher of ancient time had not sufficient brains to comprehend their meaning. A philosophy that only decrees immortality to the conscious spirit in one direction is not broad enough for the human mind of to-day.

The materialistic tendency of our age must be met by something more substantial than assertions. The Christian world have informed us that the spirit of man was immortal, but the origin of nearly all their ideas was from the religion or teachings of Buddha, or the philosophy of Plato, which were based in part on the doctrines of re-incarnation and were made extant long before any Christian religion was ever heard of. Modern Spiritualism in many respects is an advanced form of ancient Buddhism, with the advantages of a more comprehensive class of phenomena, and consequently more demonstrative in character and better adapted to the human mind of to-day than Buddhism.

Had the Christian religion given to the world one demonstrated fact in favor of the immortality of the human soul, neither Spiritualism nor materialism could ever have gained credence among the people as they have. Scientific men, such as Prof. Darwin and others of that school, have been slow to believe without evidence. Their minds have been schooled in the sciences of demonstrated fact, and without this system in evidence they believe nothing. Religion has furnished no evidence of its truth to them, consequently they are materialists; but if you ask them as to the origin of the power that constructs and moves the human body they will frankly tell you they do not know what it is, or its origin, and

from this I conclude they have not mastered all there is of material science, or there exists another realm unexplored by them as scientific men.

The wonderful life manifestations in the mechanism of the human body is beyond the power of their crucible or process to explain. They see in the human structure design and adaptation, but they can not determine its origin because their scales will not weigh life or their science of mathematics determine its size or weight. So they are agnostic as to the origin of life and its manifestations, but when the whole truth, which embraces both realms of life, is demonstrated to them through a perfect understanding of the truths of incarnation as they exist throughout all nature, then will the great men of science join hands with the true Spiritualists, and together proclaim the fact of immortal life.

The fundamental principles of the doctrine of re-embodiment as taught by Plato, Buddha and Jesus, among the ancients, are not only of a scientific nature but of a highly moral character, and present to humanity a broad and perfect standard for the highest spiritual attainment in either world, of which the following is a sample:

We teach there is an eternal and uncreated soul or ego, it being a conscious individual center or entity of being, always self-existent in the inner or spirit world, and of itself without form, yet having the power to manifest through all form. Each soul entity so constituted being a perfect law unto itself, therefore it is supreme and above all law which precludes the necessity of any authority being extended over it by any "higher power" or "over soul." Furthermore, there was never a time when soul was not conscious, or when it had not the power within itself to manifest. The visible universe is but the expression of the spirit which is back of and around it, and constantly carrying it forward by an exercise of conscious will-power to higher forms of sublimation. By an exercise of the soul's will-power the spirit-body may be taken on or thrown off instantly, or it may be made to assume the form of a child, and as quickly change into that of an adult, showing the will to be supreme over form and spirit substances in the spirit world. Again by the exercise of the soul's will-power, that which we term spirit force is created, and out of this force come all forms and substances, first, in the material, under conditions in the form of matter, then rising in the scale of progression to the possibilities of higher forms of life in the spirit realm.

Some re-incarnationists do not believe in the existence of a Supreme Deity because they see individual souls do all things. That which is recognized as the "higher power" or "over soul" in the material universe by mortals, is found to be only the spirit world manifesting through the material in the form of law. They have searched the universe for a God such as the religions of the world have described. They have gone patiently and scientifically step by step, from the crude stratum of earth's crust to the protoplasm; from the protoplasm, through the evolution of form to the highest type of the human species; from this, on and upward, through all the different spirit forms and gradations to the uncreated ego or soul entity, and looking beyond this have found nothing higher or greater in all the universe.

Again this soul entity always manifests through the dual form; in the spirit world, through the male and female spirit forms; in the earth-life, through the male and female, human or physical forms. In the spirit world we never find the male spirit espousing some other spirit's mate, or vice versa. Nothing of this kind can ever take place, because in the spirit there is no demand for the gross material experiences that belong to this world.

Spirits come to earth and incarnate, not that the soul may become more perfect or possess a more positive individuality for itself gained from matter, but rather that it may more perfectly harmonize the outer or crude elements of the material life, and at the same time increase its capacity for enjoyment through effort in the boundless hereafter.

In coming to earth and taking on the physical form each spirit has the same purpose as relates to mateship—that is they intend to be companions in this life; but it is not always possible after the spirit has become subject to material laws and conditions to carry out all its spirit motives. Circumstances may intervene and prevent while in the physical this high and holy union of the sexes, but the separation can only be confined to time and for a very brief season compared with eternity. Light from the spirit world based on well-established laws of incarnation will in time be sufficient to point out the eternal union or proper mateship to all who desire to profit thereby in earth-life; then will the world of humanity rise in the glory of its strength, and, through a harmonious and perfectly understood law of life, incarnate human beings that will bless rather than curse the world.

Some of the writers of our day seem to find in the past history of the world a perfect standard or ultimatum of truth for all time; but they must remember the human mind is a thing of development, at least so far as relates to the physical expression of it is concerned, and, consequently, it can only perceive truth as it is prepared to do so through development. Of course there can be but one truth in all the universe, but there may be many manifestations of that one truth. For our part we have but little to do with the ideas that different individuals in the past have held or taught as to what is truth unless their ideas are in harmony with the one truth. They have nearly all been short of the perfect standard of our time as revealed from the spirit world. Spirits never instruct us to search for truth among the records of by-gone ages; but to-day everywhere in the spirit and physical universe we read the unmistakable manifestations of living truth, the importance of which far transcends anything of the past.

Prof. Darwin's discoveries in evolution all go to prove that the human organism, as an organism, came up through the highest type of the animal kingdom, but the cause of its coming he failed to understand because his process stopped short of the all truth. Had he investigated Spiritualism and the laws of the incarnation of all species of life manifesting on our planet he would then have been able to give the world the cause of evolution as well as the process from a scientific standpoint. However, by searching the records of our planet as recorded on the spirit side of life we find Prof. Darwin has given to the world more truth than any other scientific man that has ever lived.

In thus recounting a few of the principles and truths held by re-incarnationists of modern time we are not unaware of the incredulity they will arouse in the minds of those entirely unacquainted with the subject, or of others who have become enslaved to preconceived opinions and have avoided investigation of its claims. It stands, however, upon the impregnable basis of demonstration, and, including in its revelations a knowledge of the highest attributes of man's spirit or soul nature, is destined to become the science of sciences.

Immortality to me means something more than consciousness manufactured out of material substances. Spiritualism proves we live beyond the change called death; but unless it demonstrates that we had an existence prior to matter we have no right to believe or conclude we are immortal.

If force gave us consciousness, when that force is spent consciousness will cease to exist likewise, for it is a universal law well understood by all scientists (except quacks or some half-bred Spiritualists), that whatever force creates in one direction it invariably destroys in another. Therefore, whoever says we have not lived through all time admits we are not immortal entities; they thus give themselves away to materialism and are not worthy to be called re-incarnationists.

A. M. STODDARD.
OAKLAND, Nov. 20, 1886.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

A Remembered Christmas.

BY MARY W. NEVILL.

She sits in her loneliness, lonely and true,
Where radiant flowers perfume the air,
And long on the walls are pictures true.

She has all that wealth and culture bring,
And her Christmas gifts are rich and true,
Yet from all this luxury, wealth and ease,
Her heart goes back to a lonely room.

When her home was a cottage poor and small,
But her heart was light as a bird's nest on a wall,
For she then was in love's sweetest zone,
Held over an hour that was dull or long.

She thinks of a Christmas long ago,
And it seems as yet her pulses thrum,
For the laughter, and the merry song,
In those happy days was a home, not a dream.

Through the misty dawn she goes her way,
Was only a little flower and true,
"Twas a good girl, for 'twas her love,
The strong love of an honest man.

That home was less than a thing she could see,
But it held, in fact, far more things—
Content and love, and a wealth of joy,
Though surrounded by the poverty of life.

In this silent room, with empty fires,
It is as though she were back in the old days,
And in the heart of all life's greatest joys,
I hear a voice a voice of the days of old.

So she sits alone in her loneliness true,
And looks all day from her lonely room,
For the cause for which she has lived and true,
While her heart is full of a memory.

[First published in the Golden Gate.]

Soul Mates; or, Matehood.

BY F. O. HYZER, AT BALTIMORE, IN 1866.

"Who and what gave me the wish to woo thee?"—BULWER.

I do not ask thee, love, what made thee wish to woo me,
Or what mysterious power so quickly brought me to thee;
I do not ask, beloved, why in thy radiant eye
I read a pledge of love that can not fade or die
Here, or beyond the sky.

I've held communion with the world of cause,
Have read the record of eternal laws;
My soul hath traced its ante-natal way
Back, where God's crown emits its central ray,
Forming eternal day.

Where embryotic suns, like scintillating sands,
Are kissed by purple seas, to which they form the strands;
Where Cherubim and Seraphim entranced raise
The morning anthems of eternal praise,
I've traced our love's young days.

I can remember, love, how in a burning kiss
Of two celestial beings, thrilled with love's pure bliss,
On waves of ecstasy our blended souls did rise,
Twin-born, from out love's glorious paradise,
Into the boundless skies.

And how, thus floating in the perfumed air,
Trembling like adoration in a seraph's prayer,
A dual, sun-born spark, seeking its aerial place,
Amid the crystal spheres that mortal mind calls space,
Caught us in its embrace.

It folded us divinely in its nurturing care,
Fed us on lily dew and perfumed pure rare,
Warmed us in holy fervor from its pure, stainless breast,
Wrapped us in azure mist and wooed us into rest,
From loves supremely blest.

And this fair orb, which of the sun had birth,
Laid into time's embrace, and called by angels earth;
Rocked us upon the billows of the cosmic deep,
Till thrilled with more of bliss than wakefulness could keep,
Beloved, we fell asleep.

Ages on ages rolled, and God's high hand unsealed
The mysteries of law, in truth's pure light revealed;
Our parent earth was taught through hopes and fears,
Through earthquakes, storm and sunshine, sighs and tears,
To balance with the spheres.

Therefore our dreams were troubled, and at times we thought
Our life forevermore with sorrow must be fraught;
Sometimes we dreamed, love, that we were torn apart
And sold to Mammon in a world's cold mart,
Each with a bleeding heart.

Again at times we dreamed that we were forced to bow,
And at a heathen altar pay a marriage vow,
Which made of each a slave unto a soulless form,
Which did our natures torture, cripple and deform,
And drained our life pulse warm.

And then we'd dream, beloved, we heard each others' voice,
And with the wildest rapture would our souls rejoice;
But, dreaming that we stood again face unto face,
We'd reach unto each other for love's pure embrace,
And grasp but empty space.

And thus, love, we were sleeping, not the sleep of rest,
For we partook the anguish of our mothers' breast;
When on the Eastern sky resplendent glory broke,
God's all-redeeming voice unto our mother spoke,
And, darling, we awoke!

Awoke to all the rapture we had known before,
Awoke to find the pains of travail o'er,
To find the goal of primal reason won,
Mind's towering archway opened to the sun,
And still our spirits one.

And now I know what made thee wish to woo me,
And why with joy I flew so quickly to thee;
'Twas that from which each soul in nature draws
Th' exhaustless power of reproductive cause,—
Love's holy marriage laws.

Thus wed in soul we must ascend forever,
No power in heaven or earth our fates can sever;
The higher we ascend the clearer we shall see
What binds thy radiant spirit evermore to me,
And mine all, all to thee.

And, therefore, beloved one, when thy arms entwined me,
My waking soul exclaimed, "I knew my mate would find me."
And 'tis the same sweet breast in which I slept with thee,
Pressed to thy glowing heart out on the cosmic sea
That now embraces me.

And this is why I have no power to doubt thee;
And why my soul can not exist without thee;
We are a rhythmic measure in the ceaseless hymn,
Sung round God's bridal altar by the Cherubim
And star-crowned Seraphim.

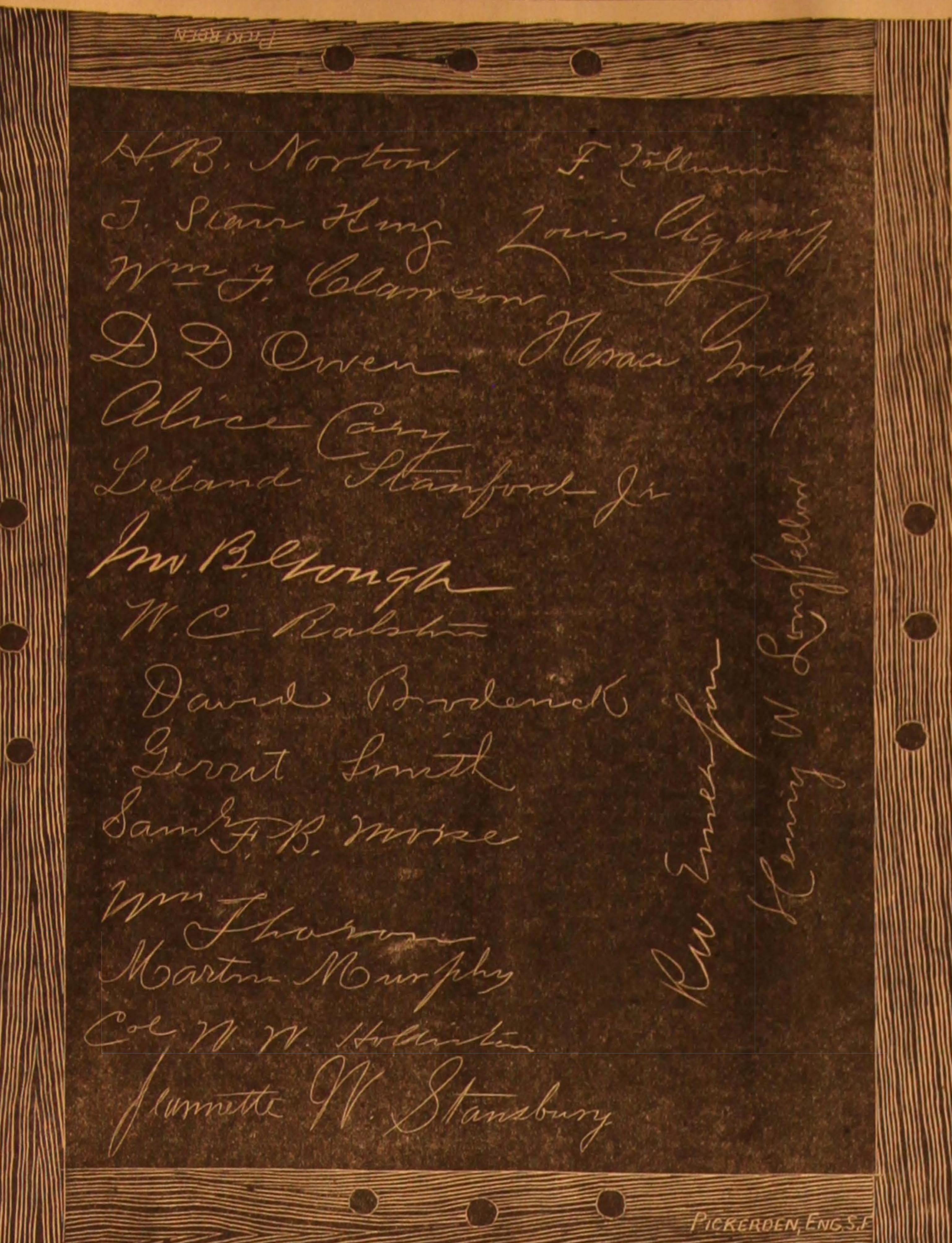
And in one quivering wave of liquid harmony,
So long as heaven's lyres respond to poetry,
Our souls in one on love's poised wing shall soar
Through opening skies, and skies we've swept before,
One life forevermore.

Oswego, October 23, 1886.

Responsibility of Spiritualists.

[From an article entitled "Signs of the Times," by Jesse Shepherd in the Medium and Daybreak.]

It does not surprise me in the least when I read in the German Spiritual journals that scholars like Baron Du Prel and Eduard von Hartman should announce that the time has come to rescue Spiritualism from the ignorance of the masses. I have not during my twenty years of mediumship seen such a reproach on the whole body of Spiritualists as this declaration fired from the broadsides of iron-clad Germany, pointed and aimed at the whole body of English speaking Spiritualists, from the time of Professor Hare down to the present. I do not know whether this sweeping broadsider has hit any of the weak spots in the armour propre of our spiritual philosophers; but it certainly is mirth-provoking that after 38 years experience we should be classed in the category of spiritual ignoramuses, incapable of psychological analysis or correct judgment in any case under any condition whatever. It strikes me as ludicrous that a country like Germany, until recently ignorant of the practical side of mediumship, should make such a declaration; and I have often wondered to myself since reading that notice what answer the Spiritualists of England and America will make to our charitable German brothers. When Spiritualists start out to practice and preach a religion, or philosophy which has as a basis nothing but vulgar curiosity, and the debasement of mediums through psychological servility and menial acquiescence, it is high time that men like our German brethren should take the matter out of their hands, and raise mediumship to the dignity and importance befitting human beings born into the world with mental and moral responsibilities, attributes, and attractions.



INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITING.

Through the Mediumship of Dr. Stansbury, San Francisco.

Dr. D. J. Stansbury, of No. 1 Fifth street, San Francisco, through whose mediumship the above writing was obtained, is a regularly graduated physician of the Eclectic School of New York City, having practiced his profession for many years both in the East and in this State. We knew him in San Jose for several years, where he bore the reputation of a skillful physician and a thoroughly upright man.

Possessing much mediumistic power, he began, a little over a year ago, a course of development for independent slate-writing. Forming a little circle of personal friends, they held evening seances a few times each week for a period of about five months, when the gift suddenly came to him in much power, and has gradually increased until the present time.

In arranging with Dr. Stansbury for the above writing we requested that he procure for us as many signatures of spirits well known in mortal life as it was possible to obtain. The manner of the writing was as follows:

Two slates, five by eight inches in size, were first thoroughly washed with diluted muriatic acid, followed by a wash of alcohol, and afterwards of water, to remove every possible preparation of chemicals.

Three holes were first bored through the frames of the slates, at the top, bottom and sides, three-fourths of an inch apart, as shown in the engraving. A small bit of pencil was then placed between the slates, and a stout cord passed through the holes, the cord being interlaced at the points of intersection. The point of interlacing upon one side and the knot upon the other were sealed and stamped with private seals. Fine wires were also passed through the holes in the frames and sealed at the edges of the slates.

The preparation of these slates was made in the office of the GOLDEN GATE, in presence of the editor, his wife, Mr. S. B. Clark and Dr. W. W. McKaig. They were then taken in charge by the editor, who, with Mrs. Owen and Mr. Clark, had four sittings of about half an hour each with the Doctor, extending through a period of some four weeks. While holding the slates, on different occasions, the scratching of the pencil was distinctly heard within the slates by all present.

On Tuesday evening, November 9th, the persons present at the sealing of the slates met at Dr. Stansbury's rooms where the slates were carefully examined and the fastenings found to be intact. They were then opened, and the surface of one of the slates appeared as represented in the engraving.

Upon the question as to the genuineness of the signatures we leave the reader to determine. If these names were not written by some occult power, then they must have been written by some expert whose powers of imitation are as marvelous as the gift of mediumship. The slate was so thoroughly cleaned that no name could have been rubbed out and then re-written without that fact being known. The names must all have been the result of a first effort upon the slate. And then it would have been necessary to separate the slates and re-seal them, which was an impossibility without detection.

We desire to emphasize this fact as one tending to establish conclusively the genuine character of the writing. We say that the process of cleansing the slate left it so nearly white that it was remarked by members of the committee that it would be difficult to distinguish the mark of a slate pencil from the general surface of the slate; but this was more imaginary than real, as the writing was brought out distinctly and was readily photographed for the engraver. Both with this slate and the one that appears elsewhere in this paper the writing is a close tracing of the original in every particular.

An ingenious counterfeiter could, perhaps, give a close imitation of most of the signatures upon this slate; but it would require much practice, and it would have to be done by carefully tracing the same upon paper. That any human being could, with a free hand, write these twenty autographs upon a slate, without leaving the trace of a finger mark thereon, we do not believe possible.

Dr. Stansbury has been before the public but a few months as a medium for independent slate-writing. Like all mediums for this and every other phase of the spiritual phenomena, he does not succeed in obtaining the writing for every sitter, as the power is augmented or diminished, as is always the case, by the peculiar aura, or magnetic force, furnished by the sitter. We have obtained the writing through his mediumship, in our office, upon our own slates, in the full light of day with the slates never out of our hands or sight,—in one instance a message from Charles H. Foster—himself a wonderful medium in his day,—and who also produced upon the medium's arm his (Foster's) name in bright red letters.

Another remarkable instance of his powers also occurred in our presence, in the office of this paper. [We published the account at the time, but it will be new to most of the present readers of the GOLDEN GATE.] The wife of the writer cut a small slip of paper the shape and size of a watch crystal and placed the same, together with the tiniest bit of lead pencil, within the case of her watch. The watch was then placed upon a slate and the slate held jointly by the medium and Mrs. Owen. The medium never touched the watch. Indeed it would have been impossible for him to have done so without detection. In a few minutes tiny raps were heard upon the watch. Upon opening the case, which required a strong thumb nail, the following writing was found upon the paper: "God bless you all.—D. D. O.", the initials of a brother of the writer in spirit-life.

We give these facts as coming entirely within our own knowledge. We could give columns of similar, and even of more remarkable instances, certified to by others, but we prefer to confine ourselves to what we could personally testify to.

Dr. Stansbury's mediumship is steadily increasing in power as his guides become more and more familiar with the mixed magnetisms with which they are brought in contact. To a refined and gentlemanly presence he adds the culture of the scholar and the air of an honorable man. That in his future development he will be the instrument for intelligences of a high order, we have not the least doubt, and the eyes and understandings of multitudes will be opened to the light and truth of the new gospel.

One spirit, who was one of the first to manifest through him, and whose name appears first upon the slate, is that of Prof. H. B. Norton, late Vice-Principal of the State Normal School. This is a bright, beautiful intelligence, who writes with a great power, his writing being invariably in the earthly hand-writing of the Professor, and full of that vigor of thought for which he was noted in earth-life. His signature above will be recognized as perfect by all familiar therewith. The name of "D. D. Owen" purports to be the signature of the father of the writer who passed to spirit-life nearly fifty years ago. We are unable to identify it, as we have no copy of his earthly signature. Many of the signatures, such as those of Aggasiz, Greeley, Emerson, Longfellow, Gough, Alice Cary, etc., are familiar to all readers, and they can judge for themselves of their correctness.

We claim for this slate that it was written by spirit power, and submit that it carries conclusive evidence of genuineness upon its face.

We do hereby certify that we were present at the preparation and sealing of the slates referred to above, and also at the opening of the same, and that to the best of our judgment the slates had not been separated in the meantime.

W. W. MCKAIG,
S. B. CLARK.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Ray.

[A story of Paradise and Earth, written by Oulna through her medium, Water Lily—Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.]

The plains of paradise were still numberless star-flakes, like flashes of thought from angelic souls, floated softly and silently toward the shadowed worlds.

The avenues of light were formed by souls passing to and fro to minister to weary mortals in some matter-clouded planet.

There seemed no ray of sun nor any orb, yet the transparent atmosphere was filled with a most holy light; and in one central glory all the radiance of many myriads of souls seemed centered.

Within this hallowed realm were ever-blooming flowers, the images of pure thoughts and hallowed deeds of love and mercy. There lilies of the valley hung tremulously, chiming their white waxen bells—low vespers inviting the soul to prayer; there violets modestly lifted their dewy blossoms to heaven whose hue was reflected in their bloom; there roses red and blushing and white, breathed forth in incense the pure love of spirits; there lilies stately and white bent their heads, like vestals in prayer each bearing in its chalice a torch of purity and truth; there tiny star-shaped flowers flashed the symbol of thoughts divine; and there amaranth, purple and crimson and white, told of immortal love and hallowed memories; there many rare flower forms unnamed on earth gave forth in music of sweet incense the offerings of those who dwell in that surpassing state.

Fountains and crystal streams whose waters are of "Life eternal" (Love and Truth), flow forever over the celestial plains, or in softest spray descend to bless those who are in "outer darkness."

Birds—images of messengers, snowy-winged and with golden breasts, floated away in song, bearing the tidings of peace and love from this charmed realm. There were, in this wonder-world of beauty and love, hundreds of spirits yet unborn on earth, beautiful with the white light of eternity upon them, pale and transparent with an earthliness.

They were presided over and loved and guided by an angel of rare loveliness, whose name is the Mother of Light.

Her radiance filled all that realm with light, and from her heart came forth rays, each one an illumined thought, or consciousness, and the unclouded spirits perceived and knew the meaning of each pulsation from the heart of the Mother of Light.

A flash from the mother heart reached Ray, who was busy among her companions in their garden of delights; that flash told her she was chosen to bear a message of light and love unto the earth; that she must be born into natural life, and for the time being seem to be dead in the spirit state; that a cloud and mist would seem to encompass her, and only when her body slept, or her spirit was uplifted in dreams, could she know of the Home of Light in which she now dwelt.

The Angel Mother of Light told her there were lonely lives to be comforted, dreary and weary hearts to be made bright by her coming, and many victories for her to win, for being seemingly out of the light, and apparently in the shadow land of mortal birth, the realm of death, she might not know in that shadowed state, of the love and life that was hers.

Ray could not know of the shadows with which she was coming; but the desire to do good was so strong in her spirit, and the knowledge that there were those who needed her light and love made her willing to leave the realm of light and her beautiful companions in the garden of delights and go into the shadow-land, the land of earth.

The Mother of Light drew Ray into her bosom, and one by one all her companions brought offerings for her pilgrimage, for they all understood she was going on a mission of love to the spirits in the shadows.

"But when her body sleeps she will come to us."

Each softly sang, as she brought her offering and kissed the eyes and lips and hands of Ray.

One, lovely as a rose, and full of grace and joy, sang:

"I bring a full-blown rose,
'Ambassador of love, to be,
Who in earth-shadows wait for thee.
Sweet Ray, bear the love."

Another, full of tenderness, bearing a scarlet flower, sang,

"I bring a scarlet flower,
Whose language shall comfort find,
If in deep sorrow's hour
Thou shalt its petals bind
On the heart, sweet Ray."

Another, graceful and tall, with face like Madonna, says:

"I bring for Purity,
The flower the angels wear,
It will thy shelter be,
So thou its message bear,
In thy life, sweet Ray."

Another, with reflected eyes and face aglow, said:

"I bring the flower of Hope
A snowdrop white and pure,
Symbol of gates that open,
And joys that here endure,
Bear thou Hope, sweet Ray."

Another, with eyes like the blue of heaven, bore violets,

I bring these violets blue
To prove how ever true,
How modest and how blest,
Is thy soul its behest,
Bear with thee, sweet Ray."

A thousand came, each bringing a gift, a grace, a prayer, a blessing for Ray. All that her spirit might need amid the shadows of earth, all that she might wish to impart to those to whom she must go to minister unto.

The Angel, Mother of Light, enfolded Ray more and more to her heart, and summoning twelve messengers, who were as beams of morning and evening, glowing, rose-tinted in light, and with spirits flashing brightness along the way, she passed. Six messengers preceded her, six followed, and all encompassed the gradually sleeping Ray in meshes of roseate beauty. Round and round the Mother of Light and the slumbering Ray the messengers wove the rosy mist, and thus they passed from Paradise.

Outward darkness was upon the earth, there was absolute silence.

A faint line of gray lay along the horizon, toward the East.

The hush grew tremulous, like eyes of a beloved one, softly opening in sleep to close again, or like dream-whisperings of love; then one tint of roseate light flashes up from the gray; another and another, until, as a sleeper almost ready to waken, whose face is still suffused with the glory of dreams that will not be remembered, the whole sky became aglow incarnadine. The flush and crimson splendor change to gold, the whole wonder of the world is to be wrought again and no eyes are awake to see the glory.

Like love triumphant, long-expected, but more full of glory when it comes than the heart has dared to dream, such was the triumph of the Dawn. The sun arose, and the first beam entering the room where an expectant mortal lay, bore on the wings of light, on the rosy breast of the morning, on the glory of the newborn day, the Mother of Light, who placed the slumbering Ray upon the mortal bosom and with the twelve messengers sped away to Paradise.

A faint voice was heard to say to a beloved one bending near: "On the first ray of morning, love, came our babe, let her be named Ray."

And the Mother of Light bore unto Paradise the blessed gift of a mother's prayer and a father's "thank God for this beautiful Ray."

Light From Beyond.

DEAR BROTHER OWEN:—Thinking the following experience may be worthy of narration and of sufficient interest to light the way for some weary traveler over life's somewhat perplexing journey, and so relieve the mental anxiety of some tempest tossed soul hungering for light and truth, I enclose it for publication.

In the year 1855 a relative dear to me propounded a few questions by way of a sealed letter to Mr. J. B. Conklin, a celebrated medium at that time, who now has passed on to his reward. The only address was "Will the spirits please answer this?" I would here state that the intelligence answering is my father, who in earth-life was a Baptist minister, as also his brother referred to in answer.

Dear Brothers, Samuel and David: Will both or either of you answer the questions I am about to propose?

You have both been ministers of the gospel, and taught the doctrines of the church. First—Are these doctrines true? Second—Is sin punishable by everlasting banishment from the presence of God—and that in indescribable misery? Third—Is there no other way of salvation except through faith in the merits and suffering of Jesus Christ? Fourth—Is heaven a location or a state? Fifth—Is the state of the spirit when it passes into that world fixed or progressive? These questions, dear brothers, are asked with a longing, heartfelt desire to know the truth. Will you, if permitted, answer them through the medium and relieve the anxieties of one who loved you here and still loves you in the spirit world.

ANSWER.—We both while existing in the body were servants, or so-called servants of God. We undertook to expound from the sacred desk, the word of God, as we understood it, to be revealed to us, and we have found since putting off mortality, that the ideas and doctrine, which we then promulgated, were wide of being correct. Since the period of our changing spheres, we have united our efforts in trying to diffuse the truth, through the various channels that are opened and being opened to earth. I have yet an earthly brother whose inmost soul yearns to know the truth, unknown to any, and it was his brothers out of the form who impressed him to propound a few questions which we desire to answer through this medium. The first is—Are the doctrines that my brothers Samuel and David preached, true? An answer to that is in the preface. In answer to the next, A violation, my dear brother, of a natural law is what we term, sin. There is no such word as punishment; but there is such a word as suffering from the consequences of an ill-spent earthly life. "God is Love." The merits of Christ save not the man. It is the practical living up to his example. Works are the only merits that save the man. Heaven is where harmony is, it is not a locality. The future, or the life that is to come, is not a fixed condition but a progressive life. And I would, my dear brother, with David, urge upon you to lay aside every fear and study nature and obey her laws and fit your spirit to join us in the plane that we move in of *Eternal Progression*. Your brothers, Samuel and David.

Fraternally, SAMUEL M. GREENE.
BROOKLYN, New York.

Do we not all agree to call rapid thought and noble impulse by the name of inspiration? After our subtile analysis of the mental process, we must still say that our highest thoughts and our best deeds are all given to us.

Mrs. Whitney.

BY MATTIE P. OWEN.

All possess hidden powers, of which we little dream, and sometimes these slumbering powers are called into active life by some trying ordeal and sad soul-experience. It was through the saddest of trials that gave to the world the marvelous spiritual gifts of Mrs. J. J. Whitney. She was the star of light in a happy home, wherein was centered three loving hearts. Like an angry cloud in a summer sky, without a moment's warning, the Angel of Death crossed the threshold of that home and carried down the silent stream her only darling boy. At this time Mrs. Whitney knew nothing of Spiritualism, or her own mediumistic powers, but had rather cherished a feeling of repugnance to the subject. She was a regular attendant of one of the leading churches of Oakland, and an honored member of the best society of that city. The circumstances of her conversion to a belief in spirit return, and to an actual knowledge of a subtle law, whereby the invisible ones could become visible, are closely interwoven with the heart-throbs of mother love, weeping over its first-born. We give the account of the sudden taking off of her son, and the strange experiences following, as given in Mrs. Whitney's own language, in the *Carrier Dove*, of June, 1886:

"Three years ago, the 24th of October, my only child, my son Harry, was killed on the Narrow Gauge railroad. Harry was in the habit of kissing me when he left home, but on the day this terrible accident occurred, he started away without doing so, being in a hurry to catch the train. I called him back, but he said 'Never mind, mother, I will give you two kisses when I come home.' That night Harry came to my bedside and kissed me twice. I told my husband, and he said I was mistaken, that Harry was not there. I got up and looked at the clock, and it was just ten minutes past two. At five o'clock a messenger came, saying Harry had been killed on the road. At the inquest it was ascertained the accident occurred at 2:10 A.M. His last words were, 'O, my mother!' I was not permitted to see my boy, although I was assured that he looked 'just as if he were asleep.'"

"About five months afterwards I was sitting alone in my room, one afternoon, when suddenly it became very dark, then came a bright light, and in the light stood Harry. He was wrapped in a sheet below the waist; above he had on a dark coat and vest. His face was cut, his chin discolored, and his hand and wrist crushed. I said, 'Harry, can't you speak to your mother?' He shook his head, but did not speak. When my husband came home I asked him if he would tell me the truth about it, if I told him how Harry looked, and where he was hurt, and he said, 'Who has been talking to you about Harry?' I said, 'No one; but I have seen him.' Again the room darkened, and again came the bright light, and in it stood my son as before. I then described his wounds to my husband, and he said it was correct. I told no one except my husband and one lady friend, and they thought that I was losing my reason. I was persuaded to consult a physician, who told me I had no cause to be alarmed, that he had no doubt I had seen my boy; 'for, said he, 'if there is anything hereafter, the Spiritualists have got the truth about it.' Soon after this my son again appeared to me, at the same hour of the day, and in the same manner as before, but oh, how changed. This time the sheet which had wrapped his crushed limbs was gone; the face, which was gashed and disfigured, was now animated and beautiful. The eyes sparkled, the cheeks glowed, and Harry, my son, my beautiful child, stood before me arrayed in the glory-garments of immortality. I could weep no more, for why should I? My child still lived, and I could see and converse with him. This time my little daughter, Maudie, who passed away when but fourteen months old came also, but was now apparently about six years of age. On this occasion Harry was accompanied by an elderly man of commanding appearance, who gave his name as William H. Saulsbury, and said he was burned at the stake in Massachusetts in the year 1628, during the cruel persecution of innocent people for the imaginary crime of witchcraft. He informed me that he was my guide. I said I did not want a guide, but if I must have one, I wanted one who would always speak the truth, and if possible, bring to other bereaved mothers the comfort he had brought to me. Now, I see my dear children daily, and not them alone, for other dear ones come, and I see and converse with those who have lived, and as we say, *died*, as naturally and really as I do with those still living on the earth-side of life."

These startling manifestations at once aroused a deep interest in thoughtful minds; her parlors were thronged from morning to night with earnest, anxious searchers for truth, who went from her presence filled with thoughts "too deep for utterance." The anxious, longing heart found a strange satisfaction; the astute was confounded, and could find no known law in science which explained the phenomenon. We copy from the *Oakland Evening Tribune* of Jan. 5th, '85, which better shows, coming as it does from a paper confessedly opposed to Spiritism, the deep interest which was awakened in things psychical, through this new and wonderful light:

"MRS. WHITNEY'S SEANCE."

"A new and undeveloped science has within the last half century been brought to light. Unbelievers term it mind-reading, mesmerism, trickery, etc. Its followers claim it to be the work of departed spirits. That there is a great deal of trickery cannot be denied. There is also mind-reading and mesmerism, but there is more than can be explained by either of these, in fact, cannot be accounted for in any other way than through some unseen agency. Spiritualists are gaining ground every day. There are new mediums being developed which surpass the old ones. Mrs. J. J. Whitney has attracted much attention for the past few months with a new and very satisfactory control. Her first public demonstrations were given last fall at a Spiritual camp-meeting at Alameda where many received tests which set them to thinking. She has stirred up in the minds of many of our best and most intelligent citizens a spirit of investigation that is truly wonderful. So much has been said that our reporter paid a visit to one of her circles a few evenings since, which she holds at her parlors, 855

Washington street, Oakland; there he found lawyers, doctors, bankers, merchants, men and women, young and old, all anxious to receive tests. At eight o'clock the gas is partially turned down, it being light enough, however, to perfectly recognize anyone in the room. The audience form a circle around the room, Mrs. Whitney included, when a lady opened the meeting by singing, 'This evening brings my heart to thee,' which was most feelingly rendered. As the last notes die away the medium, who by this time has been placed under control, quietly rises with a pleasant smile and peculiar far-off expression of eyes, and outstretched arms, she approaches first one and then another, calling up some dear friend that has passed away, giving a full description of one or both names; she also relates some incident known only to the party addressed to better assure them of the reality of the one personated. She gives advice in regard to the business and social relations, which gives comfort to believers and mystifies unbelievers. Many have been greatly benefited by private sittings. One man who lost a trunk over a year ago, and had given up all hopes of ever finding it, was told just where it was and what steps to take to recover it. Acting upon the advice, although it was many miles from here, he succeeded in recovering it, as it contained valuable papers. To say he was elated would poorly express his gratitude. We might relate many similar circumstances that have come directly under our notice, but let these suffice. We believe Mrs. Whitney is sincere, and by the wonderful tests she has given she can be no fraud. Whether it is the work of spirits or not, she has given perfect satisfaction and valuable information to a great many persons, strangers as well as among her immediate friends, proving beyond a doubt that there is a life everlasting. Although unbelievers ourselves, we believe this due to Mrs. Whitney and the cause which she espouses."

About a year and a half ago, Mrs. Whitney removed from Oakland to San Francisco where she is now located at 120 Sixth street; she was obliged to give up holding circles, and devote all her time to private sittings, which she has given continuously with great satisfaction, during which time she has daily averaged from fifteen to twenty sittings, reaching as high as twenty-seven on several occasions. Thousands of glorious messages of love and consolation have been wafted earthward from the bright angel sphere, through this heaven-sent instrument. Thousands of hearts have been comforted, as the sombre shades of sorrow have been lifted and the scintillating gleams of light from the immortal shore have penetrated the gloom of their hearts, as they have talked, as it were, face to face with their loved who have gone before.

Written communications are received through her hand, in answer to sealed letters of inquiry sent her from afar. One gentleman from Nebraska, in answer to one of these letters says: "There were words and expressions in your letter which my wife always used"; another from Connecticut writes: "They bear so unmistakably upon their face the signet of truth that I want to hear again and again." We could give numerous other similar instances of Mrs. Whitney's powers in this direction, but it is unnecessary.

Together with Mrs. Whitney's other rare gifts is the ability to diagnose disease when in the trance state, with wonderful accuracy; she not only diagnoses, but sometimes prescribes remedies and with remarkable effect. She does not, however, make a practice of prescribing for the sick, only in extreme cases, she simply reads the case, and advises where to go to receive the proper treatment. One of these exceptional cases which came under our observation was of such distinguished nature we give it below: A Mr. White, a man of large wealth and influence, was supposed to be dying. His physicians, the most eminent in the city, had told him that he could not possibly survive another twelve hours; his attorneys were called in to write his last will and testament, and carry out his last orders, as he and they believed. Having heard of Mrs. Whitney, Mr. White desired that she be sent for, and his friends, willing to gratify any whim, at once acquiesced. Mrs. Whitney came, she found him surrounded by his physicians, attorneys, and anxious, waiting friends; she stepped to the bedside of the supposed dying man; she at once lost consciousness, and remained in that unconscious state for over an hour. She seemed to perfectly understand the perplexities of the case how and what caused them, and above all what would give relief, and restore health. Her instruction was taken down in shorthand, and followed to the letter; the consequence was the man was able to be about in three weeks, as Mrs. Whitney had said that he would be. The patient began to improve from that moment, in a few weeks was so far convalescent as to attend to business matters. He is well and strong to-day, although this event occurred nearly two years ago, and very gratefully acknowledges that he owes his life to Mrs. Whitney.

Our own personal experiences with Mrs. Whitney have been of a wide and varied character, much of which is of too private a nature to be given the public. A few general facts must suffice: On one occasion she described with great precision, giving names, stating the relationship of over fifty different spirits within less than forty minutes. Some of the invisible visitants were friends of our childhood, of whom we had known nothing for years, and whom we were only able to recall days after. She has pre-told minute business transactions which followed exactly; she has described property and persons thousands of miles away, and of which she positively could have known nothing; she has assisted us in finding stolen goods, whereof the medium could not have had the slightest knowledge.

We have had many sweet and holy messages from our angel friends through

this channel. We look upon Mrs. Whitney as the peer of the modern world's most noted mediums. She has a warm, generous nature, full of the "milk of human kindness," and bubbling over with sunshine and joy. As a medium she is a treasure to the world, and a jewel in the realm of true womanhood.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

MY EXPERIENCE.

Or How and Why I Became a Spiritualist.

It has been said that

"One convinced against his will
Will be of the same opinion still."

But this is not always true. Certain it is that I did not will adhesion to Spiritualism. I opposed it with all the vehemence of my nature; did not believe in the possibility of spirit return through mediumistic channels; denounced all mediums as unmitigated frauds, and the whole thing as a snare and delusion, engineered by the devil. I had been conscious, it is true, of some very strange experiences; had often been made aware of the presence of my father and other loved ones; had seen my eldest son twice, a few days after he passed away, and once right in the bright sunlight of the morning, when he smiled upon me with an inexpressible sweetness, and then vanished from my sight; had been visited by my sister Emily in my study on the evening of the day of her funeral, twenty-five hundred miles distant, and made aware not only of her death, but of the very day on which she died; had often seen the day, the hour and the minute when persons of my acquaintance who were sick would pass away, and many like things. But it never once occurred to me to connect in any way those experiences with Spiritualism. Now I see how relevant and deeply significant they were.

On the 16th day of Feb., 1886, being in Oakland on a brief visit, I was invited into the office of a gentleman whom I soon learned was both a Spiritualist and a Medium. I considered myself in very undesirable company when made aware of the above facts. However, thinking to make the best of an unfortunate meeting, I resolved at once to place myself in a sort of defiant attitude, and awaited developments. Of course, this state of mind did not insure the best "conditions," but of this I knew nothing and cared less. He requested me to write several ballots of my living and deceased kindred, which I did, having not the least idea that he could give me the name of a single deceased relative. But to my utter astonishment, every name was correctly given, together with the names of the towns where they passed away, and the diseases with which they died. I had written my mother's maiden name, and also the maiden name of my wife, both of which were correctly given, and a characteristic message from each. The message of my father contained an epitome of my history for the last thirty years, and closed by a most emphatic indorsement of my recent preaching according to the spiritual interpretation of the Scriptures. He commended my published discourses which the Baptist denomination have repudiated as heresy.

It is but justice to say in this connection that the gentleman with whom I was sitting was a total stranger to myself and to all my kindred. He knew nothing of my history or of my preaching. Of course, this fact gives the greatest significance to the message of my father. The following is the *verbatim* communication from my eldest son, Pliny:

My Dear Papa:—"If a man die shall he live again?" I hope has been demonstrated to your perfect satisfaction. You preached what you supposed was my funeral sermon, but I was right with you all the while, trying to impress upon your mind that I was not dead.

Your loving son,
PLINY RAVLIN."

Then came the following, from my wife:
"Louisa is here and sends love to you all, and says kiss Clarence for me."

LOUISA S. WHITE.
(her maiden name.)

All of my kindred whom I supposed dead were alive and talking to me through this medium. They all joined in a request that I abandon the use of tobacco, as it would certainly prevent the accomplishment of the great work that yet remained for me to do. My father specially emphasized that request. I told them I would try to give it up. Instantly they took the appetite away, and from that day to this I have never lit a cigar. It was only in this form I used the weed. Here ends the first lesson of my experience. But I was by no means converted to Spiritualism. I simply knew my loved ones had communicated with me. Five months afterwards, through another medium, also a total stranger, and who had no knowledge whatever of the above experience, I received confirmatory messages from all my kindred in the spiritual world, the identity of each being conclusively established. The following from my son Pliny, will serve to illustrate all the rest:

My Dear Papa:—"I appeared to you twice after I died, that you might know I still lived. When you went to the church to preach my funeral sermon, I went with you. I stood by your side while you preached it, and so impressed your mind that you could not weep. You told the

people on that occasion that there were no tears shed where you stood, for you were in the spiritual world, where all tears were wiped from off all faces. The first one I met in the spirit world was grandpa, and I was so surprised to meet him for I thought he was dead. Then I met grandma and little Carlton, and they were so glad to see me. The flowers and the scenery in this world are so lovely, beautiful and grand. I have no difficulty of breathing now, papa—no more pain under my shoulder blade. I am all right now. Give my love to Clarence, and to her who is now a mother to him. Your loving son,
PLINY P. RAVLIN.

In the above my son gives an exact quotation from his own funeral sermon, which I preached ten years ago. Numerous other communications were given me, not only from relations, but from old acquaintances and friends, some of whom, according to orthodox theories, would be imprisoned in the lake of fire and brimstone. I could no longer refuse to believe in the truth of Spiritualism. From that time on link after link has been added to the chain of convincing evidence. Our loved ones come and manifest themselves in a most remarkable manner in our own home. We not only hold delightful converse with them, but see their forms, and know beyond all possibility of a doubt, that what we call death is merely transition. Every one of our kindred in the spirit-world, and scores of old acquaintances come to our home, and establish their identity in such an unequivocal manner as to carry conviction to the most skeptical minds. Nearly half a score of old Baptist preachers, with whom I have been associated in the past, have already come to our home, and explained wherein their former preaching was erroneous. The whole system of biblical interpretation is far away from the truth, as every one will find when they enter the spiritual world.

Theologians have assumed to know all about that world from the manner in which they have interpreted the Bible, when in fact they know nothing about it, having based all their conclusions upon the false premise of erroneous interpretation. Men that the church have consigned to an unending hell, simply find themselves in the spiritual world just as they left this, no better, and no worse, but with infinite opportunities for improvement and advancement. They find it not a visionary, but a real world, where everybody passes for what they really are, and never for what they are not. Those who have thought to make a scape-goat out of Christ, by which they would never have to face the consequences of their earth-life, find out their mistake. While they have lived in sin on earth, thinking to ascend to the highest heaven on the righteousness of another, they find themselves thrust down to hell, the lowest earth-plane of the spirit world, where they have to live out the sentence imposed upon them for their unrepented sins, till they have paid the uttermost farthing. Such an idea of the spirit world is plain, common sense, and pure, simple justice. The distinguished Doctor of Divinity, clad in costly attire, who has preached the gospel for gain, or popularity, and who has made merchandise of Christ and his religion, finds himself untitled, and unhonored in the spiritual world, and compelled to take his place with the commonest sort of unrepented sinners, to work out his salvation by repentance and restitution.

He has preached theories all his life, under the idea that Christ did the practical part of man's salvation. Now he finds that he must perform himself, that which he supposed another had done for him. I cannot close this brief recital of my experience without submitting one other phase of evidence, that demonstrates most conclusively the truth of spirit return. The following communications were written between closed slates, while we held them firmly in our own hands:

My Dear Son:—You will often meet with bitter disappointment in your search for truth, and many things will arise to turn you from the path of right and duty. But remember I am with you in this work, and there are hosts of grand and noble men and women on both sides of the river, who will hold up your hands, and bear you in their arms, that you faint not by the way. Your father,
THOMAS RAVLIN.

My Darling Sister:—I wish to say to you with all the strength of my soul love, that I am in perfect sympathy with you and Norman in the work of opening the Pearly Gates a little wider, that the light of the Spirit world, may be more abundantly poured out upon the people who sit in darkness. You have your part to do in this glorious work. I will control you to write loving messages to the bereaved and sorrowful ones of earth.
LOUISA.

The above was from my first wife, and addressed to my present wife, and was written between closed slates resting upon her shoulder. A few days since, I received the following from my father.

My Dear Son:—We are glad to have an opportunity of meeting you here-to-night to assure you of our presence. Pliny is here, and Mr. Hamilton and others, all coming for the purpose of giving you renewed strength for the grand work.
THOMAS RAVLIN.

My Friend:—I greet you as an honest and earnest worker in the great cause of humanity. The curse of intemperance must be banished from our fair land, or its people will go into a decline and decay worse than that which befell the ancient cities of the Orient. Your friend,
JOHN B. GOUGH.

The following messages were received on the afternoon of the evening I was to lecture on Spiritualism in San Jose, my former place of residence. H. B. Norton, Professor in the State Normal School at San Jose, had but recently passed to spirit life, with whom I was well acquainted.

Blessed are ye when men shall persecute you, and revile you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for the truth's sake. My dear friend, you will feel the bitterness of scorn from those whom you have counted among your friends. Those who once stood by you in the time of popularity, will hide away from you now, because the truth is unpopular. Can you stand the trial?
H. B. NORTON.

My Darling Papa:—I will be with you to-night.
PLINY.

Yes, I am here, and will be the controlling influence to-night. The grand work goes ever on.
S. B. BRITTON.

My Dear Brother:—I will also be with you to-night, and inspire you.
T. STARR KING.

How I needed the encouragement those messages gave me, and how true every word of Professor Norton's has proved to be! But I have joyfully stood the trial and count all manner of persecutions and afflictions as nothing compared with the indescribable delight experienced in conscious daily communion with the angel world.

Now, whence came the above communications, all written within closed slates while being held in our own hands? Upon what theory will you explain the phenomenon? Do you call it mind reading? What power has mind over inert matter to produce those messages? Do you say they are produced through the agency of evil spirits? In that case, you admit that *spirits* did the writing; and when you say they are *evil* spirits, you affirm that evil is more powerful than good; that evil spirits are awake while good angels sleep; that the devil does the bulk of the business in this world, and that God has little or nothing to do with it; and that, in the matter of man's salvation, the devil gets the great majority, while God has to be content with saving a few, picking up the crumbs that fall from his Satanic majesty's table. In other words, you affirm that evil spirits alone enjoy freedom; that they are permitted to return to earth to deceive and destroy us, while our own sainted kindred are forbidden to come back and rescue us. The idea is preposterous. Our loved ones do come to us from the spirit world. We know it. The above communications were written by those whose names were signed to them. How do I know it? By the internal nature, purpose and style of the messages themselves. Besides my own consciousness tells me they are genuine. And then, those dear ones have confirmed them orally to us through other channels of communication. Suppose I receive a letter from my brother in the mortal form. How do I know it is from him? Do you say, "I know it by the style of expression and by his familiar handwriting?" But both these may be counterfeited. These alone are not sufficient proofs to establish the authenticity. There is an internal consciousness that the letter is from him that is more convincing than the style of thought or the form of penmanship. So it is with these spirit messages. We must learn to detect the spurious and recognize the genuine; and yet, even in the material world, the fraudulent is sometimes so skillfully executed as to defy detection, whether it consists in the assumption of a character, the forging of a name, or the manufacture of counterfeit money. But that by no means proves that there are no genuine characters, or that a man never signs his own name to a note, because somebody at some time forged it to one; or that there is no genuine money in existence, because bogus coin is in circulation. In material things you never condemn or refuse the genuine article because counterfeit imitations abound. Ministers, especially are wont to reason thus, when sinners point to the hypocrites in their church; and they should be the last men in the world to denounce the phenomena of Spiritualism as of the devil, until they have made a thorough, candid, honest investigation of every phase of the phenomena. When they dare to do this, nine out of every ten of them will stand precisely where I stand to-day, an avowed honest advocate of the truth of Spiritualism.

I have made a thorough investigation and understandingly accept the philosophy and phenomena of what is bound to be the grandest science of the world. You have made no such investigation, hence do not, cannot know, and yet you, in utter ignorance of what you say, denounce and condemn. Is such a course reasonable? Is it just? Is it honorable? Is it manly? Is it doing unto others as ye would that others should do to you? Has not one just as good a right to be a Spiritualist as another has to be a Methodist, or a Baptist, or a Presbyterian, or a Catholic? Are all in any sect good? Are they all perfect? Are all Spiritualists bad, and are there no good people among them? And must one necessarily be immoral because one believes in the power and possibility of spirit return? Does a knowledge of the fact of immortality tend to lessen moral restraint? It is nonsense to reason thus. Never have I had such incentives to right living, as since becoming a Spiritualist. It has made me a better man in every respect.

Walking in daily communion with my angel loved ones, and in the conscious recognition of the fact that I must reap in eternity what I sow in time, that I must meet in the spiritual world the consequences of my earthly life, and begin there, precisely where I end here, leads me, as it does all true Spiritualists, to an earnest endeavor to deal justly, love

mercy and walk circumspectly. The doctrine that all the sins you have or may commit, are atoned for by the sufferings of another and not by yourself may tend to careless living and moral looseness; but an immediate check is put upon that tendency, when you understand that for every wrong act you perform you are held to a strict account. Nothing but error need dread or fear the light of investigation. But I must close this hastily written recital of my experience. I trust all my friends will accord to me both mental soundness and moral honesty, and that they will kindly suspend cruel and harsh criticism until they shall have had at least a small portion of my remarkable experience. This they will have when they honestly investigate the subject and put themselves in a receptive condition, so that their spirit friends can come to them, as they have come to me.

N. F. RAVLIN.
No. 11 Valley St., Oakland.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Practical Use of Spiritualism.

"How pure of heart and sound of head,
With what divine affections bold,
Should be, the man whose thoughts would hold
An hour's communion with the dead."

It is often asked of Spiritualists: "To what practical use can you put your philosophy after you have proved its truth to your own satisfaction and that of others?" A thoughtful mind is glad of the opportunity to answer this question. To begin, it requires little argument to convince an intelligent opponent, that Spiritualism is the antithesis of Materialism. In admitting this fact it would seem that nothing more is necessary to make the lover of truth urge upon all the human race, the adoption of a faith that forever frees them from the possibility of accepting the theories of the materialist. The beliefs of the latter have made giant strides over all the civilized world, and it should be a matter of perpetual thanksgiving, that a star has risen in our east to light our feet to a child-like faith, whose purity, reason, and simplicity have won to its side some of the deepest thinkers of our time. Is there no practical use in a religion whose basal stone is absolute certainty of spirit-life? Does not such a belief exalt and subliminate the whole man, making him ever conscious of a living, struggling power within that shapes his outer life after its fixed ideal of right?

The poet says, "doubt is devil-born," and if this be true, then, a majority of mankind have no particular reason to be proud of their ancestral parentage. All experience goes to show that the strongest faith, unsupported by the convictions of reason, has its seasons of uncertainty and depression. It is this universal fact that has caused men in all ages to earnestly and persistently seek for signs to prove or disprove the faith that is in them. An honest doubter will know no rest until he has settled these paramount questions for himself beyond the slightest danger of overthrow by the fiercest storms of public opinion. Many of these doubters have found in the spiritual philosophy, that which establishes faith on a foundation rock of evidences seen and approved by observations the most cautious and labored. The researches of such scientists as Wallace, Crooks, etc., whose every inch of ground is disputed by a bristling army of objections, bring with them a weight of confirmation, that fixes the attention of the age. The granite fortress of materialism crumbles to dust before this wind that "bloweth where it listeth."

One cannot conceive of a mind thoroughly grounded in materialism, ever having its moments of inspiration or exaltation. Its tendencies are narrowing if not absolutely demoralizing. It is, therefore, with little fear of opposition that I unhesitatingly declare that the soul's highest altitude can only be reached by an unshaken faith that amounts to positive knowledge of its continued existence beyond the grave. Any belief that tends to destroy such faith or knowledge is to be profoundly regretted; while, on the contrary, a religion that bears on its face uncontested proofs of a life hereafter, should be hailed with glad rejoicings from all sides of the old world.

It is reasonable to suppose that if we believe ourselves surrounded by the spirits of our departed friends, we are apt to carefully study our actions from the standpoint of their surveillance. While they shared our earth-life, we strove for the approval of these dear ones, and the reverence we once had for their blame is increased a hundred-fold under the realization that their clearer vision must now see exactly as we are. We dare not harbor any inner villainess that would lessen us in their esteem and love, and consequently feel an impetus given to our desire for perfect purity and uprightness in all we feel and do. Is not this making a practical use of Spiritualism? Nor must we confine ourselves wholly to the spiritual side of this question, lest some objector accuse us of being too transcendental in our interpretation of the meaning of the word "practical."

There is a purely physical advantage to be gained by a right understanding of what is required by the student of this philosophy. At the outset he is told he can never

attain the highest order of spiritual phenomena, unless he lay aside his gross habits of appetite that hinder and often prevent the incoming and outgoing of these subtle influences of the spirit. He must be no glutton or wine-bibber, but must adopt a simple and abstemious diet, and in every other respect live strictly in accordance with the laws of his being. By such obedience, the faithful seeker of truth may hope to know that there is no death, that his loved ones live and love and work in their present condition much as they did while here. They are not separated from him by an impassable black wall, whose ponderous gateway never outward swings. How infinitely precious would this assurance be to mourning hearts that beat out life's sad music, till the blessed change comes, for which their eager souls have waited through weary years of bereavement.

You who have gone down in the Valley of Death, with some idolized one, and come back alone, you have learned the height and depth of this awful gulf of despair into which your soul was plunged, when you saw the light on that placid brow was only the daylight, and felt no answering pressure of the marble hand you held so close in both your own, in the vain hope of imparting a little of your warmth to its chilled veins. Your bitter anguish found voice in the helpless cries of the Great Name—nothing less than He can aid you then. Somewhere in your dazed brain, an old line monotonously repeats its changes—a line you had often read carelessly in days past, when that dear hand was warmer in your hold—"All thy waves and thy billows have gone over me." "Oh, God!" you moan from the deepest depth, for in this supreme hour you struck the bottom of your life's sea. The blackness of an eternal midnight pressed down on your soul. You had lost the sun. You felt he would never again ride gloriously through the heavens. Gone for you was the rich melody of birds in summer woods, the perfume of wind-rocked flowers in the tender grasses at your feet, the mesmeric murmur of flowing streams, the solemn chant of waves on distant shores, and above all, the beautiful temple of Love would never again throw wide its crystal door for you to enter and partake freely of its divine mysteries.

The commonplace condolences of friends fell on your ears unheeded. What comfort was in their promises that grief's slow wisdom would make amends for your present utter loss of love and light? You had no strength to stretch your hand through time to catch "the far-off interest of tears." Some one said a word that penetrated your dormant faculties. You listened for more, and soon you were asking questions with feverish anxiety. For the first time you heard the blessed truths of the new Gospel from one you had every reason to trust and respect. Had the loving Father heard your cries, and sent his angel to minister unto you? With all the energy of a mind struggling with the mighty demons of doubt and despair, you applied yourself to the full understanding of this modern miracle, and lo! the windows of your soul were opened to receive the dove of peace, who folded his wings to rest evermore by your side. You, at least, will never again ask, "What is the practical use of Spiritualism?"

NINETTA EAMES.
Oakland, Oct. 19, 1886.

PUBLICATIONS.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS,

(Seer of the Harmonical Philosophy.)

His latest remarkable book, written and published within the past year, entitled,

"BEYOND THE VALLEY,"

(A Sequel to the "Magic Staff.")

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SLATE

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Love on the Heights.

BY ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.

"His hope is treacherous only, whose love dies
With beauty, which is varying every hour.
But in chaste hearts uninfluenced by the power
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,
That breathes on earth the air of Paradise!"
—MICHAEL ANGELO TO VITTORIA COLONNA.

The purple shadows of departed years,
Lifting from pictured memory,
I gaze through the dark of gathering tears
Upon love's treasures lost to me,
Since life with morning-light was kissed
And crowned with pearl and Amethyst!

A little face in frame of finest gold,
Like floss that fair Aurora spun
From shining fleeces that the Dawn unrolled
O'er highest hill-tops at rise of sun;
A smile that broke in dimple-dints,
Revealing Angel finger-prints!

Together we wove childhood's daisy-chains,
Laughter o'er-flowing eye and lip;
And still the fragrant memory remains
Of all the precious fellowship,
And life is richer for that pearl
Of pure sweet love twixt boy and girl!

And later on into my being came,
In thrills of mysterious delight,
And tremulous tongues of translucent flame,
Like meteors athwart the night,—
The signs and wonders sent to prove
The heart has blossomed into love!

O, kindling splendors of ambitious dreams
That spring from chaos in a day!
O, glorious hope that to th' young soul seems
Too real ever to pass away!
When in the light of life's summer sun
We learn that two souls are made one!

The very stars throb conscious overhead
And seem to signal sympathy!
The flowery paths that we together tread
Are brighter for our passing by!
Morning and evening mean just this,
That love hath clasped us with a kiss!

And later, life's earnest and sacrifice;
The days of toil and nights of pain
When loving most, love lives and self-denies,
And labors for the higher gain!
Until her riches are compiled
Within the compass of a child!

And now the bonny bride of manhood's prime
New-crowned with mild authority,
Seems in her matchless motherhood, sublime,
A visible Divinity.
I sun my soul in her sweet eyes,
And lo! all selfish passion dies!

Again the curtain lifts, and now behold
My bride, my wife, my angel, too!
Just vanishing within the gates of gold,
And darkly veiled from mortal view;
And yet, love's sunshine still remains
To warm and sweeten Autumn rains!

And on the brow of all pure womanhood
Methinks I see her glory shine,
Beckoning to the beautiful and good
And keeping young this heart of mine;
And, 'till Death my soul with hers unites
I'll seek my Love upon the heights!

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

"Where is thy God?"

BY MRS. A. COMSTOCK.

Dost ask where is my God?
Let thy thought wander to the farthest star
Or space infinite, if thou canst so far,
There is my God.

Then come thou back to earth,
And whoso'er thy feet may tread or eye may gaze,
From creeping thing of earth to sun ablaze,
There is my God.

Wherever life exists,
No matter in what form that life may be,
E'en thou in clinging moss, or flower, or tree,
I see my God.

From yonder mountain height
Look on old ocean's restless ebb and flow;
Force, motion, power, around, above, below,
Speak of my God.

Expressed through varied forms,
Each giving forth so much as in it lies
Of the God-life. I reason in this wise,
The subject-God:

A principle exists;
A great Invisible, permeating all things;
A Central Soul from whence all beings springs,
If this be God;

And yet to call it God
Doth so contract my Ideal immense,
Making, as 'twere, an image of the sense,
An idol-God.

A being, I cannot,
For then, to satisfy my soul's desire
For farther search, I surely must inquire:
"And who made God?"

If he must have a form
It needs must be the universe combined;
Naught else could hold illimitable mind,
This then my God.

Even before my eyes,
And yet, far, far beyond the unstretched skies;
O, what a mystery of grandeur lies
In this, my God!

No matter where I turn,
On every page of great creation's book,
Above, around, beneath, where'er I look,
I read of God.

Awe-struck I turn within
And close my eyes to every outward sense,
Wrapt in the study of Omnipotence—
Creation's God.

But here new wonders rise,
For 'tis within God's crowning work I find
Mystery of mysteries—the immortal mind!
Outgrowth of God.

Here is the magic key
Which shall unlock the sacred mystery!
The mirror in which man may see
The face of God.

SAN BUENAVENTURA, CAL., December, 1886.

Good Life.

He liveth long who liveth well;
All else is life but flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Then fill each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

So love, and taste its fruitage pure;
So peace, and reap its harvest bright;
So sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest home of light.

Answers to Questions.

[Given through the mediumship of Mrs. N. G. Aylesworth, and reported for the GOLDEN GATE by G. H. Hawes.]

QUESTION.—What is the difference between reason, intuition and impression?

ANSWER.—Intuition is the voice of the soul, a knowledge that is transmitted directly from the soul center to mortal consciousness, the only intermediary necessary being the mortal mind.

Reason is that which belongs to the intellect or the thinking faculty of man. Without intuition there would be no reason. Persons who have not largely unfolded the superior soul power are obliged to depend upon the reasoning and intellectual faculties to determine right from wrong; but those who are spiritually unfolded, through whom the voice of the soul can speak directly and uninterruptedly, we call intuitive.

An impression cannot be correctly called the voice of the individual or universal soul, but rather the gathering together of fragmentary thoughts afloat in space and brought to bear upon the consciousness of individual mind. Therefore an impression may come direct from an individual spirit entity, which may be in either a mortal or mortal form. Impressions are not always reliable, while the voice of the soul, that intuitive consciousness, can always be relied upon. But it is with difficulty for those in mortal form to determine the difference between an intuitive perception and a spiritual impression. We wish you to understand that a spiritual impression may come direct from the soul, but it is more often a drawing together of different thoughts.

Those who are dependent largely upon the reasoning and intellectual faculties should be very careful lest in any criticism of the intuitive powers they cast a veil over that portion of their own nature, which will forbid, for the time at least, of that power unfolding in themselves in like degree with other powers. If they could understand the laws of spirit better, then they would know that in listening to that interior voice they would come into the rays of spiritual light and become fully conscious of spiritual knowledge and power.

Q.—Will the controls please give us their opinion on re-embodiment?

A.—We are free to confess that the subject of re-embodiment has deeply engrossed the minds of intelligent thinkers for the past year; while it has not been entirely ignored or overlooked by ourselves, it has only been a short period of time that have given sufficient research into the subject to understand much of its import, but what we have learned in our investigation we will gladly communicate.

In searching for a solution for the different degrees of expression both in mortal and immortal life, we have discovered that some expressions of lives must have been unfolded in lower states in order to attain to the degree which they now possess. While it may seem to some minds an erroneous idea that it is necessary for a soul to have more than one physical expression, we have traced spirit in such a manner that we feel that we can say in all truthfulness that we know they have passed through more than one physical expression of life, not alone in what you term your planet, but also upon lower and higher planets. We have also ascertained that you have in your midst to-day souls who have been in forms in other planets. Also that a soul has power to illumine more than one form at the same time; that is, that the soul in its efforts for expression towards perfection will sometime send into existence more than one spark at a time. It has served to solve, for the time at least, the mystery of the close resemblance in character and in physique of two individuals. You will remember, perhaps, of meeting with individuals in different parts of your country who seemed to be the same persons. If you could peer deeply into the soul of things you could trace the illumining ray from the soul center permeating two individuals at the same time. We are aware that we are giving to you a thought that has not occurred to your mortal mind before, but we give it in all truth as we have investigated and experienced. We do not give it to you as absolute truth, but that much of truth which it has been our pleasure to unravel.

In regard to successive embodiments we feel that we must say it is a truth; it is a necessity for the perfect unfoldment of the soul germ. The germ in its primal state is perfect as a germ, but not perfect in its expression, nor is it possible for that soul with all its possibilities to express itself in all those possibilities in one, two, three or many embodiments.

Q.—Where does the soul germ exist before it is clothed in matter?

A.—It dwells in ether created from the infinite source and in a realm called by the higher intelligences the soul realm. It is a condition more than a place; we could not tell you the location for it is infinite; therefore we cannot locate infinity.

Q.—Souls that have not taken on but one or more embodiments, do they not fully developed their soul powers, or have they back to the soul realm from whence they came?

A.—No, they do not return to the soul realm until they have attained perfection in expression; when they have earned their home permanently in the soul realm, then they return to it. But in every expression of life, even though it may seem to mortals to be in a lower expression, it is

not a lower expression to the soul, for it may be a necessity for the soul to pass through that experience for a short period of time, or it may continue in that embodiment for a number of years before it is qualified by that experience to pass on into a higher condition. But the soul itself by that impulsion, that expression, has not lowered its real condition because it may inhabit a tenement under what might appear to you as low and unfavorable surroundings. For illustration, a human being may be born to a position of rank and distinction, but through some coincidence be brought into poverty and be forced to live in the rudest tenement, and still that soul would be just as high as it was before this change had come to it. So a soul embodied may take upon itself a lower physical expression, but still the germ be in a higher unfoldment.

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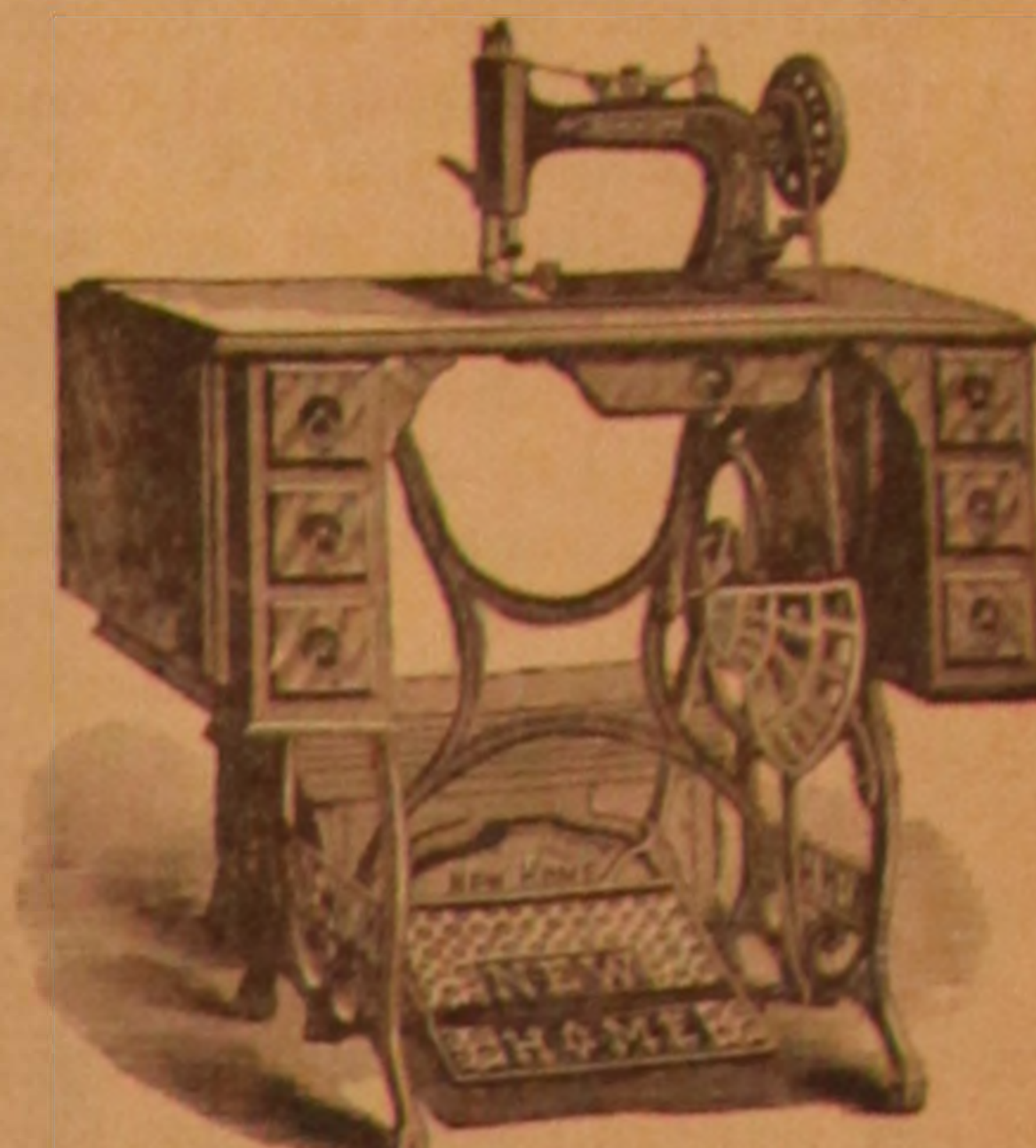
YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once.

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MONEY to be made. Cut this out and return to us, and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business which will bring you in more money right away than anything else in this world. Any one can do the work and live at home. Either sex; all ages. Something new, that just costs money for all workers. We will start you; capital not needed. This is one of the genuine important chances of a lifetime. Those who are ambitious and enterprising will not delay. Grant outfit free.

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PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE STATION, FOOT

of Market Street, SOUTH SIDE, at

8:30 Alviso, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos,

Wrights, Glenwood, Felton, Big Trees, Boulder Creek,

SANTA CRUZ, and all way stations—Parlor Car.

2:30 P. M. (except Sunday), Express: Mr. Eden, Alvi-

rado, Newark, Centerville, Alviso, Agnew, Santa

Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and all stations to Boulder

Creek and SANTA CRUZ—Parlor Car.

P. M., daily, for SAN JOSE, Los Gatos and in-

termediate points. Saturdays and Sundays in

Santa Cruz.

\$5 Excursion to SANTA CRUZ and BOULDER CREEK, and

\$2.50 to SAN JOSE, on Saturdays and Sundays, to re-

turn on Monday inclusive.

\$1.75 to SANTA CLARA and SAN JOSE and return—Sun-

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A. M. and 2:30 P. M. Trains with Stage at Los

Gatos for Congress Springs.

All Through Trains connect at Felton for Boulder Creek

and points on Felton and Pescadero Railroad.

To Oakland and Alameda.

8:00a, 8:15a, 8:30a, 8:45a, 9:00a, 9:15a, 9:30a, 9:45a,

10:00a, 10:15a, A. M. 12:00a M. 12:15a, 12:30a, 12:45a,

1:00a, 1:15a, 1:30a, 1:45a, 2:00a, 2:15a, 2:30a, 2:45a,

3:00a, 3:15a, 3:30a, 3:45a, 4:00a, 4:15a, 4:30a, 4:45a,

5:00a, 5:15a, 5:30a, 5:45a, 6:00a, 6:15a, 6:30a, 6:45a,

7:00a, 7:15a, 7:30a, 7:45a, 8:00a, 8:15a, 8:30a, 8:45a, 9:00a,

9:15a, 9:30a, 9:45a, 10:00a, 10:15a, 10:30a, 10:45a,

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12:45a, 1:00a, 1:15a, 1:30a, 1:45a, 2:00a, 2:15a, 2:30a,

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10:30a, 10:45a, 11:00a, 11:15a, 11:30a, 11:45a, 12:00a,

12:15a, 12:30a,